

MCCALL'S

JUNE 1926 ★

TEN CENTS



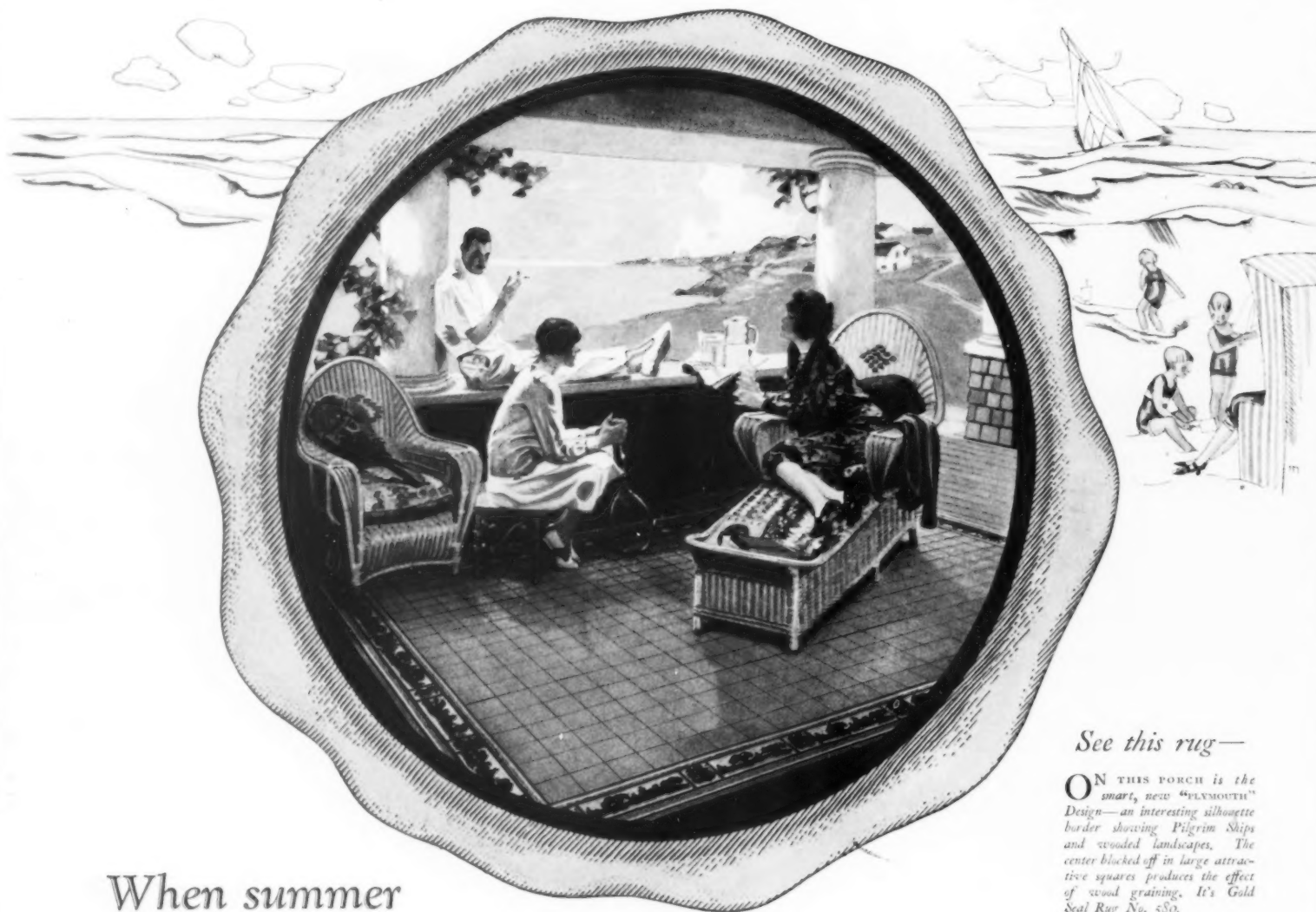
MADAME DE HANSKA
Painted by Neysa McMein
The sixth of a series of por-
traits of the heroines of the
great love-stories of the world.
See page 18

WHITMORE'S BULL

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE





When summer breezes coax you out-of-doors—

THE porch, of course, is an important part of the house in warm weather. A few comfortable chairs and a bright Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug will make it a charming out-door living room. An inviting spot for a friendly chat—just the place to do that bit of sewing or read the books everyone is talking about.

Neither sun, rain nor sea water can ever harm Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs. Dust and sand can't sink into them. The wind won't ruffle their edges, for these rugs lie flat without any fastening. All the attention they ever need is simple mopping. They are almost no work at all to keep spotless.

For rooms inside the house, there are many appropriate patterns—dainty florals for bedrooms,

neat tiles for the kitchen and rich Orientals for the living room. Every one is the creation of a master rug designer. Sizes range from handy mats up to nine by fifteen feet room sizes.

What the Gold Seal stands for—

More than a mere symbol—the Gold Seal pasted on every genuine *Gold Seal* Rug stands sponsor for all those qualities the buyer must take on trust. The Gold Seal is your positive assurance of floor-covering satisfaction. If you wish to get full value for every cent you spend, don't fail to look for the Gold Seal.

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MADE IN U.S.A.

GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS



"CATHAY" Design
Gold Seal Rug No. 576

"MANCHURI" Design
Gold Seal Rug No. 588

See this rug—

ON THIS PORCH is the smart, new "PLYMOUTH" Design—an interesting silhouette border showing Pilgrim Ships and wooded landscapes. The center blocked off in large attractive squares produces the effect of wood graining. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 580.

"The DOGGED DOG-DAYS HAVE BEGUN to BITE"



"I AM HUNGARY'S MAID-OF-HONOR TO THE QUEEN" SHE SAID
A SCENE FROM "THE DEAD RIDE HARD" PAINTED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER



THE dog-days will soon be upon us, and with them that weary languor of mind and body that only the most thrilling story in the world can lift and waft from us.

IT is but seldom that a novel that measures up to this high demand is written; only a master of romance at his best can concoct one of such desired fascination.

"**THE** Dead Ride Hard" is precisely this sort of story however; one chock-full of love, of intrigue and of breathless adventure—a fictional masterpiece, indeed, from the scintillant pen of the renowned Louis Joseph Vance, famous creator of the uncanny, unforgettable "Lone Wolf."

IN this new and remarkable novel of his, Vance has surpassed himself; he has written easily the finest mystery romance of the year, perhaps of the decade, and one which will beyond peradventure of a doubt, prove a phenomenal "best seller" when published in book-form.

YOU, however, will have the opportunity of reading it before book publication if you get the next four issues of McCall's magazine; for it will appear in them in *four huge instalments* beginning in the July issue, on sale June 10th, and will form part of our unexcelled fiction program for the summer months of 1926. Don't miss these issues; they will afford, we feel certain, the best fiction treats of the year to be found anywhere.



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TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

June, 1926

Volume LIII, Number 9

\$1.00 Per Year

Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents

Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London, W. I, England

WILLIAM B. WARNER FRANCIS HUTTER JOHN C. STERLING H. P. BURTON
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*The sixth of a series of portraits of the heroines
of the great love-stories of the world.*
PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

I THINK one of the things that makes California such a lovely land is that almost every home you pass beckons to you frantically and at the top of its voice calls: "Come in!" And the friendliest smiles in California are in the gardens with their waving banners of color. As you drive around in the mornings you see thousands of women with trowel in hand and heavy aprons on, going about loving these things into growth. You see corps of men busily at work pruning and trimming and watering, and all along the way you see the brown faces of the little Japanese gardeners on the grounds of men and women who like a Japanese touch in their gardens.

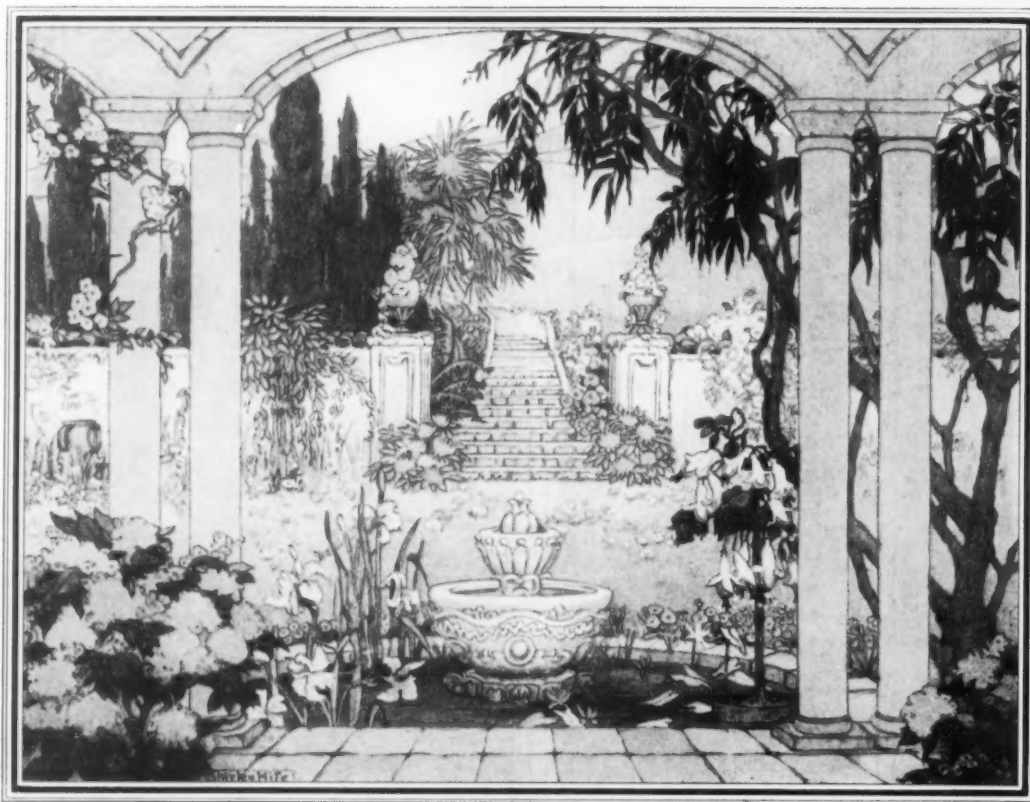
Los Angeles has one garden to me lovelier than any other. There is a white Colonial house and it stands well back in a lot that runs through from street to street, which means not one lot, but several. This house has a brick walk, a mossy brick walk, leading from the front door down to the front gate, and in the whole of the front yard there isn't one spear of grass. Either side of that front walk is just a world of flowers; hollyhocks and taller things at the outer edges and then sloping down to the height of delphiniums and snapdragons and spreading out here and there in beds of such pansies as can only be seen in California.

Color and color! Strokes and swipes and jumbled masses of color! Such a color interpretation in flowers as I never before have seen! And behind this house where lavender and white wistaria climbs over the veranda, there is a big, walled garden hedged in by every shrub and tree that will grow in California, and here there is a world of grass and there are fountains and there are brooks of running water and quaint little bridges crossing them. I'd like to give the name and the number of this garden, but its owner might not like it and the undue publicity might carry to it a host of people who wouldn't be content to stand on the outside and worship silently as I do. It isn't by any manner of means a great millionaire pile; it is a home.

Probably not more than three or four people live in the house. But I think God Himself would say that this is a house with a smiling face, with a welcoming face, and that this garden is the biggest, brightest, fairest advertisement all California could have of what individuals can do in the matter of self-expression. Every time I go riding I stop at this garden and watch it change with the seasons, and I love it almost as dearly as I will ever love my own. My own will be so very different; just a little flame of Indian Warrior, the bright eyes of the Owl's Clover, and rocks and steep places, the tall plumes of yucca and the low lace of "Love-in-the-Mist." All the wild things growing where they belong and where they love to be.

Over six acres of mountain I couldn't ever spread such a picture as this Los Angeles spreads to the world, but give me a few years and I will guarantee to make my little mountain say to all and sundry, "My name is 'Floraves,'" because "Flora" means flowers and "Aves" means birds, and this little mountain is going to be my individual offering to the birds and flowers of California. In it I am going to live and love the birds and flowers, and love my children, and love my work, and love my neighbors; and over and above everything else, I am going to love the God who gave me life and the chance to work and the privilege of expressing my individuality.

I am going to be thankful for every man and woman not only in California, but in every state of the Union, who manages to evolve a house with a welcoming face and sur-



THE FRIENDLIEST SMILES IN CALIFORNIA ARE IN THE GARDENS WITH THEIR WAVING BANNERS OF COLOR

GARDENS

BY

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY
SHIRLEY KITE

Give me a few years and I will guarantee to make my little mountain say to all and sundry, "My name is "Floraves," because "Flora" means flowers and "Aves" means birds, and this little mountain is going to be my individual offering to the birds and flowers of California. In it I am going to live and love the birds and flowers, and love my children, and love my work, and love my neighbors; and over and above everything else, I am going to love the God who gave me life and the privilege of expressing my individuality.

AN EXCERPT FROM GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S
ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE



roundings that smile an invitation to all the world at large to come in and rest; to see how really beautiful even the tiniest place can be made to appear.

One of the things I never can understand in this world is the man or woman who buys a location and hires an architect and tells him how much money he may spend, and then

goes to Europe to wait until the place that he is going to call home is completed for him. No wonder home and home ties are held so lightly by many of them, when they don't really know what they are going to have until the architect shows them what he has done; when they don't really know what is going to be in it until a decorator finishes perfectly wonderful conceptions of his or her individuality and steps back and asks that it be accepted as an emanation of the personality of the owner.

And here is a story that illustrates what may happen when architect and owner do not think things out together. The decorator's story was that a certain rich man of Los Angeles, a man who is known wherever the English language is spoken and pictures are shown, decided to surprise his wife with a new home, and so he bought a wonderful location and an architect built him a wonderful house, and then decorators were called in, and I haven't a doubt but when they finished the place was in absolutely good taste; perfect pictures lovingly and carefully studied out; beautiful views and vistas and lovely color schemes.

There isn't a doubt that it was perfectly wonderful. On Saturday, with a last loving touch, the decorators stepped back and on Sunday the unsuspecting wife and a little brood of unsuspecting children who had been brought up in the open, to ride and to shoot and to do all sorts of stunts, to live and to love very like healthy little animals, to play hard and each to develop its individual traits, on Sunday morning this mother and these children were transported to this wonderful fairyland and set down and told it was home. And Sunday night the first dinner party occurred and a few friends came in and the decorators were among the guests, and I gathered from the decorators' side of the story that there probably never were a pair of more disgruntled decorators. It is very likely only one family in the world could produce the havoc that occurred between a ten o'clock arrival in the morning and six o'clock dinner at night.

So the first story I heard about this house was the decorators' story, and if it wasn't punctuated with tears it was because indignation was too high to dissolve in tears and disappointment was too deep.

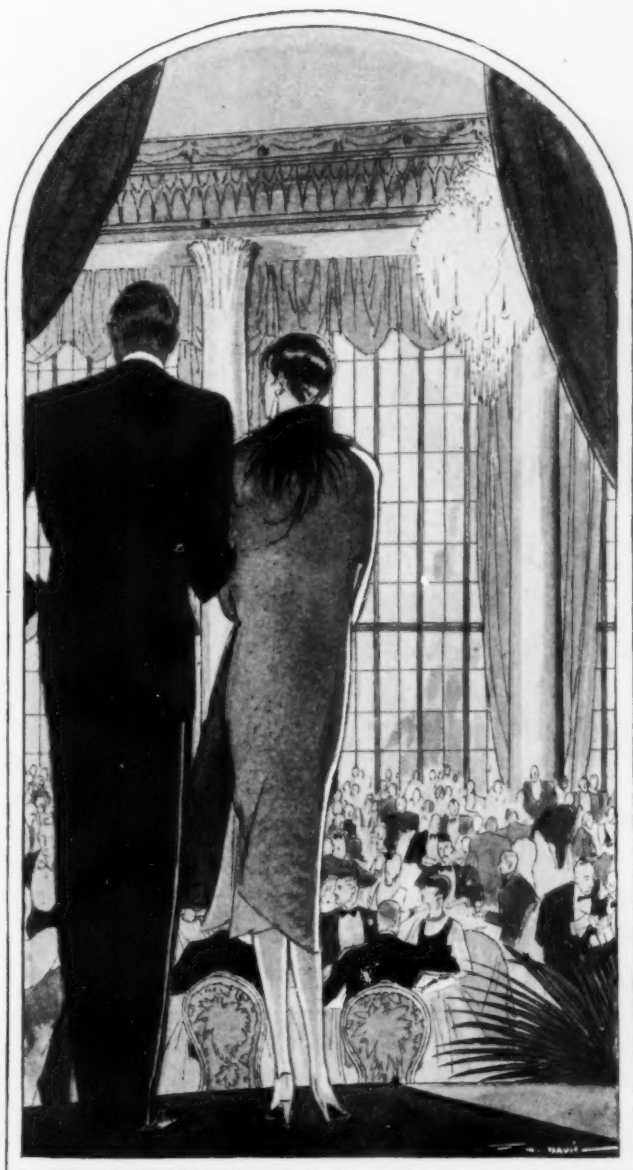
Then about three months later I met the wife who was expected to occupy this beautiful home, and I heard how the ground had been purchased and the house built and furnished without her knowledge or consent because it was to be a surprise and a wonderful gift for her. Then I heard how she was led to it and how she was expected to go wild over it, when there wasn't a thing in it to suit her comfort or convenience; how she was expected to drop everything she'd ever had and accustom herself to something quite different. And I heard about what a shock it was to her and how terribly difficult was the day on which she was expected to smile straight through, and she couldn't turn around and find one chair that suited her curves, one view that was familiar to her, one thing that contributed to her individual taste.

I heard how the Sunday was lived through and the Monday morning dawned upon which a big dray was sent back home to get furniture; and I heard about how things were pushed around and changed and altered and the familiar pieces were brought in, and about how, after quite a struggle, something of comfort and convenience had been evolved. And as I listened to the wife's side of the story, I truly didn't know [Turn to page 83]

Food.. the pleasure of our palates



Food.. the trouble-maker for our teeth
and gums!



*A DELICIOUS dinner at an attractive restaurant—
a dainty luncheon at home. How enjoyable they
are, how much a part of our lives! Yet dentists point
to our modern soft food as utterly unsuited to supply
the stimulation our gums and teeth need so much.*

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



AS we gather round a festive board to enjoy a delicious dinner, with its succulent viands, its creamy sauces and its soft desserts, few of us give a thought to anything but taste—the physical pleasure of eating!

And yet these same dinners that “melt in the mouth,” are the cause of most of the troubles that beset our gums and our teeth. And the dentists point out that luscious food is directly responsible for the alarming increase in those stubborn gum diseases, so difficult to combat—so slow to cure.

Under this modern regime of soft food the gums are cheated of the stimulation they need to keep them in perfect health. Rough, fibrous foods, nature's own stimulant for our gums and teeth, are practically absent from our diet.

And this stimulation, the dentists tell us with emphasis, must be restored, if our gums are to be firm and healthy, instead of dormant and weak—the prey to many kinds of troubles.

How gum massage counteracts the damage soft food does

Your dentist would explain it about like this: Through lack of exercise, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The tissues grow flaccid and tender—sometimes they bleed. To restore the mechanical stimulation not given by food, is vital to the health of the entire oral cavity.

So, very logically, the dentists are urging gum massage with the tooth brush to quicken the flow of fresh blood through the tiny capillaries that nourish the gums. And thousands of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana Tooth Paste, recommend that the massage be done with Ipana, at the time of the regular cleaning with Ipana and the tooth brush.

This massage with Ipana will bring about a healthy flow of clean blood within the gum walls. And because of Ipana's ziratol content it will make the gums more resistant to the onset of disease. Ziratol has been used for years by dentists in their practice, to restore tone to the gums and to allay bleeding.

Many dentists are advising the use of Ipana

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He probably will vouch for its benefits. In fact it was by professional recommendation that Ipana first became known.

So, if you are ever troubled with tender gums—if your tooth brush ever “shows pink,” start to use Ipana immediately. Simply massage the gums gently with the brush after the usual brushing with Ipana. If at first the gums are very tender, begin by doing it with the finger.

Your gums will grow firm, your teeth more brilliant, and you will be delighted with Ipana's fresh flavor. And even if your gums never bother you, remember that Ipana will help you to keep them in perfect health!

Switch to Ipana for a full month!

The coupon below offers a ten-day tube. Send for it if you wish. The trial will enable you to sample Ipana's taste and prove its cleaning power. But when the health of the gums and teeth is concerned, your dentist will tell you that persistence is of first importance.

So, next time you are at your drug-gist's get a full-sized tube. It will last for more than one hundred brushings. And while you are using Ipana, you will enjoy a new oral cleanliness, your teeth will become more brilliant, and your gums will be started on the way to soundness and health.

Even though your gums bother you seldom or never, start your use of Ipana today. For the best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. E-66, 73 West St. New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partially the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

ACTUAL
VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 4



Spic and span in spotless duck,
as a ship-shape tar *should* be!



HE was a handsome sturdy youngster and so dazzlingly resplendent in such a *very* white sailor suit that we determined to discover just what kind of laundry soap his mother used.

Mrs. Brooks* was a little surprised at our visit, but cordial in a quiet, pleasant way. The house was darling—crisp white curtains everywhere, a spacious living-room with soft rugs, many books, and a wide fireplace.

"All my clothes are just as white as Frank's suit," she assured us. "Ever since I discovered P and G nine years ago, I've had marvelously white clothes, with practically no rubbing. P and G is the *quickest* soap I have ever used—yet it is absolutely safe for colors. I always wash this in P and G"—indicating an attractive embroidered linen

*Not her real name, of course.

table runner—"and the colors always look new."

"Do you use P and G only for laundry?" we inquired.

"No, indeed—for kitchen linoleum, bathroom tiling, windows and woodwork all over the house. You see," she smiled, "I'm a P and G enthusiast."

Does it seem remarkable to you that one soap has so many millions of enthusiastic users? Well, if you want to know why, just try it. In hot water or cold—hard, soft, or lukewarm, P and G does beautiful work. It saves hard rubbing and frequent boiling. And it is safe for colors and fabrics. *Of course*, it is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Shouldn't it be helping you with your work too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A laundry hint from Mrs. Brooks

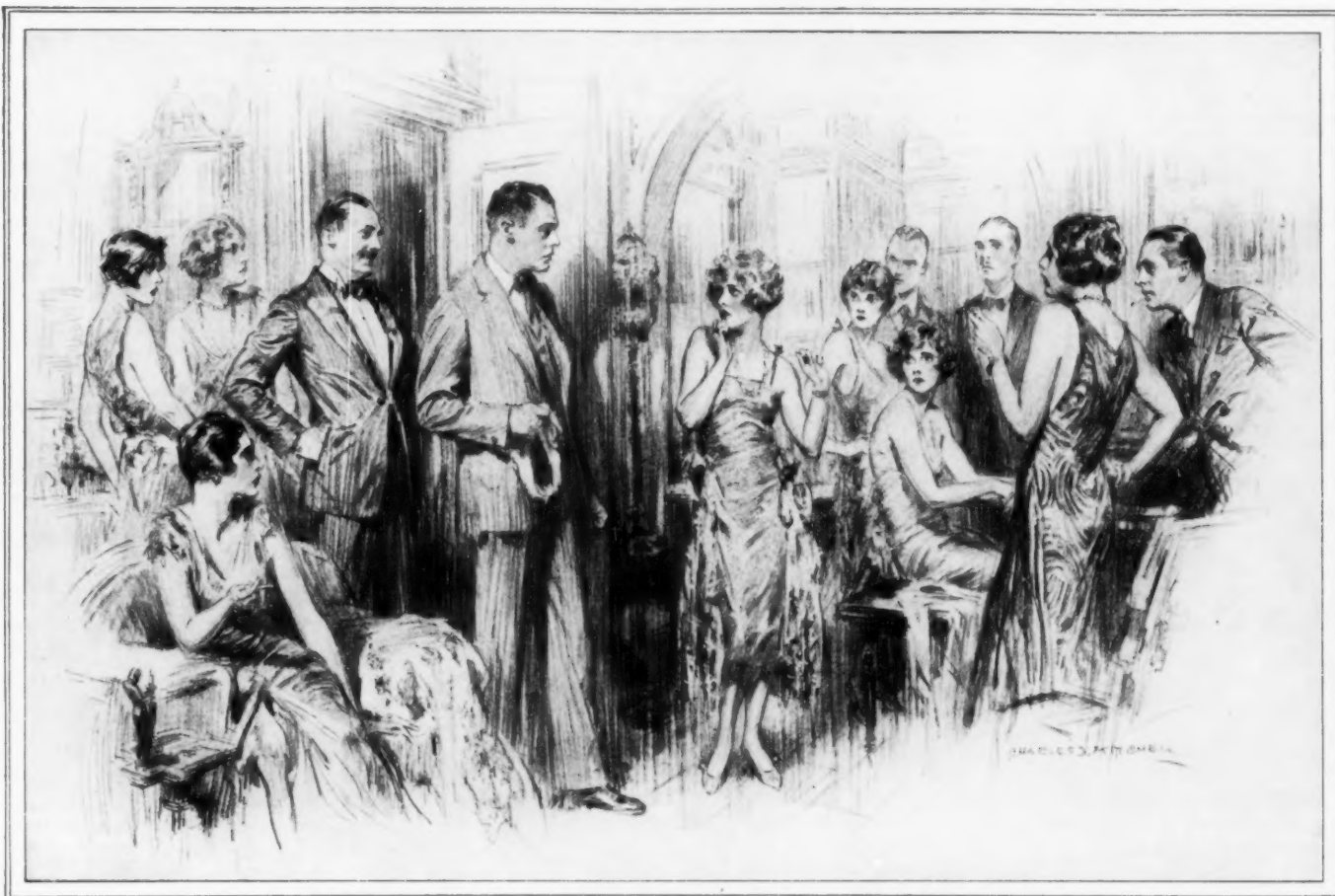
"My linens are always so snowy after being laundered in P and G that I am careful to keep them so. I never put them away warm—but air them first. I put the fresh linens on the bottom of the pile—because I always use them from the top. This keeps my stock moving. Otherwise, certain pieces would grow old-looking from neglect, while others would get undue wear."

*The largest-selling
laundry soap in
America*

There is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.



© 1926, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



THE CLOTHES-ROOM DOOR OPENED ABRUPTLY AND BILL, TEARING THE HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS EYES, STOOD BEFORE THE ASTONISHED CROWD

THE DEAR LITTLE THING

A long and fascinating novelette complete in this issue by the author of "A Woman's Woman" and "Up and Coming"

BY NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

JUDY STANLEY is a dear little thing," everyone would volunteer, "but—" here followed a significant pause.

"But she is not the girl Bill Dudley thinks she is—and Bill is so reliable," would be Dinky Burroughs' indictment.

Dinky, whose costumes and untrimmed hats might have been designed by the Radcliffe faculty, was Bill's partner in the Dudley-Burroughs Realty Company. She was interested in Judy only because Bill loved her.

"But she is a two-faced little doll!" This from Ella Dudley, Bill's half-sister, who had brought him up by hand. Ella was a formidable, thin-lipped person, given to afternoon card clubs and who insisted most emphatically that she just *loved* to do the washing.

What are the finest qualities of womanhood? Many of us would reply: sincerity, frankness and honesty. Yet here is pictured a woman who was neither sincere nor frank nor honest, but whom we come to love since, as the French say, to understand all is to forgive all. And we do come to understand—and so to forgive—this tantalizing Judy Stanley, for from her soul Mrs. Bartley strips cover after cover—much as one peels an onion—until at last the woman herself is completely revealed. You are certain to agree with us that this is an intriguing and seductive novelette—one you will want to read, think over, and discuss with your friends.

It represents the high-water mark of Mrs. Bartley's writing.

No one suspected that the dear little thing had her own worst moments—least of all Bill. If she refused to see him, he credited it to the rush of trade at Judy's gift shop—that fashionable bay-window in Miss Burtis' boarding house. Never that Judy was failing gloriously in trying to discipline her chameleon-like soul.

Even before she came to Randolph to share the lonely splendor of her grandfather's house, Judy believed that she must seem to agree with everyone or else she would

have no "luck." Yet she had been serious when she would tell Bill Dudley, who lived in a cottage at the rear of her grandfather's gardens:

"You will be a great man and live in a bigger house than

curs or Enid and Russell Hartzell's."

The Hartzells were inclined to be superior to Judy, no less, and called Bill names when he went barefoot for other reasons than outdoor sport. Tongue-tied and adoring, Bill tried to evade all compliments.

Approaching twenty-six, the chameleon habit and its resultant "luck" were integral parts of Judy. Her grandfather's death and the discovery that his estate had died likewise had accomplished no reform. She pretended to accept everyone's sympathetic advice. Stripped of possessions, she was left with a trunk or so, a stretch of waste land outside the city, erstwhile pasturage of the old Stanley farm, and her "luck."

Besides, there was Bill whom Judy had promised to marry some day. So she moved into the abode of human antiques—Miss Burtis' boarding house—and opened her shop. Her "luck" remained unchanged. She was invited everywhere, even if she wore the same evening frock for many moons. Russ Hartzell was eager to marry her. She invented a new doll, *Passionette*, a daring, red satin lady-devil.

Randolph was just the town in which to rent a genteel bay window, as Judy said to out-of-town friends. It was a conservative spot where men read the newspapers and women read novels. Randolph was proud of everything pertaining to itself. It was proud of its motley foreign quarter, as a boy displays a sore toe. It was proud of Bill Dudley because he once lived in an alley but now drove a six cylinder and was engaged to Judy Stanley. Bill deserved all this and more. Incidentally, Bill craved pancakes for breakfast, wore unadulterated red neckties and liked the "March of the Wooden Soldiers." His was a direct, single track mind—psycho-analysts need not apply!

Randolph was proud of the stagnating Hartzell millions, even of Russ Hartzell, no matter if he was breaking ground for a second double chin. It tried to be proud of Judy's father, who had been a brilliant black sheep, married to a beautiful coquette, according to hearsay. They had separated when Judy was not quite three. Whereupon, she legally and loyally divided her time between them until their deaths brought her to her grandfather for safe keeping.

Painting place cards this stormy February night, Judy paused to enjoy the dark, shadowed avenue. It rested her thoughts, she fancied. Once, she had thought of asking Bill to sit with her at one of these night sessions. She would think aloud, not concealing a single, amazing idea which might flash through her blonde head. But she never did so. Bill had a forceful manner which would have confused her in any effort at self revelation. Tonight, she frowned as a tap sounded at her door.

"Do come in," she invited cordially. A flutter of white veils, leopard skin furs and scarab rings slipped into a chair beside Judy. Mrs. Violette Pierce—she had been a Rutgers, Randolph always reminded itself—of the Evening Press was returning from doing a theatre criticism.

"It was awfully dull all alone," Judy began. "This lonesome avenue gets on my nerves. Why is February, Vivie?"

"You poor infant," Violette chattered, "must you really work at this unearthly hour?"

"Positively!"

Judy glanced up. Violette had tripped to one side of the bay window and pounced upon Judy's sacred possession—something never seen during the daytime when red satin *Passionettes* reigned supreme. "What a funny old doll," Violette commented. It was a battered object sewn in a mummy-like case of blue ciderdown, for all the world like a rescued war orphan.

"I was looking through some old things and found *Hardboiled*," fibbed Judy. Uneasily, she watched Violette handle the toy.

"*Hardboiled*! What a

name! I was going to try to get its aura but that word banishes everything esoteric," replacing the doll and coming to sit beside Judy.

"Oh, he was the first thing I can remember and he has stood for everything. Once, he was beautiful—long clothes and knitted booties, then I dropped him on the street and my nurse, a terror for germs, insisted that he be parboiled. He was ruined when I got him back but I loved him more than ever, a way women have, isn't it, Vivie? *Hardboiled* seemed human to me. Years ago, I sewed him up in that winding sheet, and came upon him yesterday."

All but the last was true. She "came upon *Hardboiled*" whenever she was lonesome or angry with herself. He was both mascot and conscience. She kept him out of sight because she was conscious of the absurdity. That a nearly twenty-six-year-old person should still want her first doll, even Bill would have laughed at her.

"There must be atmosphere about it but the name makes me a negative," Violette insisted. Violette was a wizened brunette with scarlet lips. Everyone considered her a trifle mad. But because she had been a Rutgers and her long ago husband had treated her abominably, Randolph upheld Violette and insisted that her sob stories for the press entitled her to belong to the local literary circle. Life had beaten Violette but she was forever postponing the humiliating surrender.

"I had premonitions about you today," she continued, "that you were in danger—wait—I jotted down the message just as my guide gave it to me. Don't look at this pocket-book, honey; remember, I'm a newspaper woman," one bearing hand fumbling in the depths of the alligator bag. Violette's pocketbook was equal to a moving van, Judy had said; it was apt to contain everything from an ice-pick to an East Indian love potion.

"It is so sensible to have a roomy bag," supplemented

Judy during the interim as Violette rummaged vigorously.

"Here it is—no, that's a cold cream for reducing chins—here is my tomorrow's story—ah, this is it. I do wish you'd develop mediumship with me, Judy. You'd be surprised at what you'd find yourself saying. 'Judy in danger, evil surrounds her—Mars and Saturn rising in the ascendant'—don't shake your head. My guide is never wrong. And don't decide anything unless you ask me first!"

"Of course I will," Judy promised. "You know that already." Smothering a yawn, Judy staggered to the door, agreeing to the last. Yes, it was scandalous the way the halls were darkened before midnight, and what a nuisance Professor Sloan was since becoming a vegetarian. The place was going to the dogs and she would like to share an apartment with Violette. Of course, there was Bill! But marriage was the last thing of which she was thinking. Yes, she wished that Bill would buy out Dinky Burroughs' interest; Dinky was too mannish and materialistic, righto, goodnight!

Thoughtfully, Judy re-crossed the room to find *Hardboiled*. She propped the old doll against a pile of India prints and slipped down before it in idolatrous fashion. "I do like Vivie," she half said, half thought, "but she's silly. I like Dinky, too, and Professor Sloan. But it's about Bill that we must decide. Can I pack you away forever and marry Bill this June? Can I be nice to Ella yet tell her the truth? Can I stop playing with Russ Hartzell and his set, and not hurt their feelings? Can I like everyone and remain sincere? Isn't Bill the blessed idiot to idealize me so? I wonder what people think about me?"

Occasionally, people did compare notes—even if it involved such a trivial matter as Judy's having said within a half hour: "I, too, adore a cold, rainy morning; I adore putting on old togs and tramping for hours."

Then: "Cold, rainy mornings make me want to fold up like an opera hat. I'd like to live in perpetual sunshine, wear dried grass and leis, you know."

Most people smiled and said: "She's a dear little thing but—"

Miss Burtis' clock boomed midnight. Judy tilted her blonde head on one side. "Vivie says I'm in danger—as if I didn't know it! You've been through the war, *Hardboiled*, tell me—would it be better to tell Bill that I'm not sure of myself or him or anything, that I like to play with everyone? Instead of marrying him, I'd better acquire an eight-inch turquoise cigarette holder and an interesting cough—become a town character like Violette Pierce or Dinky Burroughs. Only, if I become such a character, I'll choose a sublime target—to be misunderstood, *Hardboiled*, instead of labelled a fraud—here I go, fibbing to you. Really, I want to marry Bill and cut loose from the Hartzell set."

Hardboiled's faded eyes stared relentlessly. "What is the matter with folk like me?" she continued in an agony of confession. "Why do I swear to Vivie that I'm a theosophist, only to tell Bishop Potter that I believe in original sin? Why do I make fun of Bill's red neckties yet assure him they are irresistible? I don't mean to mimic Vivie to Dinky or belittle Dinky to Vivie—but I do! It amuses both! Oh, the books I've said I've read, the hats I've claimed were becoming, the music I've pretended to interpret, the husbands I've made believe to admire, just why do I?"

Hardboiled was unable to give explanation or absolution. The hall clock boomed the half hour. Judy made a last effort. "It is this way," she insisted, crowding her small, straight figure closer to the doll. "I must marry Bill or break with him. He won't play along. He wants to buy my pasture land, to build a suburb on it and our house the very first one of all. But he'll find me—out—"

Suddenly, she swept *Hard-* [Turn to page 42]



VIOLETTE HAD TRIPPED TO ONE SIDE OF THE BAY WINDOW AND POUNCED UPON JUDY'S SACRED POSSESSION—SOMETHING NEVER SEEN DURING THE DAYTIME WHEN RED SATIN PASSIONETTES REIGNED SUPREME. "WHAT A FUNNY OLD DOLL," VIOLETTE COMMENTED.



"DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS," SAID DEATH DRYLY. "I DESERVE IT!" ST. PETER GRUNTED, "BUT THINK WHAT IT MUST MEAN FOR JUDAS."

IF the Order Above be but the reflection of the Order Below (as that Ancient affirms, who had some knowledge of the Order) it is not outside the Order of Things that there should have been confusion also in the Department of Death. The world's steadily falling death-rate, the rising proportion of scientifically prolonged fatal illnesses, which allowed months of warning to all concerned, had weakened initiative throughout the Necrological Departments. When the War came, these were as unprepared as civilized mankind; and, like mankind, they improvised and recriminated in the face of Heaven.

As Death himself observed to St. Peter who had just come off The Gate for a rest—"One does the best one can with the means at one's disposal but—"

"I know," said the good Saint sympathetically. "Even with what help I can muster, I'm on The Gate twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four."

"Do you find your volunteer staff of any real use?" Death went on. "Isn't it easier to do the work oneself than—"

"One must guard against that point of view," St. Peter returned, "but I know what you mean. Office officializes the best of us... What is it now?" He turned to a prim-lipped Seraph who had followed him with an expulsion-form for signature. St. Peter glanced it over. "Private R. M. Buckland," he read, "on the charge of saying that there is no God. That all?"

"He says he is prepared to prove it, Sir, and—according to the Rules—"

"If you will make yourself acquainted with the Rules, you'll find they lay down that 'the fool says in his heart, there is no God.' That decides it; probably shell-shock. Have you tested his reflexes?"

"No, Sir. He kept on saying that there—"

"Pass him in at once! Tell off someone to argue with him and give him the best of the argument. Anything else?"

"A hospital-nurse's record, Sir. She has been nursing for two years."

"A long time," St. Peter spoke severely. "She may very well have grown careless."

THE GATE

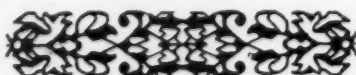
BY

✻ RUDYARD KIPLING ✻

ILLUSTRATION BY

E. F. WARD

Can you imagine a vision of such utter charity and compassion that it beholds Judas in Heaven among the saved? Yet that is the picture which the great Kipling paints in this powerful, commanding story of the Hereafter—a story that challenges attention and interest in its every line. Dante, Italy's famed poet, beheld Judas in the lowest pit of the Inferno, but the greatest living master of English prose sees him among the elect! Does Kipling think that treason and betrayal should not be punished? Why should the Englishman be more compassionate than Dante? Read this tremendous story and see who you think is right



"It's her civilian record, Sir. I judged best to refer it to you." The Seraph handed him a vivid scarlet docket.

"The next time," said St. Peter folding it down and writing on one corner, "that you get one of these—er—tinted

forms, mark it Q. M. A. and pass bearer at once. Don't worry over trifles." The Seraph flashed off and returned to the clamorous Gate.

"Which Department is Q. M. A.?" said Death. St. Peter chuckled.

"It's not a department. It's a Ruling. 'Quia multum amavit.' A most useful Ruling. I've stretched it to... Now, I wonder what that child actually did die of."

"I'll ask," said Death, and moved to a public telephone near by. "Give me War Check and Audit: English side: non-combatant," he began. "Latest returns... Surely you've got them posted up to date by now!... Yes! Hospital Nurse in France... No! Not 'nature and aliases.' I said—what—was—nature—of—illness?... Thanks." He turned to St. Peter. "Quite normal," he said. "Heart-failure after neglected pleurisy following over-work."

"Good!" St. Peter rubbed his hands. "That brings her under the higher allowance—G. L. H. scale—'Greater love hath no man—' But my people ought to have known that from the first."

"Who is that clerk of yours?" asked Death. "He seems rather a stickler for the proprieties."

"The usual type nowadays," St. Peter returned. "A young Power in charge of some half-baked Universe. Never having dealt with life yet, he's somewhat nebulous."

Death sighed. "It's the same with my old Departmental Heads. Nothing on earth will make my fossils on the Normal Civil Side realise that we are dying in a new age. Come and look at them. They might interest you."

"Thanks, I will, but—Excuse me a minute! Here's my zealous young assistant on the wing once more."

The Seraph had returned to report the arrival of overwhelmingly heavy convoys at The Gate, and to ask what the Saint advised.

"I'm just off on an inter-departmental inspection, which will take me some time," said St. Peter. "You must learn to act on your own initiative. I shall leave you to yourself for the next hour or so, merely suggesting (I don't wish in any way to sway your judgement) that you invite St. Paul, St. Ignatius [Turn to page 77]



WHITMORE'S BULL

BY
GENE STRATTON-PORTER



ILLUSTRATED BY
MAURICE BOWER



It was her novels that brought fame to the greatly-beloved Gene Stratton-Porter, but it was her poems by which she wished to be remembered when she was dead and gone. But even in her poems the story-telling genius of Gene Stratton-Porter was ever uppermost; she could no more escape her gift of tale-telling than Elisha could escape his gift of prophecy. And so it is that this last poem ever to come from her famous pen tells of a marvelous tale of her childhood, of how the prowess and the sagacity of her father saved her mother's much-loved garden. "Whitmore's Bull" has the roll and tang of a saga—an early American saga of the time when our land was young and when the "giants of those days" tamed the

wilderness and made the prairies flower. In such a setting, on the stretching plains of Indiana, was lived the early girlhood of Gene Stratton-Porter and here, in this lovely rhymed story, she has told of it with all the accuracy of history but with all the beauty and delicacy of great poetry. She paints a picture of that far-off day that you will never forget—and she weaves into the lines a great stark tale of what life was like when all the men were valiant. It is one of the greatest things Gene Stratton-Porter ever wrote—and one which we shall all be proud to remember her by—as she so often wished to be remembered by her poetry, when the accounting of her contribution to literature should have been made.

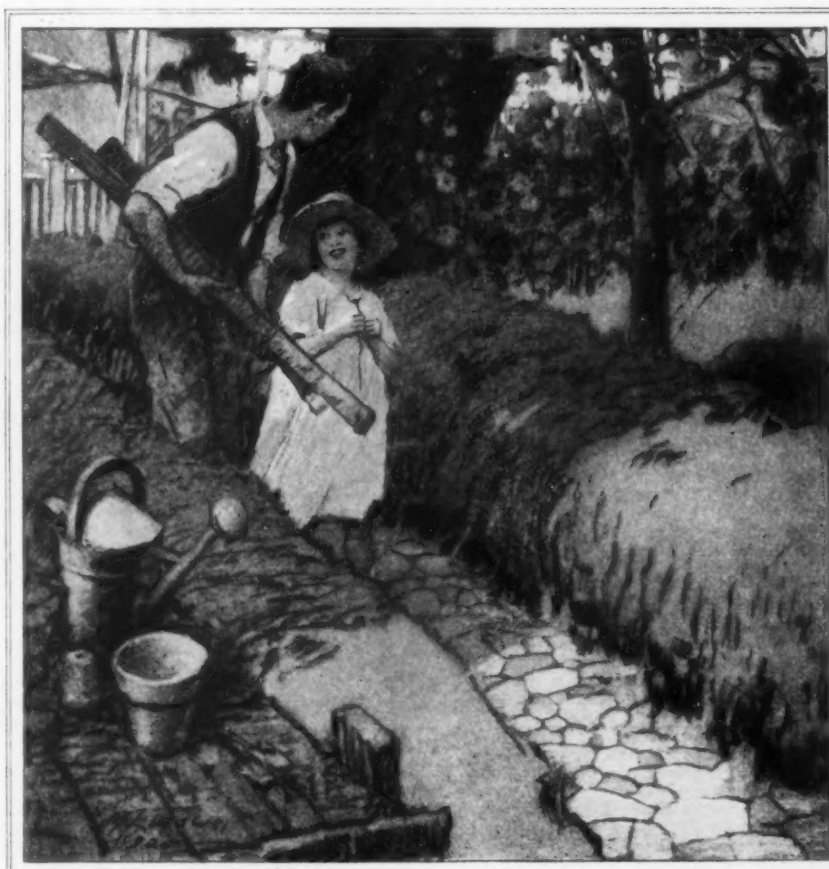
UNDERNEATH, the floor of heaven was smoky blue-purple,
Joyous stars, like fireflies heliographing happy messages
Across the vast, rolling meadows of the sky,
Filled space with evanescent silver light.
A luminous mist of star dust veiled the Milky Way.
The big crystal moon-ball, raying tender beneficence,
Rolled its immemorial course in serene splendor;
In its light, Whitmore's Meadow had its hour of high Magic.
The big white monarch of the Pasture of Spring
Slept on a sweet bed of royal purple clover
Delicately brocaded with the blue of Venus-looking-glass,
Intricately outlined with the gold of sheep sorrel,
Curtained with filmy white alder and blackberry.
The pink of wild rose and the red velvet of sumac
When the Sky Decorator brushed the first broad stroke
Of orange-red across the canvas of the East
The bull arose, shook himself, lifted his head high,
And drove his breath through his nostrils
Like steam escaping from a powerful engine.

HIS back was a pole, his sides were far plains,
His breast a plateau, his neck a mountain,
His great head was nobly proportioned,
Having questing eyes and far reaching horns, finely polished.
His legs curved abruptly to shapely feet,
Each carefully fitted with twin shoes of ivory.
His milk white coat disclosed the rose of his skin.
Like curling flax the brush of his tapering tail
Swept the earth as he passed over it.
Strong waves of muscle rippled over his body
As he went down to the overflowing river
To thrust his cool, sweating nostrils
Into a still pool of muddy water.
The clay sucked loudly as his feet left it;
Turning, he climbed the bank to the meadow.
Before breaking his fast he lifted his head high,
Furrowing his neck in layers of deep folds,
And snorted menacingly at all creation.
A rod away, young Mistress Bob-o'-Lincoln
Slipped from her leaf-sheltered house
And wove her way among the clover stems
For a long winding distance of concealment
Before she took wing to tell her mate
That a strong wind blew and the earth shook,
Making her brooding heart fearful.
Nearer the white bull, a rattlesnake, curved to strike,



THERE WAS A
CATALPA FLOW-
ERING IN ONE
CORNER, AND A
WHITE BERRIED
PRIVET FILLED
ANOTHER.

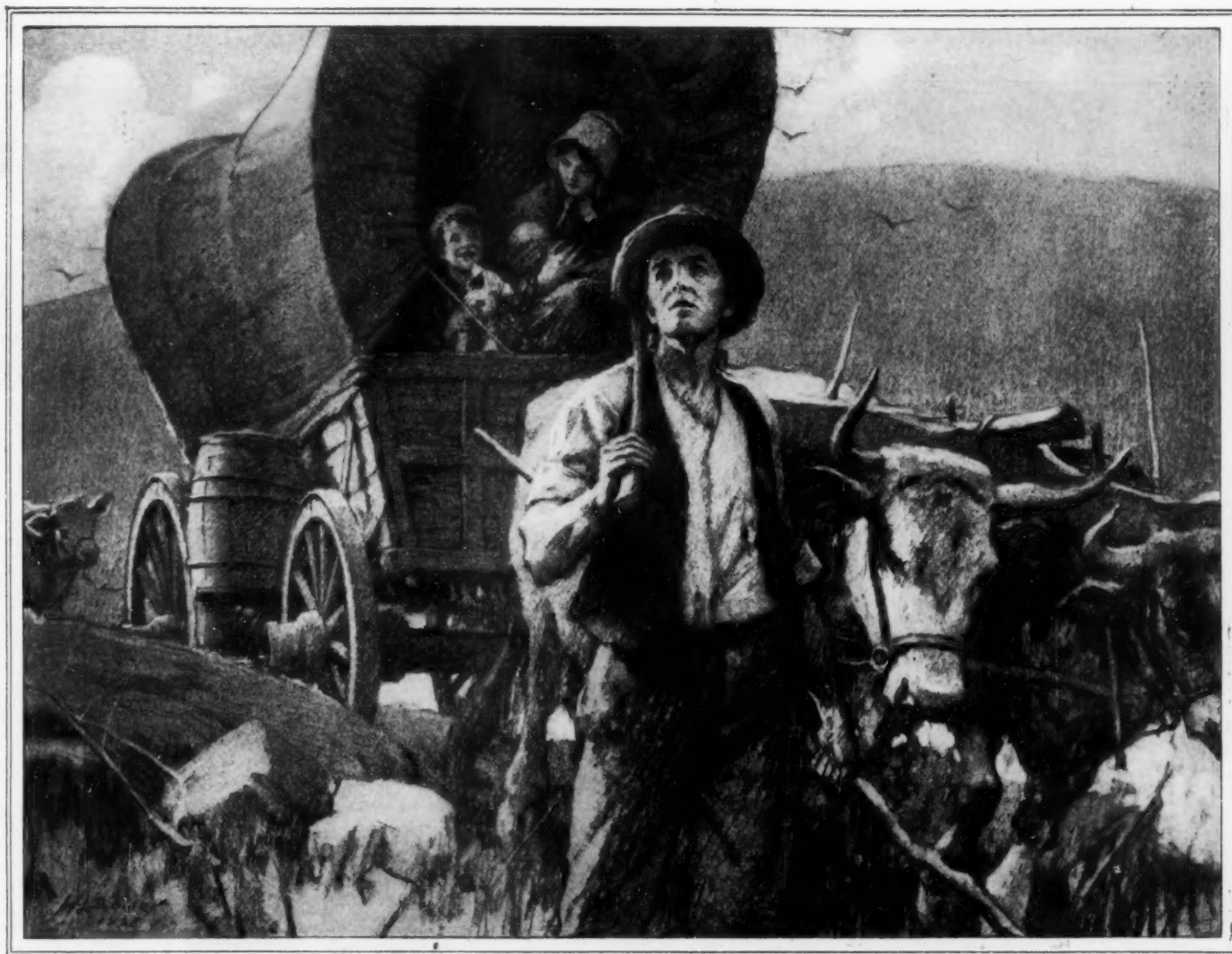
AN OLD SWEET
BRIAR GREW IN
A THIRD COR-
NER, WHILE A
MORELLO TREE,
MYSTERIOUS
WITH PALE
BLOOM, SHADED
THE CORNER
WHERE FATHER
AND I WORKED.



Felt strange trembling beneath him, knew fear,
And hurriedly sought secure shelter,
Among the stones heaped under a big white oak.
"Cowk! Cowk! Cowk!" screamed a lean turkey hen,
Vanishing from her nest of stippled eggs,
Sheltered by a fence corner berry thicket.
To the promised refuge of adjoining forest.

But it served to remind the white bull
Of the irritating limitations of his kingdom.
In the culmination of his strength, hunger satisfied,
He felt the devastating lust of the wild,
The galling restriction of confinement,
The desire to dominate other living creatures.
He knew that he belonged in his meadow,

When he could endure the punishment no longer
He turned and ran until his blood flowed hotly.
At the next house, warned by his threatening advance,
The children stoned him from the vantage of a shed roof
Until he again fled from these mites of irritation
He was amazed to find himself unable to evade.
Then a farmer passing in a buggy on his way to town,



HE HAD WALKED BESIDE THE PLODDING OX-TEAM THAT BROUGHT US
ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS WHEN OF TRAVELED ROADS
THERE WERE NONE, AS WE CAME PROSPECTING FROM PENNSYLVANIA.
(FATHER'S BACK WAS BROAD LIKE ATLAS' IN THE MYTHOLOGY BOOK.)

CATAPULTING from the tallest fence rider
On which he daily saluted the sun's red rising,
A frightened lark passed along the danger signal
Through a hasty utterance of his offertory, "Spring o' year!"
An adventuring wind, permeated with hawthorn and apple
perfume,
Forced the stretch of meadow into green waves, purple
crested.

The white bull closely searched his entire domain
With a penetrant look of intent deliberation,
Seeing nothing that in any way irritated him,
He snorted menacingly to intimidate the unseen;
Then dropped his muzzle to dew-wet grasses and clover tufts,
Here and there embittered to dandelion and daisy.

CRUNCHING big mouthfuls, dragged up by the roots,
Grinding flower and fodder alike in his milling jaws,
The white bull slowly grazed his way across the meadow.
Once a plucky little ground sparrow refused to move,
Because her first egg had pipped against her mother heart,
Until a ruthless hoof drove her into the earth.
The steel-colored, red-lined, yellow-spotted wing of a moth
Clung for a long time to the slaver of his jaws.
At the far fence, the bull paused to survey the world.
Mr. Bob-o'-Lincoln on the closest fence rider
Rejoiced incoherently because his mate had escaped.
A brooding dove, with anxious, fear-filled eyes,
Crouched low on her nest, set flat on a fence rail,
Hoping she was hidden by sheltering sumac.
Far across country a cock crowed challengingly;
A cow insistently droned a mothering note.
It was not the urge call of reproduction,

That his world was bounded with the strength
Of a nine-rail fence with heavily wired stake and rider;
But the odors of spring tormented his nostrils,
The ferment of domination was yeasty in his heart.
He set his determined breast against the fence,
Pushing until the rails began to yield and to slide.
He lowered his head, steadily pressing forward,
Repeatedly tossing upward and outward,
Until the rails scattered widely before him.
The dove's nest was torn to wind-driven fragments;
The broken bird, struggling to escape,
Beat the bull's face with her wings of gray satin.
Aroused, he cleared the fence, snorting in triumph.
Stepping proudly, in the heady exultation of liberty,
He entered a field of young corn, knee high.
He did not consider pausing to feast on its sweetness;
He was Nature obeying Nature's primal impulse.
He began pawing up the rounded hills of lush corn
And tossing it over his back as he advanced,
Rumbling a low, far echoing bellow of menace,
To inform the world that Might was abroad
Seeking weakness that could be conquered.

HE pushed down snake fences as kindling wood
barriers,
Soon accepting the invitation of the traveled highway.
The first farm house he passed, a watch dog raved at him,
Leaping at his head, snapping at his legs and nose,
Flashing under and over him, harrassingly acrobatic.
So that he whirled in helpless bewilderment,
Not understanding that his great body hampered him
In facing this small, agile thing of torment.

Striped the bull's side in long welts with a whip,
Trying to persuade him to return to his home.
The bewildered white bull began to heave and to sweat,
To drool in long streams from his heavy jaws,
To see red challenge everywhere he looked;
Yet stubbornly he continued his infuriated advance.

PAWING up the wayside grasses of a fence corner,
He trespassed on a nest of busy yellow-jackets.
Enraged, they swarmed over his head in reprisal,
Stinging his nose, his ears, his neck, his gullet,
With many infuriating electric needles.
The white bull tore his head through the bushes,
Rubbed it against his sides, tossed it high in air;
A mad thing, he ran amuck down the dusty open road.
His hoarse bellowing sounded a mile ahead of him.
He charged at a high embankment in passing,
Viciously biting out mouthfuls of the overhanging clay
Which mingled in dirty drippings to the earth
With the slaver oozing from his foaming jaws.
My Father was working at a pair of trestles beside the road
Where I was handing pickets to him,
When the white bull came threateningly toward us.

FATHER was not large, but he was large enough.
His forehead was high, his mouth wide,
His eyes a steady steel-blue in color.
His hair was fine, dark, and slightly wavy.
The contour of his face was sharply chisled,
While on his high, defiant cheek bones
There burned always the unfading flush
Of the roast-beef red of old England [Turn to page 84]

A MILLION MUTUAL FRIENDS *are* READY

If you will go out and list to nature's teachings, all you, who are weary and heavy-laden, will find rest

END YOUR LONE-



LIMBERLOST CABIN, BUILT IN THE HEART OF WILDFLOWER WOODS WHICH MRS. PORTER KNEW SO WELL



AT THE SPRING IN WILDFLOWER WOODS



THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARAGE OF LIMBERLOST CABIN IS BANKED ON EITHER SIDE WITH FERNS

Millions of readers in the United States have speculated concerning the unfailing source of Gene Stratton-Porter's sublime strength of character—about the forces which moulded this most beloved of all American writers. She stood preeminent among our women, and her power increased, rather than lessened, with the years. In this sketch written by an intimate friend of hers, you will find that she, like Robert W. Chambers, who has written

A FIELD WITH GENE STRATTON-PORTER

BY
FRANK N. WALLACE

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS FOGARTY

in like vein on the opposite page, ever found her inspiration in God's great out-of-doors. Powerful friends, great wealth and influential position, never usurped the place Nature held from the beginning in Mrs. Porter's life—indeed she spent the very last afternoon of her life searching for rare flowers in a deep canyon near Santa Monica. You will find a great lesson in her devotion to Nature set forth so beautifully in the accompanying article.

MY acquaintance with Mrs. Porter began when in 1913 I went to Limberlost Cabin at Sylvan Lake in the northern part of Indiana to see her concerning some tree work she wished to have done on the tract of woods she had just purchased, and in which she was building her Cabin. I do not know just what I did expect in the way of a reception from a famous author, but I do have the most vivid recollection of the hearty hand-shake and the whole-souled talk and laughter which I heard that day and to which I learned to look forward from visit to visit. When we walked through the woods inspecting and admiring her enviable tract of native trees I immediately decided that no one else should have that job. Mrs. Porter told me afterward that she had been equally as sure, as we looked over the trees, that the work was mine regardless of price. Small wonder we had no trouble agreeing on a deal. Wildflower Woods, the site of Limberlost Cabin, consists of a tract of one hundred and twenty acres; eighty acres of meadow and cultivated farm land, and forty acres of woods, some of which is virgin forest with as great a variety of trees as could possibly be found on one small tract of land; most of the varieties having magnificent specimens.



I HAVE KNOWN ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WHO ENJOYED THE WOODS AND FIELDS OR WHO LOVED WILD FLOWERS IN THE INTIMATE WAY MRS. PORTER LOVED THEM

There is about three-fourths of a mile of winding shore-line, and since it is a made lake, the trees overhang the water, making it ideal for boating because one can always run the boat into the shade. I know of no other lake in Indiana where this is possible. There are two small, marshy bayous, which afford suitable location for the plants, which require muck soils and moist places. Some of the soil of Wildflower Woods is sandy and some is clay.

A few years before building Limberlost Cabin Mrs. Porter bought a cottage on Sylvan Lake and for three years lived there during the summer, spending most of her time looking over the surrounding country with the idea of finding an ideal location for carrying out plans, which she had been formulating for several years. Her choice, narrowed down to two places, one of which was the Sylvan Lake property that she finally decided upon. On this place, during the twelve years she spent there, she planted more than seventeen thousand flowers, plants, and shrubs. In a five-acre pasture, one edge of which could be seen from the rear windows of the Cabin, she planted Bitter Sweet along the entire length of the fence, saying it would be a beautiful sight when the fence was covered with berries. [Turn to page 108]

to INTRODUCE YOU to YOURSELF and LINESS FOREVER!

*To gain the greatest happiness in life, this is
the supreme lesson two famous and beloved
writers would have you learn*

YOU suffer, at times, from the curse of loneliness. You don't go about because you have nobody to go about with? Loneliness is a real curse. But, like all curses, it can be lifted. Congenial companionship ends it. But you say that companionship is lacking? No, it never is lacking. If you are lonely, and need a congenial companion, why don't you take the trouble to become acquainted with yourself?

A million mutual friends are ready to introduce you to yourself and end your loneliness. Once introduced to yourself, it depends on you how entertaining a comrade you discover. To entertain and to be entertained is the most natural of human instincts. The art of pleasing is not acquired without effort. No art is.

Common courtesy demands that you make that effort when first you are formally presented to yourself. You need not feel shy or embarrassed or self-conscious; you'll find yourself a good sort, sympathetic, responsive, interested.

But what entertainment have you to offer this new comrade of yours? Teach him to use his eyes and ears. All his life he has merely *looked* at things but never has *seen* them; he has merely *listened*, without *hearing*. A new world awaits you both. It is for you to open the door to it, and share with yourself the surprise and pleasure. But first the presentation. How are you to meet yourself? Through what mutual acquaintance? Fancy being formally presented to yourself by a tree, a wild bird, a butterfly!

Yet such humble ones as these furnish the best of introductions.

Almost you can hear in the breezy foliage of some gay young tree: "Mr. Jones, I want you to meet my friend Mr. Jones." This is not nonsense.

The main idea is to teach yourself to see what you look at, and to hear what you listen to. Those who have learned to see and hear never know the



A MILLION MEN MAY WALK FIVE MILES THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE AND SEE NOTHING, WHILE ONE WALKS FIVE PACES AND PASSES THROUGH A WONDER WORLD ENCHANTINGLY NEW

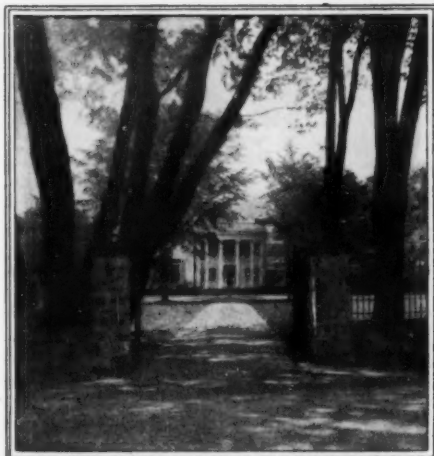
A FRIEND IN NEED

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS FOGARTY

Ours is the day when the population of America has begun to turn toward cities, and often, when a people suddenly becomes gregarious, the separate individual begins to feel lonely, unhappy, discontented. If he only knew, deep within him, is something which gives him a kinship with our great Parent, Nature. Mr. Chambers offers a real remedy—perhaps the only one there is for loneliness of soul. "A deathless curiosity" he says "concerning all things good and natural is what keeps mind and heart and figure and face youthful." Read his article and then turn to the opposite page, where is shown how remarkably his scheme of life worked for Gene Stratton-Porter.



MAGNIFICENT OLD TREES AT THE ENTRANCE TO ROBERT W. CHAMBERS' COUNTRY PLACE



A CHARMING VISTA LOOKING TOWARD THE LILY POOL IN THE CHAMBERS' GARDEN

abysmal loneliness of those made blind and deaf by ignorance.

A million men may walk five miles through the countryside, and see and hear nothing—God help them.

And one may walk five paces and pass through a wonder world, enchantingly and forever new. Those who motor through life at sixty miles—they have their reward. Black Care squats on the mud-guard, and opens the door for them at their journey's end. Lock the garage door and saunter a little way across country with yourself.

Listen! No leaf or blossom should stir in the summer breeze, no shadow pass across the grass, no bird or butterfly take wing, no half-seen furry shape slip through the shrubbery, that does not reveal to you unexpected delights in the old familiar world where so long you have lived deaf, blind, and ignorant.

What do you see? Trees, grass, bushes, sunshine—the same old things? Don't lie to yourself. You've looked at them but never have seen them.

What may you see by looking as you walk? No need to cover any distance. Five paces is sufficient. Yonder glistens a young tree, slender, white, graceful as a girl—a lovely, friendly tree, the delicate leaves of which seem to laugh at you. It is a white birch. On its silvery bark, here and there, are little grayish triangular scars, all similar. Don't

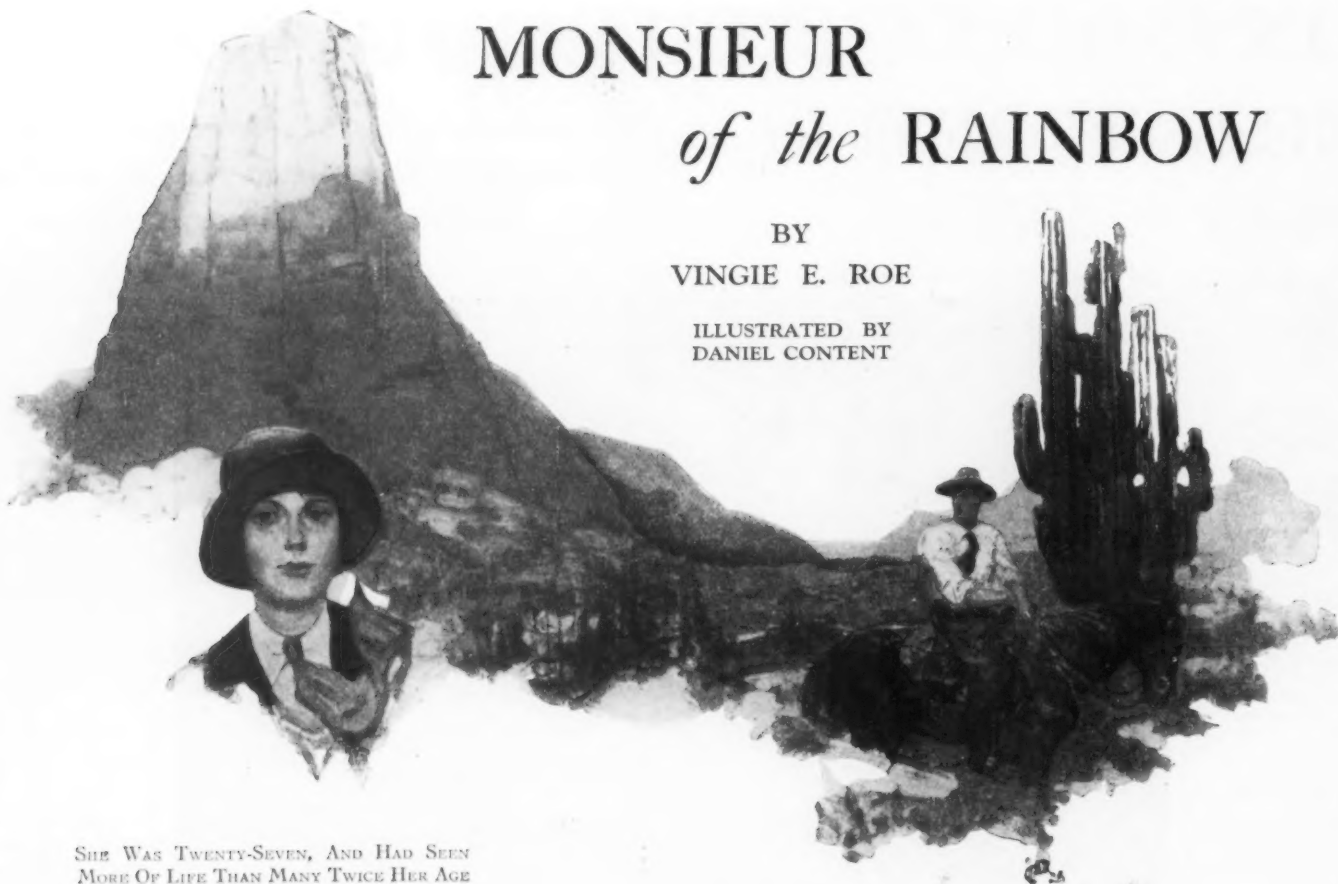
merely look at it. Because there is something to see. These gray, triangular scars are not all scars. Look closely at this one—cautiously, and very closely. It is alive!

With exquisitely mottled silver-gray wings covering its body like a little roof a motionless moth sits there, exactly imitating the other triangular scars on the birch bark. So perfect is the imitation that, sometimes, sight alone can not determine the nature of this grayish triangle. Why is the velvet gray creature hiding? Why [Turn to page 108]

MONSIEUR of the RAINBOW

BY
VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY
DANIEL CONTENT



SHE WAS TWENTY-SEVEN, AND HAD SEEN
MORE OF LIFE THAN MANY TWICE HER AGE

MONSIEUR BON COEUR trod the boulevard. His iron-grey head was well up, the summer sun of the West Coast country silvers the flowing locks that covered it, softening the myriad lines that lined his face.

He carried his shoulders back as befitted one who had welcomed heroes by the Arc de Triomphe in a far-off day and land.

The stick in his slender, blue-veined hand was but a branch of an humble way-side tree, but it might have been of malacca from the airy fashion in which he used it, now tapping the pale asphalt in time to his step, now twirling it with neat precision between the taps.

A soft, sweet wind came out of the south, laden with the breath of many flowers, the incomparable perfume of blossoming alfalfa. It kissed him kindly, that meek small wind—kissed him on cheek and brow and eager old blue eyes, for Monsieur carried his hat in his hand the better to enjoy its dear caress. The thin locks blew back from the temples, sunken a bit with age; the sweeping mustache quivered slightly, the neat Vandyke was just the least bit ruffled from its erstwhile impeccable arrangement.

It fluttered, too, the banners of his low estate, the rags that clothed his limbs, the tails of the ancient coat that flipped behind him jauntily. For Monsieur stepped with a sprightly grace, a lightsome ease of carriage that many a man among his betters might have envied, since it had its impulse in that best of all possessions—happiness.

For Monsieur Bon Coeur was happy.

He was nearly always happy.

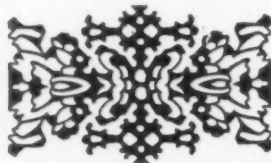
Why should he not be? Had he not the unfathomable blue of California skies, the shadows of clouds upon the rolling hills, the friendly shade of eucalyptus trees that waved him greeting from every little rise? Had he not the perfume of the gentle winds, the far-flung gold of poppies spread like a blanket on suave slopes?

Had he not the shining ribbons of the asphalt roads, running to everywhere? Had he not the pick-and-choose of tropic Border, of snow-capped Line, the fruit-lands and the sea?

These were his treasures and he took of them largely, tasting their flavor like an epicure, storing their beauties in the secret vaults of his soul against the day when he must give them up forever.

Not that Monsieur ever put that thought in concrete form. Rather it was an unseen, unacknowledged darkness of the future, like the half-conscious knowledge that after the glorious day must come the night. But the night had stars—just so. And Monsieur laid up memories, a Milky Way of

No more irresistible a character has ever graced the pages of McCall's than "Monsieur of the Rainbow," that happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care fellow, with his imperishable vision of contentment at the rainbow's end. How his vision eventually becomes a reality, and how, in his quest, he helps a returned soldier—a soldier whom the war has left broken in body and sick in soul—to regain his faith in men makes this one of the most absorbing stories we have ever published.



them—for who knew? Perhaps—just perhaps—*le bon Dieu* might permit one to carry them behind the Veil.

So Monsieur smiled to the sweet wind's kiss, looked upon the pleasant land with joy and walked briskly on his urgent journey to—nowhere in particular. He had just come down from Oregon.

There he had had word of many things—of the strikes in Pittsburgh, in the mines of Colorado, of a bread-line in the north, even so early, and of how his old friend Montana Mike was "doing time," owing to a miscalculation in distance and wind. This last piece of jetsam news saddened Monsieur a trifle. Why, he wondered, must one step so far aside in questionable ways as to be deprived of the priceless trove of freedom? There was always work, now, be it even the humble tasks that old men do, whereby one might provide for the insignificant needs of the body. He shifted the narrow blanket-roll that hung at the proper angle from his shoulder and thought of the five long, fine, redwood shingles which reposed therein. He had gotten them from the foreman of a sawmill on the Klamath river, and he had spent a few odd hours in polishing their pink faces with fine sandpaper.

When he reached a place where he felt that he had time to stop for any length of days he would set himself to a task he loved—namely the carving of their satin surfaces

into pictures. But he had not yet found the place or the time. He was fastidious about this, since the pictures-to-be would take of the nature of the spot in which he made them—perhaps a slant of sidehill with tall pines touching the drifting clouds above, a trickle of stream and the shy antlers of an August buck questing from the fern beyond—or maybe a flight of geese along the Colusa rice-fields—or again the tide-land levels of Marin with the little grain-boats floating grotesquely up along the narrow waterways that were hidden in the tules, their sails to all appearance, carrying them across the land. But Monsieur, with the touch of the true artist, would show the mouth of a tide-land slough at the shingle's lower corner. And when these works of art were quite finished, even to the cord of braided grass, Monsieur would stand bowing on some city's street and sell them one after the other at a dollar each.

Just so. The shining reward of a labor of love.

And then, alas! the old feet in their shabby shoes would carry Monsieur into those secret places where, since the passing of a certain law, one might purchase liquid splendor at a price—at such a price!

Into these days we will not pry. Enough for us to meet Monsieur again upon the boulevard—to look with sorrowing eyes upon the slim old figure drooped under its blanket-roll, the unwonted disarray of the silvery locks, the shamed blue eyes intent upon the endless ribbon of the winding roads.

For Monsieur Bon Coeur—Mister Good Heart—named by a lumberjack in the distant north, was eaten to his bones' marrow by the sin which had set his life to the measure of pointless steps upon the open way, which had put off his day of achievement to the illusive future, which had hidden the past behind a mist of vintages—the green of *absinthe* far away and long ago in France, the amber of champagne a trifle later, the glowing colorful stuff in the California wine-vats in more recent years; and now, once more alas, that nameless bastard liquor which made mad the brains of those who drank it.

The return of Monsieur from these sordid depths was always an epic, a thing of gallantry and pathos touched with a certain wistful beauty; for Monsieur was a firm believer in the inalienable right of each day to be new, a clean slate for the writing of the soul.

And in the long and aimless life that lay behind there were many separate narratives attesting to the great depth and tenderness of the gentle heart that beat beneath the old man's ragged coat.

By a thousand water-tanks, beside a thousand wayside

fires, Monsieur Bon Coeur was known for a rare kindliness, a courtesy of manner than which there was none finer to be found in France.

Ah, France! La Belle France!

With its memories that burned and glowed, memories whose very bitterness was such because they were so sweet. He did not think of France when he could help it.

Sometimes, once a year perhaps, at a certain important city in the United States, he spent the proceeds of one of his carvings on a sheet of paper and an envelope on which he wrote a letter in a script as fine and delicate as the fret-work of his etchings—a pitiful letter of pride and prevarication, a chronicle of staid success, restrained yet breathing heavy cares in every line, the sort of letter written by a business man, a magnate, who takes time to acquaint one with his welfare!

Monsieur, returning to that city on or near a certain date thereafter, invariably called at the general delivery window of the overbearing and supercilious building which lent itself to the service of the international post, and received an answer.

These letters were written in French and a woman's hand, addressed him as "my dear brother," bore a high embossed crest in one corner, and were sent to "Villa-des-Trianon-in-America"—for Monsieur, French and colored with deathless romance, did nothing by halves!

Alas! the piteous deception!

It had gone on for years; it was an institution now.

The reading of these epistles sent to him from France was an event and was prepared for accordingly—always out in the country beyond the city, sometimes in a grove beside a stream, sometimes on a sunny hill, but always after rigorous ablutions that left nothing to be desired of cleanliness, neither as to the person of the little old man himself, nor the apologetic garments which clothed him.

Washed, sun-dried, and wrinkled Monsieur was ready, his hat upon the earth beside him, his stick with its bundle of worldly possessions neatly crossing his blanket-roll, his accordion topping the whole.

Upon these occasions the blue-veined old hands shook a trifle, the eager eyes were a bit too much excited to see the best in the world, but at length the precious letter would be devoured to the last small word, and Monsieur knew how the writer lived these days, how the heart-attacks which had troubled her of late were none so easily endured, and how the young Comte de Bourvenaise was the pride and hope of his mother's inmost soul. Ah, the Comte de Bourvenaise! Monsieur Bon Coeur had never beheld his face but he adored him with a white fire of worship.

The young Comte de Bourvenaise!

Twenty years of age—straight, blonde, a swordsman, a horseman, with all the honor of his prideful race before him!

He was good, his mother wrote, a man of honor, even so young.

He had been a wonderful child, according to his mother; a straight, upstanding lad, eager and laughing. His eyes were blue, something like Monsieur's had been in those days so far away. Alas! the writer grieved for families so torn asunder by the dividing seas, but of course one must make one's fortune.

* * * Hers had been made by her marriage. * * * She had been happy, * * * but she did long to see her only brother again before they both should die. * * * Did Monsieur think he would some day return to France, for just the flying visit, perhaps?

The old blue eyes clouded at this and Monsieur laid his silken white head down upon his blanket-roll and wept. A little later he wiped his face with the kerchief whose tips showed always a trifle above the pocket on his left breast, and went on with the reading.

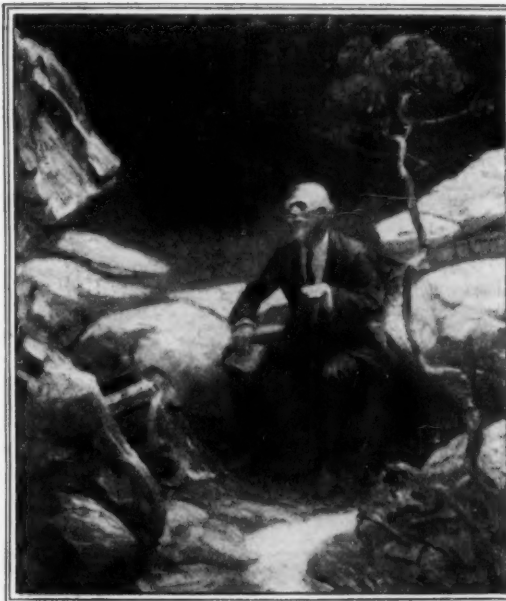
So.

Life—and its strange doings.

He was wont to put these letters slowly back in the covers—the thick and scented satiny covers which bore the name of him who dwelt in the dim and shadowy splendor of "Villa-des-Trianon-in-America"—not Bon Coeur, far from it!—and, depositing them deep in the blanket-roll, carry them until the next one came.

He was wont to read them over and over by the light of lonely fires, especially those parts which spoke of the tall young Comte.

That is, he had been—nine, ten years ago, before that nameless horror had swept the world. Since then the running script of the letters had seemed to waver; there was the ache of tears in every line—and they spoke of the Comte de



HIS EYES HAD NEVER LOST THEIR EAGERNESS

Bourvenaise now in the past tense, but with what sad glory! what stern pride!

The Comte de Bourvenaise—fighting for France—his plane tumbling down from a serene blue sky one summer day—the Croix de Guerre given humbly by a grateful country to his mother!

With that particular letter, heavily embossed with black, something had gone from Monsieur which nothing could ever bring back, neither the long roads running between green fields, nor the tops of free mountains shining white against the mauve horizon, nor all the wine-vats in the world hospitably open.

He had aged too, since then, a trifle faster, so that this day when he stepped the boulevard he was a very thin and delicate old man, the straight form lost away in its rags, the temples beneath the flowing locks

sunk to the hollow bone, the cheeks above the neat Vanddyke lean and lined. Only his eyes were young, very young. They would never be old. They had never lost their eagerness, their hope of seeing a rainbow around each corner. And they had seen many rainbows, odd as it may seem to you, knowing Monsieur now!

They were looking for one today. Not that their owner really expected one, but one never can tell, you know.

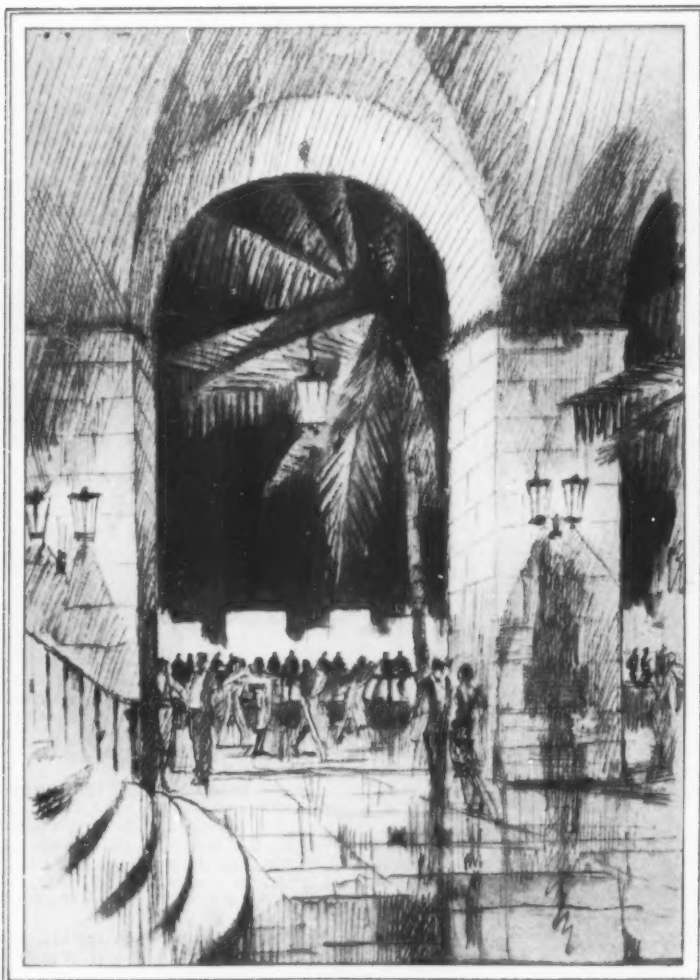
So he swung the blanket-roll again a trifle farther over and stepped briskly on. He felt hungry, a most delightful sensation. One cannot eat sparingly for forty years and lose those two marvelous possessions, appetite and digestion, especially when he sleeps in the open three-fourths of the year.

He contemplated happily the two onions in the kerchief tied to the accordion's strap, the

[Turn to page 81]



BY A THOUSAND WATER-TANKS, BESIDE A THOUSAND WAYSIDE FIRES, MONSIEUR BON COEUR WAS KNOWN FOR A RARE KINDLINESS, A COURTESY OF MANNER THAN WHICH THERE WAS NONE FINER TO BE FOUND IN FRANCE, WITH ITS MEMORIES THAT BURNED AND GLOWED



THE NEWLY OPENED TERRACE OF WHITEHALL WHERE PALM BEACH DANCES

WHAT is the wheat in Florida? What the chaff? How much of the "boom" is genuine, legitimate development—how much mere inflation? In this article of her brilliant, authoritative series, America's foremost woman journalist proceeds to point out boldly and logically those elements which until recently rendered the situation in Florida precarious—as well as those which gave and are today giving it enduring strength. The superb achievements of this golden State—and the get-rich-quick promotion "twenty miles from nowhere"—are both revealed to McCall readers. Miss Tarbell's matchless reputation for veracity and courage are a guaranty of the high worth of these articles; no one who has invested in "the new South," or who contemplates seeking, some day, "a place in the sun" can afford to miss this important series, of which this is the second.



ONE OF CORAL GABLES' CHARMS IS THE VENETIAN SWIMMING POOL

FLORIDA— AND THEN WHAT?

Is The Entire Gulf Coast Destined To Be The Scene Of Tomorrow's Boom?

✂ BY IDA M. TARBELL ✂

DRAWINGS BY HUGH FERRIS



THOSE who study the map of the United States disinterestedly, dreaming of its future, always linger long over the Gulf Coast eastward from New Orleans. What a playground for the hard-working masses it might be! What a haven for the weary, the ill, the old! What sites for cities! for homes! What harbors for ships!

Tracing the beautiful curve the coast makes from New Orleans down to the Ten Thousand Islands and the more than ten thousand keys which tip Florida, you have, one after another, a series of immense water indentations of

complicated shore line: Lake Pontchartrain; the Bays of Mobile, Pensacola, St. Andrews, Choctawhatchee, Apalachicola, Apalachee, Tampa. Still further south, following the

shore, the vast Charlotte Harbor and, almost at the end of the state, White Water Bay. Between these splendid and long reaching bodies are an endless number of inlets and bays treasured by those who know the coast:

Santa Rosa Sound off Pensacola; Sarasota Bay; Venice Inlet. Many of these bodies are fed by rivers that come from far up in the mountains or the foot hills of the Blue Ridges, and there are still other rivers flowing into the Gulf offering endless opportunities for industry and pleasure, rivers of romantic history, the Suwannee, the Homosassa, Peace Creek,



TARPON SPRINGS IS THE CENTER OF THE SPONGE INDUSTRY IN FLORIDA. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A BUSY CORNER OF THE SPONGE MARKET



LEFT—A STREET THROUGH THE TENT CITY AT HOLLYWOOD BEACH
BELOW—A SHADY BYWAY IN ONE OF FLORIDA'S POPULAR RESORTS





AN INVITING PATIO AT PALM BEACH

the Caloosahatchee. The country along this great curve of eight hundred to one thousand miles in length is for the greater part untouched. There are counties, such as that which St. Andrews Bay adorns, containing nearly half a million acres, of which less than seven hundred are in cultivation. Untouched land, undisturbed game and fish; undeveloped beauty of every sort that water and tropical and semi-tropical vegetation give—untouched because so largely unreached by rail and motor. All this great territory lacks the quick, smooth, uninterrupted approach that the present day tourist demands. Even at Mobile and Pensacola your car must take a ferry: four to seven dollars at one, a dollar twenty-five to two dollars and a half at the other. However much you as an individual prefer sharing the quaintness and picturesqueness of ferrying over splendid sheets of water like Mobile and Escambia Bays, the average tourist fusses and sneers if impeded in his flight by even such an attractive experience.

In all our great curve there is but one segment of activity; that is, one active in the present day Floridian sense. It is that of which Tampa is the center. It runs perhaps fifty miles to the north of that city and one hundred miles to the southward. Go to this segment from any other point on the coast that a boat or car will take you—busy points like Mobile and Pensacola; sleepy ones like Cedar Keys or Fort Myers—you are conscious at once of a difference. You are in a current of life like that which flows up and down the East Coast, less swift and exciting, to be sure, but still a lively current. You have come from the North, possibly you have come from the quiet sections of Florida where you have been assured that the "Florida boom has collapsed." "The boom, perhaps," they laugh in Tampa, "but not the growth; we are growing faster than ever."

Not only at Tampa but along the entire segment which I have cut out of our curve for examination, life is a whirl of activity. No one sits in the sun—no one talks of the sun. The hammer and the riveter go all night. On the water-fronts the sand-sucker never stops for Sunday. Everywhere business is behind. That is, there is more demand for

building materials, for furnishings, for goods of all kinds, than the railroads have been able to meet. Everywhere the towns and cities suffer from the inability of the public service corporations to catch up with the demands made upon them. They claim in Tampa that Uncle Sam is still delivering Christmas cards!

The talk is all of buying and selling and building. At the end of every day, in every community, the groups around the supper table discuss sales and resales. The traffic is often intolerable. You crawl, you wait, and when you have a free road you drive at reckless speed for the Florida law permits forty-five miles an hour.

In every town of this strip of the Coast the amazing lot-selling machinery, which the East Coast has carried to such a high degree of perfection, is found. In St. Petersburg—a resort and tourist town remember—there are today 2,350 real estate brokers—almost one for every hundred of the people. And remember that a real estate broker employs salesmen and that attached to these salesmen are what is called in the trade "bird dogs"—men or women who point the game.

In Tampa you find at every turn the great open front offices so familiar on the East Coast, occupied by pleasant-faced gentlemen who put themselves at your service and, if you encourage them in the least, carry you off in their great busses to see what they have to sell. They even do more in Tampa as the following advertisement shows:

"We would like very much to have you see Tampa from the air. A flight in our aeroplane will give you an entirely new conception of Tampa and its possibilities. Just let us know you are interested. Sign the coupon in the corner of this advertisement and send it to—"

And when they get you to their city, how will they serve you?—a free lunch; a lecture on the glories of Florida. These lecturers are supposed to hypnotise you into remaining in the State and, of course, into remaining right there on the spot where you are being entertained. If you are traveling "on the cheap" it is the lunch as well as the drive that attracts you. Here is a typical poster I picked up in a West Coast hotel lobby:—

"Everybody invited to the Free Chicken Dinner at the AUCTION SALE of lots in — Tuesday, March 9th, 10:30 a. m. The Oklahoma Thoroughbred Terrapin races will decide the capital prizes. \$500 will be given away in cash at this sale."

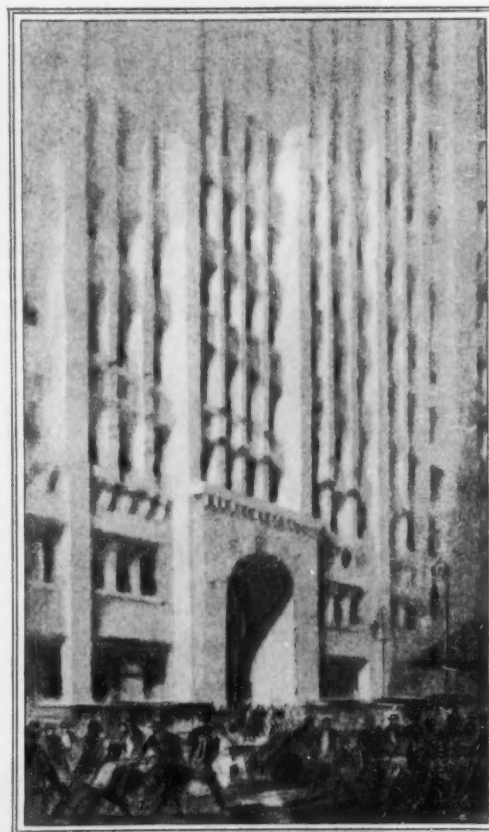
But what does all this activity mean? Is it growth or speculation? I asked this of the Honorable Peter O. Knight, a distinguished lawyer of Tampa, who has been in the state for forty years and is today at the head of some of the city's greatest enterprises as well as a potent factor in politics and social undertakings.

"My barometer for legitimate Florida business is the hardware trade," Mr. Knight replied. "Our company sells all sorts of commodities for construction at wholesale over the whole of South Florida. Now in January, 1925, we did a business of something over \$180,000; in January, 1926, \$464,000; in February, 1925, our business was of something like \$140,000 while in 1926 it was over \$384,000. If they tell me that things have collapsed in Florida I quote these figures."

"When I know that the Tampa Electric Company has increased its business fifty-four per cent. over last year, I know we are growing. I rather think this year will be the greatest year in legitimate business that we have ever had, but I also think that there will be more or less grief among speculators

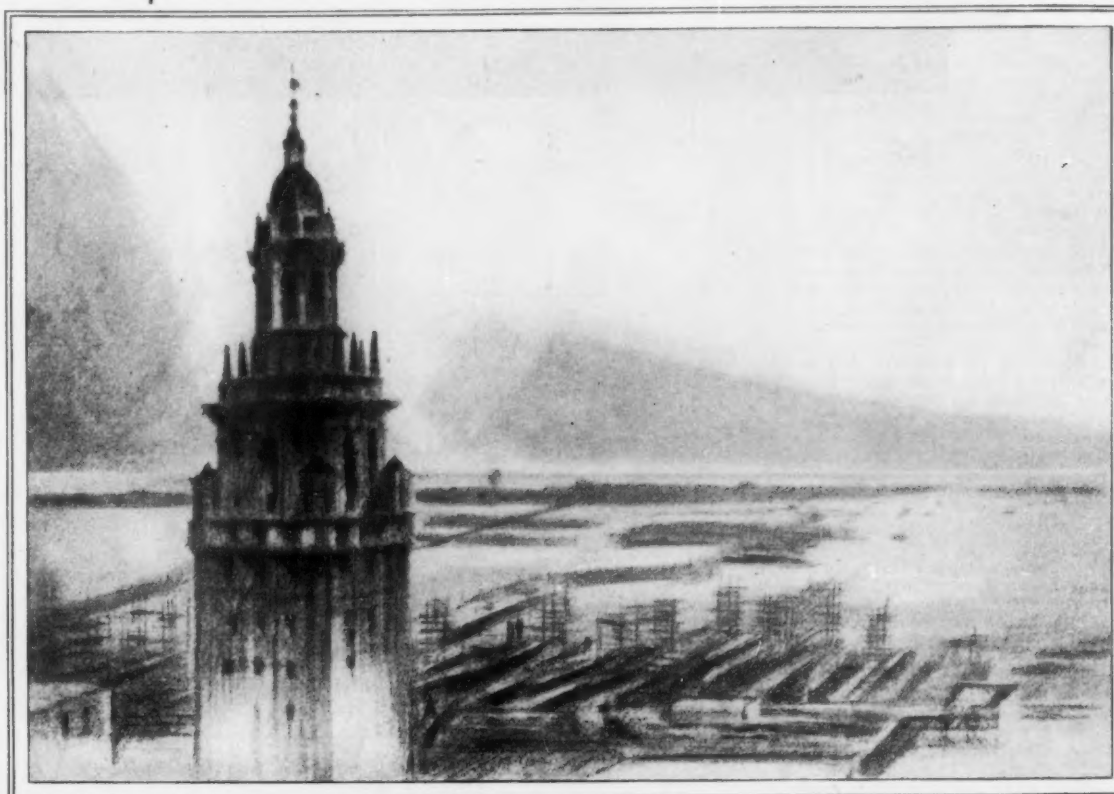
in real estate. No real value has been touched in Florida by the 'binder boys.' We have wiped them out down here and are the gainers. Our situation last year was very much like the recent situation in Wall Street; the recent fall in stocks will wipe out a good many 'binder boys.' Those who are caught in Wall Street are just as great fools as those who gamble in Florida Real Estate."

There are other things in Tampa besides those that Mr.



THE FACADE OF A NEW BUILDING IN MIAMI

Knight mentions that show the solidity of her activity. There are bank deposits which, in 1924, amounted to a little over forty-six million and in 1925 to nearly 104 million—an increase, as you will see, of over one hundred per cent. The bank clearings in Tampa in December, 1924, were something over twenty-three million; in December, [Turn to page 67]



BELOW—THE FAMOUS GANDY BRIDGE BETWEEN ST. PETERSBURG AND FLORIDA
RIGHT—MIAMI BAY FROM THE TOP OF A NEW SKYSCRAPER





THEN, RISING IN HIS STIRRUPS AS THAT IMPETUOUS KNIGHT RUSHED BY, HE CRASHED THE MACE, WITH WHICH HE HAD ARMED HIMSELF, UPON THE PEAKED VIZOR, AND ROLLED HIS ASSAILANT FROM THE SADDLE

THE first battle in which the youthful Bellarion engages seems likely to prove his last. For he has volunteered to hold, with only a hundred crossbowmen, the ford at Travo while his foster father, Facino Cane, reunites his army and falls on the rear of the hostile forces led by Buonterzo. For several hours Bellarion has held the enemy in check, but now Buonterzo has ordered a charge by a force of heavily armored men-at-arms, with orders to take no prisoners and give no quarter.

Facino is in the service of the Duke of Milan, who envies and hates his great general but who is afraid to oppose him openly.

AN ineffective volley rained on breastplate and helmet at the outset, and encouraged by this ineffectiveness, the leader of the charge, a knight named Varallo, urged forward his men-at-arms. Thus he brought them steadily within a range whereat arbalest bolt could pierce their protecting steel plates. But Bellarion, whose error in prematurely loosing the first volley was the fruit of inexperience, took no chances thereafter. He ordered his men to aim at the horses.

The result was a momentary check when a half-score of stricken animals reared and plunged and screamed in pain and terror, and flung off as many riders to drown helplessly

BELLARION

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON

Here you may go adventuring with wily Bellarion—living a life that will re-create for you the splendid magnificence, as well as the celebrated cunning, of the colorful Italian Renaissance. In this great novel Sabatini makes history live and breathe before your very eyes—makes the yesterday of the world as vivid as the present moment!



in their armour, weighed down by it and unable to regain their feet.

But Varallo, himself scatheless, urged them on with a voice of brass, and brought them after that momentary pause of confusion to the far bank. Here another dozen horses were brought down, and two or three men directly slain by bolts before Varallo had marshalled them and led them charging up the hill. The whole of Buonterzo's army straggling along the left bank of the river cheered them lustily on, and the dominant cry that rang out clearly and boldly was "No quarter!"

That cry rang in the ears of Facino Cane, as he mounted the hill-top above and behind Buonterzo's force. He had made such good speed, acting upon Bellarion's plan, that, crossing at Rivergaro, he had joined Carmagnola, whom he met between there and Agazzano, and sweeping on, round and up, he had completed a circuit of some twelve miles in a bare five hours.

And here below him, at his mercy now, the strategic position of that day's dawn completely reversed, lay Buonterzo's army, held in check there by the skill and gallantry of Bellarion and his hundred Swiss. Instantly he ordered his lieutenant, de Cadillac, to cleave through, and cross in a forlorn attempt to rescue the party in the wood from the slaughter

obviously intended. And down the hill like an avalanche went the French horse upon an enemy too stricken by surprise to take even such scant measures of defence as the ground afforded.

Over and through them went de Cadillac, riding down scores, and hurling hundreds into the river. Through the ford his horses plunged and staggered at almost reckless speed, to turn Varallo's five hundred, who emerged from the wood to find themselves cut off by a force of twice their strength. Back into the wood they plunged and through it, with de Cadillac following. Out again beyond they rode, and down the slope to the plain at break-neck speed. For a mile and more de Cadillac pursued them. Then, bethinking him that after all his force amounted to one-third of Facino's entire army, and that his presence might be required on the main scene of action, he turned his men and rode back.

They came again by way of the wood, and along the main path running through it they found nigh upon a score of Swiss dead, all deliberately butchered, and one who still lived despite his appalling wounds, whom they brought back with them.

By the time they regained the ford, the famous Battle of Travo—as it is known to history—was all but over. Two thousand prisoners, fifteen hundred horses, a hundred baggage-carts well laden, a score of cannon, beside some tons of armour and arms, was the booty that fell to Facino Cane.

De Cadillac told of the bodies in the wood; Stoffel, with sorrow on his long swarthy face, repeated the tale of the wounded Swiss who had since died. The fellow had reported that the men-at-arms who rode in amongst them shouting "No quarter!" had spared no single life. There could be no doubt that Bellarion had perished with the rest.

Facino's chin sank to his breast, and the lines deepened in his face. "It was his victory," he said, slowly, sorrowfully. He turned to Stoffel who, more than any other there, had been Bellarion's friend and who felt most keenly the young hero's death. "Take what men you need for the task, and go back to recover me his body. Bring it to Milan. The whole city shall do honor to his ashes and his memory."

THERE are men to whom death has brought a glory that would never have been theirs in life. An instance of that is afforded by the history of Bellarion at this stage.

After a Te Deum for the victory, the city put on mourning for the martyred hero to whom the victory was due; and Facino commanded a Requiem to be sung in Saint Ambrose for this saviour of his country, whose name, unknown yesterday, was by now on every man's lips.

But the Requiem Mass was never sung. And this because, while the bells were solemnly tolling in summons to the faithful, Messer Bellarion, himself, very much in the flesh, and accompanied by Werner von Stoffel, who had been sent to recover his body, marched into the city of Milan by the Ticinese Gate at the head of some seventy Swiss arbalisters, the survivors of his hundred.

In the square before the Cathedral the crowd was so dense that he could hardly proceed at all. The bells had ceased. For news of his coming had reached Saint Ambrose, and the intended service was naturally abandoned. This Bellarion deplored, for a sermon on his virtues would have afforded him an entertainment vouchsafed to few men.

At last he gained the Broletto and the courtyard of the Arrengo, which was thronged almost as densely as the square outside. Thronged, too, were the windows overlooking it, and in the loggia on the right Bellarion perceived the Duke himself, and by his side the Countess Beatrice, a noble lady sheathed in white samite with black hair fitting as close and regularly to her pale face as a cap of ebony. She was leaning forward, one hand upon the parapet, the other waving a scarf in greeting.

Bellarion savoured the moment critically, like an epicure in life's phenomena. Similarly he savoured the moment when he stood before the Duke and his assembled court.

Facino, himself, had fetched him thither, and he stood now, dusty and travel-stained, in steel cap and leather tunic, still leaning upon the eight-foot halbert which had served him as a staff. Calm and unabashed under the eyes of that glittering throng, he rendered his account of this fresh miracle—as it was deemed—to which he owed

his preservation. And the account was as simple as that which had explained to Facino the miracle of the dogs.

When Buonterzo's men-at-arms had forced the passage of the ford, Bellarion had been on the lower part of the bluff with some two-thirds of his band. He had

climbed at once to the summit, so as to conduct the thirty men he had left there to the shelter on the southern slope. But he came too late. The vindictive soldiers of Buonterzo were already pursuing odd survivors through the trees to the cry of "No quarter!" To succor them being impossible, Bellarion conceived it his duty to save the men who were still with him. Midway down the wooded farther slope he had discovered, at a spot where the descent fell abruptly to a ledge, a cave, the entrance to

which was overgrown and dissembled by a tangle of wild vine and jessamine. Thither he now led them at the double. The cave burrowed deeply into the limestone rock.

"We replaced," he related, "the trailing plants which our entrance had disturbed, and retired into the depths of the cave to await events, just as the first of the horsemen topped the summit. From the edge of the wood they surveyed the plain below. Seeing it empty, they must have supposed that those they had caught and slain composed the entire company which had harassed them. They turned, and rode back, only to return again almost at once, their force enormously increased as it seemed to us who could judge only by sounds. I realise now that in reality they were in flight before the



"QUIET!" HE WAS BIDDEN

French cavalry which had been sent across to rescue us.

And so Bellarion, the son of nobody, received the homage of the city. In the Communal Palace he listened to a recital by the President of his shining virtues and still more shining services, in token of their appreciation of which the fathers of the city announced that they had voted him the handsome sum of ten thousand gold florins.

After that, and in compliance with the request of the council, the rather bewildered Bellarion was conducted by his noble escort to receive the accolade of knighthood. It was Facino, very grave and solemn, who claimed the right to bestow the accolade upon one who had so signally and loyally served him as an esquire. And when Bellarion rose from his knees, it was the Countess of Biandrate, at her husband's bidding, who came to buckle the gold spurs to the heels of the new knight. For arms, when invited to choose a device, he announced that he would adopt a variant of Facino's own: a dog's head argent on a field azure.

At the conclusion a herald proclaimed a joust to be held in the Castle of Porta Giovia on the morrow when the Knight Bellarion would be given opportunity of proving publicly how well he deserved the honor to which he had acceded. It was a prospect which he did not relish. He knew himself without skill at arms, in which he had served only an elementary apprenticeship during those days at Abbiategrasso.

Nor did it increase his courage that Carmagnola should come swaggering towards him, his florid countenance wreathed in smiles of simulated friendliness to claim for the morrow the honor of running a course and breaking a lance with his new brother-knight. He smiled, nevertheless, as falsely as Carmagnola himself. "You honor me, Ser Francesco. I will do my endeavor."

He noted the gleam in Carmagnola's eyes, and went, so soon as he was free, in quest of Stoffel, with whom his friendship had ripened during their journey from Travo. "Tell me, Werner, have you even seen Carmagnola in the tilt-yard?"

"Once, a year ago, in the Castle of Porta Giovia. He bore off the prize that day against all comers. The Lord of Genestra had his thigh broken by him."

"So, so!" said Bellarion, very thoughtful. "It's my neck he means to break tomorrow. I read it in his smile."

"Are you to ride against him, then?" There was concern in Stoffel's voice.

"So he believes. But I don't. I have a feeling that tomorrow I shall not be able to ride against any one. I have a fever coming on: the result of hardships suffered on the way from Travo. Nature will compel me, I suspect, to keep my bed tomorrow."

Stoffel considered him with grave eyes. "Are you afraid?"

"At Travo I had a chance to succeed. Here I have none. And who accepts such odds is not a brave man, [Turn to page 106]



IT WAS THE COUNTESS OF BIANDRATE, AT HER HUSBAND'S BIDDING, WHO CAME TO BUCKLE THE GOLD SPURS TO THE HEELS OF THE NEW KNIGHT



ALL THROUGH HIS LOVE FOR MADAME DE HANSKA THEIR RARE MEETINGS SERVED LIKE A TORCH TO LIGHT HIS PATH

The GREAT LOVE STORIES of the WORLD

BALZAC AND MADAME DE HANSKA

BY W. L. GEORGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

THE story of Honoré de Balzac and Madame de Hanska can be summarized in a single tragic sentence: he loved her for seventeen years and enjoyed matrimony for five months. It seems that what the Greeks would have called Fate had made up a long account against one of the greatest French writers, perhaps a writer for all time. Though Balzac enjoyed much reputation, many of the satisfactions to vanity that all men desire, though he did encounter the one great human joy, namely true and constant love, his life is one of misery and of stress. He was gifted, but he paid for his gifts.

Since he did not discover his Dulcinea until he reached the age of thirty-one, we must say something of his start in literature, and indicate the course of his life, because this was powerfully to influence his relations with his beloved. In three years he composed thirty-one volumes, working then, as he was to work throughout his life, fifteen hours in every day. Not because he revolted against work, but because he was one of those optimistic, excitable men who seek short cuts to fortune, at the age of twenty-five he managed to place himself in a position which was to hold him down until he died. He found a sympathetic friend to assist him, opened a publishing business for the issue of classical works. He could not sell his books; by the end of the year had lost fifteen thousand francs. It was disaster, and his stock was sold for the value of paper. If his spirit had not been so high it would have been better for him, but Balzac, determined to start once more, obtained thirty thousand francs from his father and headed further towards ruin. He started with a working capital



HIS WAS THE HUMAN VISION OF THE LIFE OF ORDINARY PEOPLE



The series of brilliant articles about the historic love-stories of the world (of which this study of Balzac and Madame de Hanska is one) is the last that will ever come from the pen of W. L. George, "the man who knew about women." For the famous English feminist has just passed away in London at the early age of forty-four. Readers of McCall's will be grieved to learn of this loss to literature, and will follow even more attentively the rest of this interesting series. The present paper, concerning the great love story of Balzac, most famous of all French novelists, and the charming Madame de Hanska, is a typical George product, ringing with the unique overtones of his art. It tells very beautifully the tale of that fascinating courtship which lasted for seventeen years! Madame de Hanska has been portrayed in all her beauty on the cover of this issue of McCall's by Neysa McMein.



that was represented only by debts. If he had striven to progress slowly, the situation might yet have been saved, but Balzac, inflamed by his schemes, purchased a type foundry; the new expenses weighed down the already overloaded business. In a general crash the enterprise closed down, the type foundry was sold, and Balzac, aged twenty-eight, started in life with debts some forty times larger than his annual earnings.

That is the keynote of Balzac, debt, and it is debt which all through his correspondence with Laure, with Madame de Hanska, with his friend, Madame de Bernys, mingles with plans of novels, keen pictures of men and women, and extravagant ideas. Balzac was to blame, but Balzac would not have been himself if he had had another temperament.

Such a man was doomed to failure, because success comes most easily to those who work easily. If he had not labored so much, if he had not been fit to compose each year six or seven novels and plays, together with hundreds of articles and short stories, committing here and there a page which is classical, he would certainly have starved. And this for three reasons. The first was the chaos in which he worked; the second his indebtedness; the third his mania for schemes leading to fortune. Our vision of Balzac must be that of some sort of radio-active material, which is in intense internal movement, giving off emanations and destroying itself as it produces.

He had friends, and several women inspired his life. But Madame de Hanska alone mattered to him in the profound sense, and now that we approach the recital of the [Turn to page 74]

A SIMPLE EQUATION

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL



HIS WIFE HAD SUDDENLY BECOME A STRANGER. A DELIGHTFUL STRANGER, A CHARMING STRANGER! . . . HE FELT AN ACUTE EMBARRASSMENT!

BUT I'm too old," protested Mrs. Dory.

Charters, the newest luminary on Broadway, the newspaper man who, having had faith in the talent of a fellow reporter, had begged and borrowed and raked and scraped together ten thousand dollars with which to produce the talented one's play, and who was now popularly supposed to be rolling in wealth, laughed scornfully.

"Don't talk nonsense," he told her. "You don't look a day over twenty-two."

Eloise Dory smiled at him. "Nice boy," she said. "If I ever cease to love my husband I will bestow my affections upon a magician who knocks ten years off my age with a word."

Charters grinned at her. It was a pleasant grin, whose exposition of uneven teeth seemed in keeping with his freckles, and snubby nose, and sparkling blue eyes, and red hair. No one could possibly call the young theatrical manager good-looking, but everyone found him attractive. A clean, wholesome young man, his devotion to his wife and children made him famous on a street where family ties are none too binding.

"And if ever Mary kicks me out of the house I'll come running to you," he said.

"Well, I like that," laughed Eloise. "You offer to make a star of me, and have the audacity to inform me that you have no evil designs upon me. Surely, you don't think I'm

A home or a career? That vital question comes to every woman—comes much as it did to Mrs. Roderick Dory, whose husband, no longer "the tame cat" or "the confirmed old bach" of other days, helps her decide it—but in a way few men would try. Here is a story for husbands and wives—and for all those who expect to be one or the other some day. For it plucks at the very core of "the marriage-problem," which arrives, according to the author, at "man's seventh and last love-age."



an actress. What sort of manager are you?"

"A business man," he replied. He frowned. "Let's quit joking, Mrs. Dory, and get down to cases."

"But it's too absurd," protested Eloise Dory.

Charters' blue eyes gleamed. For all he called himself a business man, he was an artist to his finger tips. Not a creative artist, but endowed with that understanding appreciation which recognizes art. And your true artist is a man

of enthusiasms; Charters' blazed in his eyes now. "You call it absurd. Well, let's answer your objections as you raise them. Your age, first. Ever hear of a woman named Mrs. Leslie Carter? And of a man named David Belasco? Well, he took her when she was more than thirty, and I think she made something of a success."

Eloise shrugged. "I haven't her talent."

Charters leaned forward, gripping his right knee with his left hand, tying himself into that contorted knot which was to become famous in the theatre. "I've watched you in amateur theatricals. I say that you can play the part of 'Doris' as no other woman, that I've ever seen, can play it. The minute Burnham

gave me the play to read—the minute after I had read 'Doris's' first scene, I thought of you." His blazing eyes were almost hypnotic in their intensity. "I've thought of nobody else. I tell you, Mrs. Dory, the part needs a woman who is entirely devoid of affectations. It's a surprising part; not at all the sort of part that one would connect with, let us say, Laurette Taylor, or Ethel Barrymore, or Elsie Ferguson. Not that any of those brilliant actresses couldn't play the part. But the public expects a certain thing of them. Versatile as they are, their public demands that their parts be sympathetic. 'Doris' is an unsympathetic character. But it's true and it's honest, and where it might [Turn to page 72]



REMINISCENCES

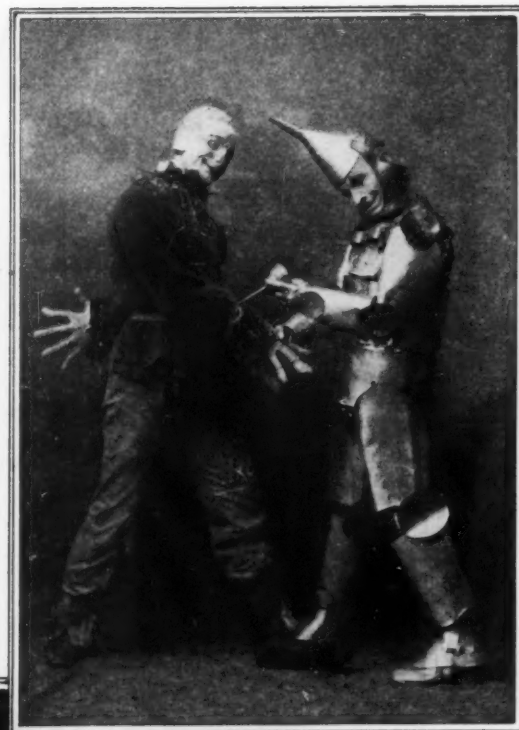
BY FRED A. STONE

Hundreds of thousands of Americans have been thrilled and delighted by Fred Stone's stage antics; millions of them are now getting to know him personally through these delightful reminiscences appearing in McCall's. And to know Fred Stone is to love him for the sincere, simple and deeply religious man he is—surely a typical American if such a thing there be in this land where all races mingle and mix.



Right—At DIXVILLE NOTCH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THE STONES ABANDON THE FOOTLIGHTS TEMPORARILY FOR A BRIEF VACATION

Below—As "PLUG" IN "STEPPING STONES" FRED STONE GIVES HIS TALENTED DAUGHTER THE CENTER OF THE STAGE



DAVE MONTGOMERY AND FRED STONE IN THEIR GREATEST HIT, "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

ment would be: "A five cent cigar; no wonder they call this a 'Scarecrow cigar,' it's full of straw!"

Ten years after the team of Montgomery and Stone came into being we were \$500 a week actors on Broadway—and we felt we had come a long way from the day when we took out our second week's salary on tabs at the oyster bar in New Orleans. We were famous all over the country; we even began to figure in politics! 1904 was an election year and cartoonists got in the way of hanging the presidential candidates they were'n't backing on the fence in the guise of the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow!

MY brother Ed died towards the end of the first year that the "Wizard of Oz" played in New York. In the years since Ed and I had played together he had joined up with a man named Williamson, an old partner of Montgomery's, and had been playing vaudeville with him. But when the "Wizard of Oz" went into rehearsal he came with us and created the role of Imogen the Cow. He was my understudy for the Scarecrow too, but he never played the part. Somebody said he was the best animal actor that had ever been on the American stage—I don't know. He had never played an animal part before the "Wizard of Oz," but I always thought he was a better tumbler and dancer and stunt actor than I was, and it was a great pity that he didn't live long enough to make more of a name for himself.

The day I came back from Ed's funeral, Allene Crater joined the company as the Lady Lunatic. It was my mother who told me about her; she saw it in the paper and asked if I knew that there was a Denver girl playing with us now. At first I didn't even recognize the name and then I remembered that I had known about the Crater girls, that they used to play in stock, and that I had seen them once when I was just a kid in Denver. I was standing in a drug store

one day with a pal of mine, a boy I used to go shooting with, when a little go-cart went by drawn by a Shetland pony, and two girls inside with pig tails down their backs. My friend said, "There go the Crater girls!"

I said, "Who are they?" and he told me they lived in Denver and that they were playing in a stock company at the People's Theatre. I've always wished I'd gotten acquainted with Allene Crater then because I wasted a lot of time.

A year or so after Allene Crater joined the "Wizard of Oz," after we had finished our run at the Majestic and been on the road and come back to New York again, I was all run down. I hadn't had any vacation, I had played the Scarecrow three years without a break, and I had developed a quinsy sore throat that I couldn't seem to get over. I think the doctor I went to must have been working for the management; he lanced my throat eleven times so

IN the previous installments of this interesting biography Fred Stone has told of his early stage career in this country and traced it to the first appearance of the team of Montgomery and Stone in London.

THE "Wizard of Oz" opened in Chicago at the Grand Opera House on June 16th, 1902, and it was a hit from the opening night. After the show was over our manager Fred Hamlin called Dave and me into his dressing room, and when we came out we were signed up with him on a five year contract. He died before the end of that five years but Dave and I played the "Wizard of Oz" four years and other companies carried it on another two years after that, till 1908. We played in all the big cities in the United States and Canada, besides a full year in New York in one theatre and shorter engagements in two others. We opened the new Majestic Theatre on Columbus Circle on January 20, 1903. That was 'way out in the open spaces as the theatrical life of New York figured it then but we filled the house for a year, and later we appeared at the Academy of Music on 14th Street and at the New York Theatre.

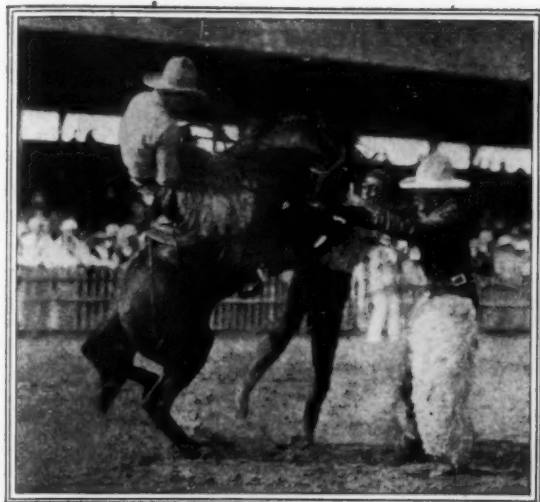
The "Wizard of Oz" was so popular throughout its whole run that one day in 1905, after my daughter Dorothy was born, I made a big poster announcing a revival in which Miss Dorothy Stone (large type) would appear, assisted by Fred Stone (small type). I set the date for twenty

years ahead. Julian Mitchell looked at it and offered to sign a contract for the production right then and there, and I've remembered that now that Dorothy has made her own hit in "Stepping Stones." But when I made that poster I didn't reckon on how old I was going to get! The Scarecrow was a strenuous part; I couldn't begin to do the stunts today I did then. The average stage opening is thirty-two feet and somebody once figured that during the life of my contract I danced from New York to San Francisco. The opening night in Chicago gave me a taste of what was coming. They carried me on too soon and I hung on two nails on the stile back of the chorus girls, with all my weight on my elbows and my ankles turned over. Little Anna Laughlin who played the Kansas girl had a good number just before she was to take me down; there were encores, and I hung there just eighteen minutes. When she finally came for me I had to hang on her for support, I was so numb! The audience applauded for about three minutes, they were so surprised to see me come to life, and it was lucky they did; it gave me time to limber up.

Right away from the opening night I knew Dave and I were on the road to success in musical comedy. Five minutes after we signed that contract with Mr. Hamlin, a fellow in a counterfeit Panama hat got into our dressing room and wanted to know if he could name a cigar for me but it was going to be a five cent cigar and I turned him down. I decided I wasn't in that class any more, and beside, I knew what the com-

DOROTHY STONE, THE YOUTHFUL STAR OF "STEPPING STONES"





FRED STONE TRIES BRONCHO BUSTING AT A RODEO

I could get back to work, only it didn't have that effect. Finally Allene Crater took me to her doctor. She said: "Don't you think he ought to come out and spend a week on my farm?" The doctor—Dr. Colby was his name—gave her a sly look and said: "Yes, I think it would do him lots of good!"

She and her mother, who was Mrs. Shurtliff by then, and Mr. Shurtliff, had a little farm at Hicksville, L. I. Allene wanted a horse and my father, who knew a good deal about horses, bought her one at auction at the horse market, up where the Winter Garden is now. He bought her a buggy, too, and then I drove her out to Hicksville. It's twenty-five miles from New York and we started in the morning and got there in the evening, and I thought it was the shortest twenty-five miles I had ever driven. It was spring and when we landed on the farm the apple blossoms were all in bloom, hanging on the ground. Mrs. Shurtliff came out to meet us, and she said she wasn't expecting me and that there wasn't anything in the house to eat. I was a little disappointed because I was always strong for food. But we got out and went into the house and there was a regular banquet spread out, fried chicken and vegetables and pies and everything—Mrs. Shurtliff must have been baking all day! I stayed a week and got all over my cold.

That summer I bought a place at Amityville, nine miles from Hicksville. I built a barn and a house, all together, and my father and mother went down there to live. Then I bought a horse and a motor launch, and then another horse—I was always fond of horses and I guess too I wanted to be sure of having enough to get around on this summer. I used to ride over to the farm in Hicksville every day and ride back at night. And then, on the 23rd of August—that was 1904—Allene Crater and I were married in the parsonage of the Clinton Hill Methodist Protestant Church in Newark, N. J. Allene's sister and Charles T. Aldrich, who was called the "tramp comedian," and who had made all the arrangements for us came to the wedding. We didn't tell any one else for a few days but of course it leaked out.

And the following summer when my daughter Dorothy was only a few weeks old, we drove over in the buggy from Hicksville to Amityville to live. It was early summer and right after a heavy rain. The roads weren't paved in those days and they were all muddy. I've always been glad we had that drive: it's only nine miles but it took us a long time. Mrs. Stone held Dorothy in her arms and we sang coon songs all the way over. We didn't know we were going to make an actress of Dorothy; in fact, for years we said we weren't, but I didn't know then what a good worker she was going to be.

IN 1919 I was booked to do a film out on the coast in which I was supposed to bull-dog a steer just before it rode down a child. I had never done any bull-dogging and I thought I had better learn so I stopped off at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and told my friend Charlie Irwin about it. We got up at five and I thought it was awfully cold, but I guess that was just nervous chill on my part. We started off in the automobile right after breakfast and bumped over the prairie. The long-horned Texas steers were there, all held up in a bunch by the cowboys. I got on a horse and was told to ride right behind the fellow who was going to bull-dog the steer, and watch how he did it. That

"BACK STAGE" WITH SOME OLD CIRCUS FRIENDS

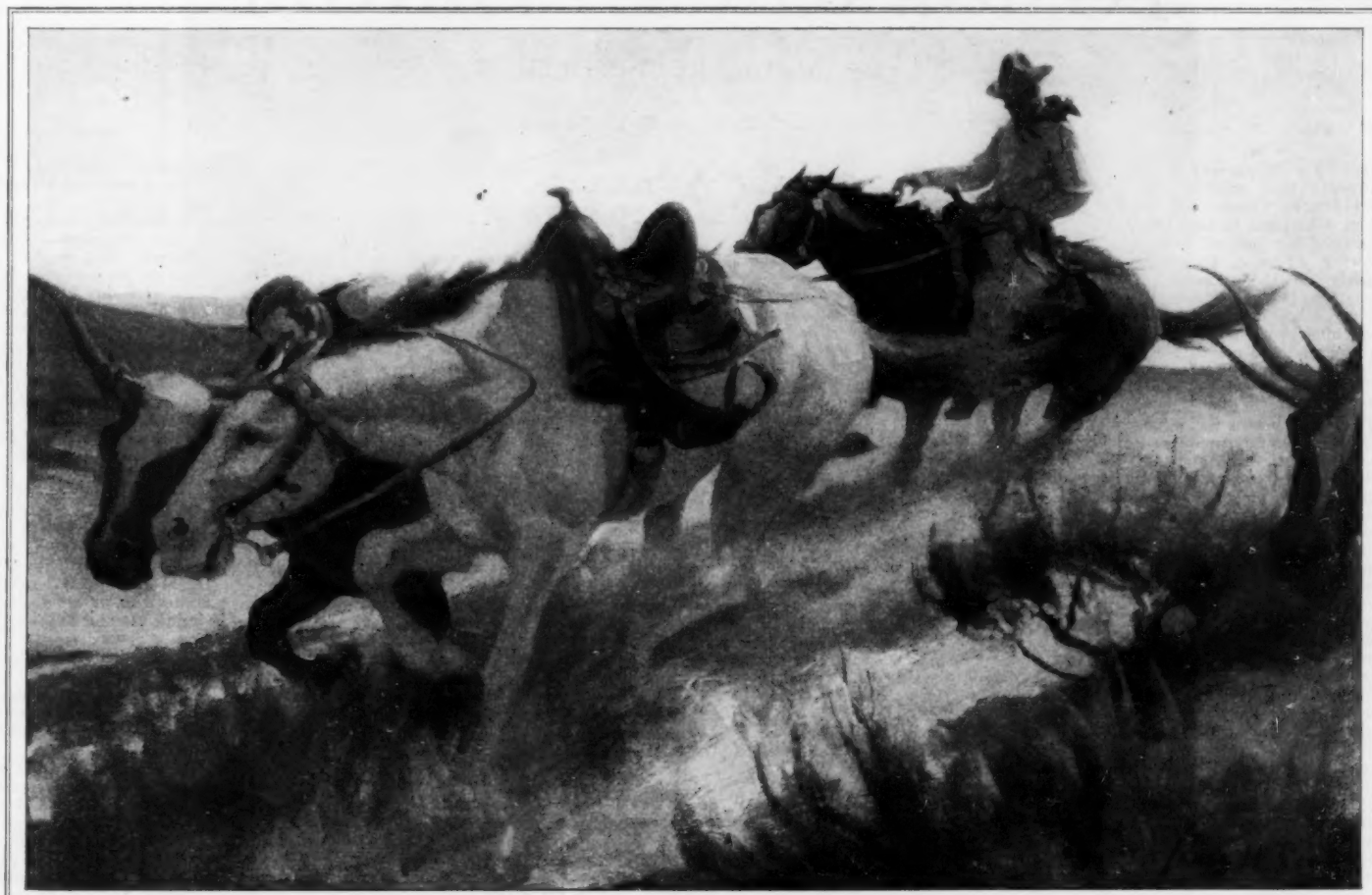
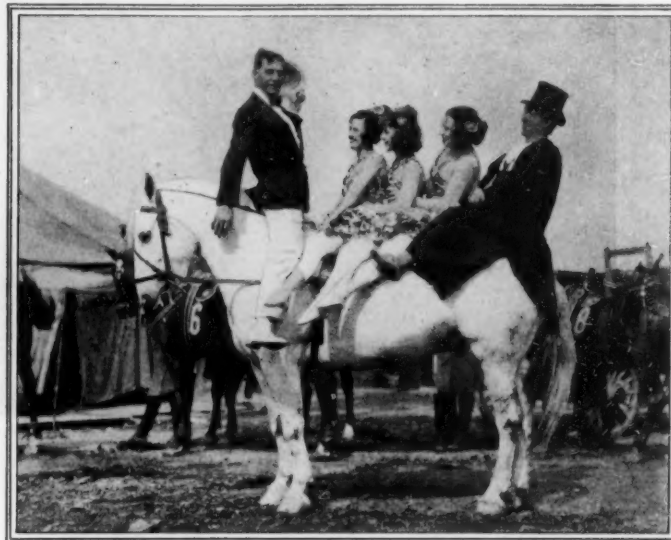
wasn't much of a recommendation because it just happened that the first time the fellow over-rode the steer and went right on over his head and got his leather jacket nearly ripped off him. But he tried again and this time he successfully stopped him. Charlie Irwin weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and just then he came running up and said, "Give me the steer now, son!" He took hold of the horns and showed me every move and toppled the steer over. Then he told me to do it.

Now from a distance a steer's horns look very small, but when I grabbed hold of this steer's horns I found I could hardly get my hands half way around. However I tried, and Irwin yelled instructions at me:

"Keep your feet in front of you, Fred! If you let your feet get behind you he'll walk right up your back!"

By this time the steer was pretty mad and started across the prairie with me hanging on to his horns. But my feet were hitting in front of me all the time and I finally stopped him, and then threw him. We went at it again after an hour, when I had rested up. This time we cut a steer out of the herd and I rode up on him and successfully stopped him. And I kept at it for several days till I knew I could do it. As a matter of fact I never used that picture but I've always been glad I learned to bull-dog and that's how I learned.

When I was a kid we lived in a good [Turn to page 83]



IRWIN YELLED: "KEEP YOUR FEET IN FRONT OF YOU, FRED! IF YOU LET YOUR FEET GET BEHIND YOU HE'LL WALK RIGHT UP YOUR BACK!" BY THIS TIME THE STEER WAS PRETTY MAD AND STARTED ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WITH ME HANGING ONTO HIS HORNS!—Painted By JAMES H. CRANK



HUSBAND AND WIFE STOOD FACING ONE ANOTHER ACROSS LESTER'S BODY. THE SILENCE SEEMED EVERLASTING. "IS HE DEAD?" JILL WHISPERED

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

BY MARGARET PEDLER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND

WHEN Jill Wedderburn, the talented young painter, married Straton Quayne, all her old friends were horrified to learn that she had promised her husband to give up her career as an artist. To possess her completely, to the exclusion of every other interest in life, was Straton's desire, a desire which had its roots in his long ago affair with the beautiful Iris Lethbridge, who still moved like a disturbing presence across his life.

JILL moved restlessly in the May sunlight, so bright, so cheerful, while she herself was feeling the very reverse. It seemed incredible that little more than a year ago she had believed herself one of the happiest people on earth.

It was true the first two or three months after her marriage had been months of unalloyed happiness. Her love for Straton and her interest in his work had seemed enough to fill life to the brim. He had begun planning a new novel almost as soon as they returned from Italy and together they had discussed the theme and characters of the new book. Later, as each chapter was completed, he had given it to her to read and asked her comments on it. Once or twice he had even made certain revisions in the script, based upon her criticisms.

But as the months went on and he became more and more engrossed in the book, shut away for hours in his study, time began to hang heavily upon her hands. There was little in the management of the flat to occupy her. Brayton and his wife, who had for many years been with Quayne, saw to everything.

Even Straton, she reflected, did not seem to need her as much as he had. In collaboration with Gaynor Melville, an actor friend of his, he had recently dramatized one of his most popular novels, and arrangements for the production of the play were already in progress. These occupied much of his spare time.

"No one sees less of you than I do," she had told him once, in a fit of irritation.

He took her into his arms and kissed her in the old, passionate way.

"I hate it as badly as you do, darling," he told her. "But

what can I do? However, it's only for a little while. When the rehearsals are over—"

"Will you have to go to them?" she exclaimed in dismay. A humorous smile crooked up the corner of his mouth.

"The author usually likes to have some say in the matter—if he gets the chance," he suggested.

When the rehearsals actually began, she found that they absorbed the last moment of Straton's time. There were no longer even their evenings together to look forward to, and the lonely nights following upon empty days had reduced Jill to a still deeper state of depression.

Of course there were still occasions when she and Straton slipped back into the early days of their married life—glorious moments when work and ambition were temporarily swept aside, and their love for each other seemed once again the only thing that counted. But afterwards, Quayne's renewed preoccupation in his work and Jill's resultant loneliness weighed upon her more heavily than ever by force of contrast.

Moreover, circumstances had combined to accentuate her loneliness. When she and Straton came back from their honeymoon it was to find that Garry Lester had gone abroad, leaving for her a letter which Hazel delivered to

her. In Garry's sprawling, impetuous handwriting it explained his unexpected departure.

"I'm leaving for the Continent tomorrow—just two days before you're due to return, Jill," he had written. "I've been in torment the last three weeks, and if I stay in England after you come back I shall probably drag you through it with me before very long. And there's just some rotten little spark of decency in me somewhere

which makes me not want to do this. So I'm taking myself off. I shall wander round Europe for a year and leave the coast clear to Quayne. If he makes good—well, for your sake, I'll try and stick it when I come back. But if he doesn't make you happy—" The sheet ended abruptly with a scrawled signature.

At that time, still aglow with the memory of those rapturous weeks in Italy, she was relieved at his departure. Then, as the months slipped by, and Straton seemed to be drawn away from her into complete absorption in his work, she began to feel the lack of the old friendship with Garry. On dull afternoons it would have been jolly if he could have blown in unexpectedly, as he used to blow into her studio, and have chatted and joked with her and sometimes played or sung her depression away.

Hazel, too, had been a much less frequent visitor of late, owing to Mrs. Kenyon's increasing delicacy.

So a year passed and then Garry Lester came back in early April to his flat. Jill's first meeting with him occurred unexpectedly one afternoon when she had gone to tea with the Kenyons.

When first greetings had been exchanged, Jill saw that Garry had altered. Something of the boyish eagerness which had been one of his charms was gone. Instead, there was a curious restless expression in the brown-grey eyes. Garry's mouth seemed to close differently, too—as if with a bitter, rebellious strength—not the strength of disciplined endurance.

Nevertheless, he was apparently in high spirits and seemed delighted to see everybody again, nor did he by look or word refer to the past until they had left the flat and were walking along the street together.

"I've kept my word, you see, Jill," he said suddenly. "I've

stayed away a year—rather more than a year, in fact.” Her breath came rather quickly. “I’m glad you did. It—it was decent of you.”

“And has it worked? Are you happy—quite happy?” There was an infinitesimal pause, then Jill answered: “Of course.”

Garry glanced at her swiftly, sideways, and a faint smile crossed his lips.

Somehow an indefinable barrier had arisen between them. When Garry paid a visit to Gilsborough Mansions he was unusually quiet. Possibly Quayne’s presence—Jill had invited Garry to dine with them—was in part responsible. Whatever it may have been, the evening was not a success, and Garry evinced no great haste to repeat his visit.

Jill became conscious of the fact that she was missing him—missing that comradeship that, like every friendship betwixt a man and woman, had in it something of glamour.

If only Jill had had work of her own to do, if her mind had been occupied, the brief hours which she and her husband snatched together would have held the savor of something rare and precious. But the promise she had given Straton stood in the way of any such solution and till now she had only been conscious of the emptiness of things in general and of a dull, smothered ache for the work she had loved. And then, into soil only too well prepared to receive it, fate dropped a seed which was destined to bear bitter fruit. It was merely a brief newspaper comment dealing with the Royal Academy exhibition—but two short lines in it suddenly crystallized in words the whole loss of which Jill had been subconsciously aware.

“... This year’s Academy is the poorer by lack of any picture from Miss Wedderburn’s vigorous yet peculiarly subtle brush.”

She flung the newspaper away and stared out doors blankly, all at once awake to everything that she was missing.

Then, with something akin to panic, she turned away from the sunlight mocking her, and sped into the hall. Snatching the telephone receiver from its hook on the wall, she rang up Garry and waited, nervously impatient, until his voice came to her across the wire: “Hello!”

“Oh, Garry, is that you? Are you there?” There was a little breathless catch in her voice.

“Of course I am—always there when you want me.”

The answer so exactly fitted her mood that she heaved a sigh of relief.

“Well, I do want you,” she answered him. “I—I think I’m bored, Garry. This wretched play—it seems to have swallowed Straton up completely. He went out first thing this morning with Gaynor Melville and they’re lunching together. They seem to have so much to talk over. So I’m alone.”

“How entirely unnecessary—for you to be alone,” Garry’s answer came back cheerfully. “May I come to lunch, please?”

Jill’s strained little face relaxed into a smile.

“Yes,” she said, and she hung up the receiver.

Half-an-hour later Garry arrived and Jill welcomed him with frank delight.

“I’ve ordered you a topping lunch,” she told him gaily. “All the things you like best—unless your tastes have changed since we used to lunch in Soho together?”

He shook his head. “They haven’t. My tastes, in all respects—significantly—a r e u n a l t e r e d .”

A faint flush ran up under her clear skin and she fenced lightly.

“They’re more extravagant, surely?—Judging by the fine raiment you wear nowadays.” She glanced quizzically at his well-tailored suit, and immaculate tie.

Garry beamed at her. “It’s like old times, hearing you start lecturing me again,” he said delightedly.

Suddenly Jill felt a little warm rush of remembrance. It was just like old times—Garry swaggering about, and she half-seriously, half-jokingly, reproving him for his laziness.

“All the same,” continued Garry triumphantly, “you can’t pitch into me quite so hard as you used to do, seeing you’ve come

over to the drones yourself, now. ‘This year’s Academy is the poorer by lack of any picture from Miss Wedderburn’s talented brush!’” he quoted.

Her face clouded over. Garry, watching her, saw the sudden change in it. But again she fenced.

“Oh, marriage is an occupation in itself,” she returned. Adding involuntarily: “That’s the worst of it.”

Lunch was a jolly meal. They dismissed Brayton, and Garry waited on her as he had been wont to do at many an unpretentious feast at the Chelsea flat. Jill made the coffee herself at the table, and they both watched while it boiled up, and bet on the length of time it would take. Jill won, with a shriek of delight, and Garry promptly proposed “double or quits,” and again she won.

“The most expensive cup of coffee I’ve had for months,” he said, as he paid up.

“You might add, for politeness’ sake, ‘And one of the best,’” she suggested pertinently.

It was all very young and absurd—just inconsequent fun, but somehow it seemed to Jill to relieve some inner tension that had been stringing her up almost to breaking point. Usually she lunched alone, and had her thoughts for company. But today there were no long silences. Garry and she kept up a brisk flow of jokes and laughter that wove the past and present together again. When, finally, they returned to the sitting-room, and Garry strolled across to the piano and began to play, she felt somehow restored to normal. It almost seemed to her, as she listened to Garry, as though the old studio days were back again and she might jump up at any moment and say, as she had so often said: “Thanks awfully, Garry, I’ve just loved it. Now you really must clear out and let me work.” And then Garry would reluctantly take his departure.

Suddenly, as he ceased playing and swung round on the piano stool, the actual facts rushed back upon her. Vaguely she was beginning to realize that just as his work was engrossing Straton, so her own work would have engrossed her, had she had it, and she would have been spared so many hours of boredom and irritation. His life held the double thread of author and husband, hers but the single thread of wifehood. It wasn’t fair.

“I don’t think people like us—like Straton and me—ought ever to marry,” she said suddenly. “Or, at least, only as a side show.”

“What’s the matter? Is your matrimonial complex out of order?” he inquired genially. “It’s either that or liver. I can prescribe for either, or both.”

Jill’s smile broadened.

“Can you? What’s the cure, then, Garry?”

He smiled back. “I propose that we go along to tea at the Savoy, and dance for an hour or so. Come on.”

Her face lit up. She hadn’t danced since—oh, the months were almost too many to count up! Straton was a beautiful dancer, but he was always too busy, or too tired, to take her out. “I’d love that,” she declared. “I’ll tell Brayton to call a taxi.”

“There’s no need for a taxi,” said Garry. Then, in answer to her look of blank inquiry: “I’ve got a jolly little car of my own—and it’s waiting outside. I thought we might do some runs together out into the country—if you cared?”

Jill felt her spirits rising. All the jollinesses of life were returning—dancing, motoring, the swift vivid movement which she loved. Having duly admired the car, she stepped into it and a few minutes later Garry was buzzing her in and out amongst the traffic. When they reached the Savoy, amid the twinkle of lights and the gay rhythm of the music, she almost forgot how long and dull the days had seemed of late.

“This is almost like old times,” said Lester, as they returned to their tea-table after an inspiring fox-trot.

“Almost,” she agreed, a faint shadow in her eyes.

Lester apparently intent upon lighting a cigarette, made no answer. Jill gave a sudden exclamation. A man and a woman were just coming down the short flight of stairs leading from the foyer. Several heads turned towards them, eyes following the woman with the kind of startled admiration which unusual beauty calls forth. Lester looked up.

“Why, it’s Iris Lethbridge,” she said.

That red-gold hair gleaming beneath the little pulled-on hat of green, the misty, hyacinth-blue eyes, the long lines of the lissom figure were as familiar to her as her own face in the glass.

“I suppose she is still Miss Lethbridge—unless she had acquired a husband by now,” went on Garry. “She was trying to hard enough when I ran across her at Monte Carlo.”

Iris and her companion had seated themselves at one of the small tea-tables. All at once, as if drawn by Jill’s glance, she turned her head and looked in her direction. Recognition sprang into her face. She rose and came across the room to where Lester and Jill were sitting, and that familiar charming smile of hers held nothing but its usual sweetness.

“I’m so glad to see you again,” she said cordially. “And you, too, Mr. Lester. One feels as if one has really returned home when you’ve met someone you know. And we’ve been wanderers for so long, my aunt and I—we only returned to London yesterday. How is your husband?” she continued, addressing herself directly to Jill.

Her voice was perfectly cool and composed. Was this the woman who had uttered that piteous, heart-shaking: “Have you forgotten—so soon?” Looking at the wonderful rose and gold beauty of her, Jill wondered how anything so built for love could possibly be so heartless—so superficial.

“I expect that you and Straton are both very busy. How many pictures have you in the Academy this year?”

“None,” said Jill bleakly.

“None?” Iris looked taken aback. “But surely—why—you’re not giving up painting?”

Jill lifted her head, a pale, proud defiance in her eyes. What right had this woman—this woman who had loved Straton, whom Straton had once thought he loved—to pry and peer into their lives together, her own and his? “I don’t paint at all now,” she said briefly.

A faint puzzlement showed in Iris’s face.

“Then matrimony has stolen you from the world,” she said, with just the right amount of regret in her voice. “I must congratulate myself that my portrait was painted before such a catastrophe occurred. However”—she glanced expressively towards the crowded dance floor—“now you no longer paint you’ve more time for the amusement of life. I suppose,” she added with a careless smile, “Straton has no time to spare for such frivolities?”

“Very little,” returned Jill composedly.

“Ah, well, I’m sure Mr. Lester makes a very good substitute. We had some dances together at Monte Carlo last winter.”

With a gracious little [Turn to page 110]



“I DON’T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, GARRY,” SHE REPLIED UNCERTAINLY. HER CHEEKS WERE FLUSHED. “SAY ‘YES,’” HE PLEADED, THEN ADDED WITH A SUDDEN MOCKING CHALLENGE IN HIS VOICE, “UNLESS YOU’RE AFRAID TO TRUST YOURSELF WITH ME”



WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES



"What should I read?" "What picture is worth seeing?" "What play is the theatre world discussing?" "What notable sermon has been delivered?" "What is the latest development in foreign affairs?" Month by month McCall's brilliant staff of essayists, augmented now by the addition of Colonel Edward M. House, will answer these questions for you in such a manner that these pages will provide for you a record of contemporary intellectual achievement—keep you authoritatively informed of all the worth-while things happening in the world.



THE YOUTHFUL DIVA FROM KANSAS CITY

When Marion Talley stepped on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House the hopes of all the mothers and daughters of America were centered on her because, as Deems Taylor points out in his article, she had reached the goal to which so many aspire in vain. But not everyone desired her success. There were those who were appalled by the publicity she had received—even the newspapers which were responsible for the publicity spoke of it disparagingly. Perhaps there were dilettanti who were only too ready to find fault with the voice of the new songbird; perhaps there were those who resented the tremendous interest which ordinary folk were beginning to feel in grand opera. It is, therefore, a pleasure for McCall's to print this article, the first of Deems Taylor's monthly contributions upon music, in which the most brilliant of the metropolitan critics appraises the true worth of the valiant girl from Kansas City.



MARION TALLEY AS GILDA IN "RIGOLETTO"

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

A KANSAS CITY GIRL
MAKES THE METROPOLITAN

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

ASSUMING that of the 117,000,000 inhabitants of this glorious country, one-twenty-fifth, or 4,680,000, are young women taking singing lessons (a very modest estimate), it is safe to assume likewise that deep in the hearts of 4,679,982 of them is the following dream: Five years have elapsed, it is a clear, cold night in New York. The huge auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House is packed with a brilliant audience, gathered to hear the [Turn to page 28—Col. 2]

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

CRAIG'S WIFE
BY GEORGE KELLY

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

MR. GEORGE KELLY's talent for a number of years was in the service of vaudeville, where he was a great success with his sketches and one-act plays. Three years ago he appeared with a full-length comedy, "The Torch Bearers," a kind of take-off of amateur theatricals, scatter-brained and stage-struck egotism. His still more successful comedy of "The Show-Off" came next. This season he has produced a more se- [Turn to page 28—Col. 4]

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

RUSSIA

By
COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1926

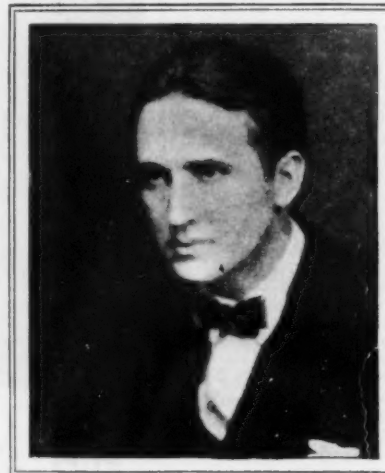
RUSSIA, vast, mysterious, unfathomable, is tied into every problem—social, economic and political that confronts Europe. She is the uncertain quantity which vexes the chancelleries of every great power throughout the world for no one knows, save those in control in Moscow, whether she plans to turn to the East or to the West. If she throws her fortunes with the Asiatics, she may upset not only the equilibrium of [Turn to page 28—Col. 2]

Chrystal Herne, who gives one of the most brilliant performances of the season as the wife who is obsessed by her house—not by her home.



A DRAMATIC SCENE IN GEORGE KELLY'S PLAY "CRAIG'S WIFE"

George Kelly, whose play "The Show-Off" was a conspicuous success and who has won additional laurels with the more serious "Craig's Wife."



Now you can see why this Vegetable Soup tastes so good!

And you only see here some of the splendid ingredients—there are thirty-two in all—which are so skillfully and deliciously blended in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

If you were to search the whole United States you could not find finer fresh vegetables than we grow or purchase for this soup.

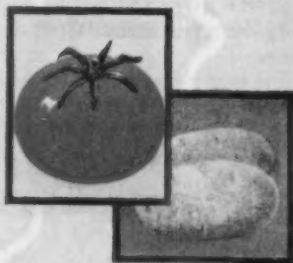
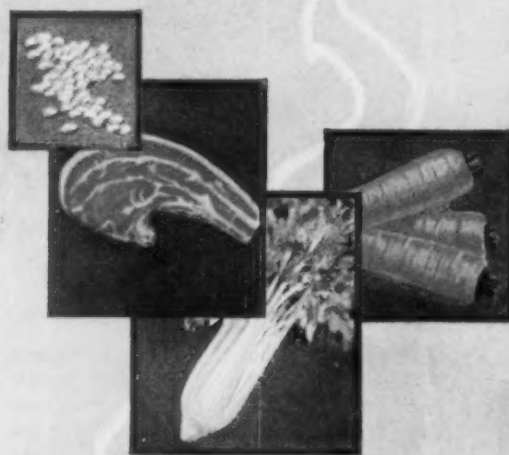
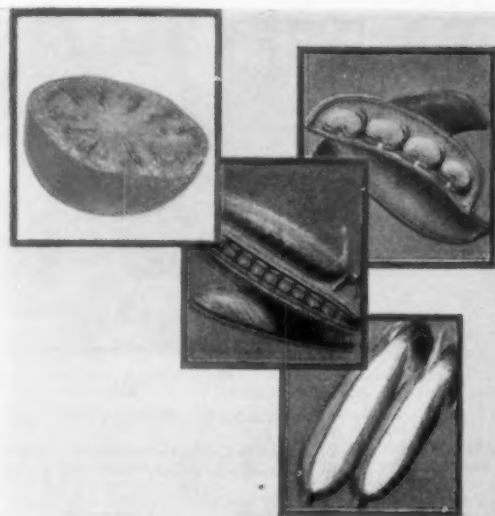
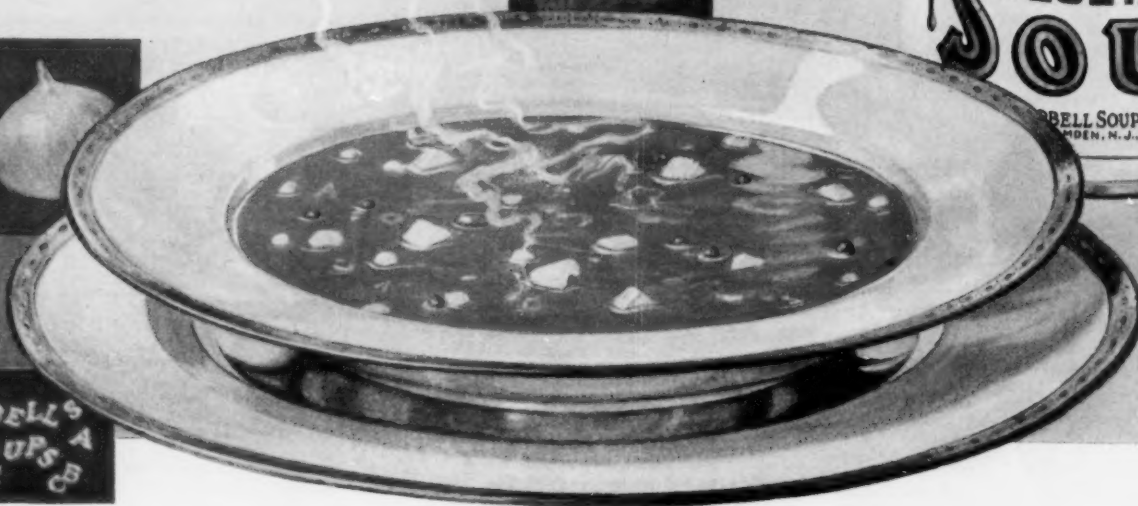
Vegetable Soup requires rich meat broth to give it the best flavor and to make it most invigorating. Campbell's use only the choice beef.

Alphabet macaroni and selected barley! Herbs—fresh and savory! Appetizing seasoning!

Is it any wonder that housewives appreciate the unusual value they receive in Campbell's Vegetable Soup?

32 ingredients

12 cents a can





Whole Wheat Nut Bread

This bread makes most appetizing sandwiches with any favorite filling.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 cups whole wheat flour | 5 tablespoons brown sugar |
| 1 cup bread flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses |
| 1 teaspoon soda | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 1 cup walnuts, cut in small pieces |
| 2 teaspoons salt | 2 tablespoons melted Crisco |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water | |

Mix whole wheat flour, bread flour, soda, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add molasses, milk and water and mix well. Add nuts and Crisco and beat thoroughly. Pour into a greased loaf pan and let stand 20 minutes. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.



Chicken Tarts

Pie Crust made with Crisco is tender, flaky, crisp and brown. It is digestible, too.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour | Cold water |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco | Chicken or fowl |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | Chicken gravy |

Boil fowl or chicken until tender. Remove skin and bones. Cut in small pieces. Thicken the chicken stock with flour, two tablespoonfuls for each cup used. Add enough gravy to the chicken to moisten and hold it together, season and cool. Cut Crisco into flour and salt with two knives until the consistency of small peas. Add water to hold. Roll about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut into 6 inch squares, wet edges. Put as much chicken in the center as the square will hold. Fold over and press closely together. Brush over the top with milk and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) until brown, 15 to 20 minutes. This amount will make from 12 to 15 tarts.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Delicious Pastry, Cakes and Fried Foods, too

Crisco is by no means limited to making the picnic foods spoken of here. I find that I can always depend on Crisco for dainty biscuits and muffins, for flaky pie-crusts, delicious cakes, dainty desserts—and for all frying.



Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

My most popular picnic recipes



INSTEAD of the usual dinner at home, with a ride afterwards, my sister's family and I often prepare a picnic dinner, drive to some attractive place and eat it out of doors.

One day I prepared our picnic from the recipes on this page and never before had everybody been so enthusiastic about an out-door meal.

I am sure that if you will make these foods with Crisco your friends and your family will like them as much as mine do. I am sure, too, that you yourself will enjoy Crisco as much as I do.

For several years now Crisco has been my only shortening, and I don't know how I could keep house without the good things to eat it gives me; cakes of every kind that you simply can't tell from butter cakes, light and with a fine, even texture; the tenderest, flakiest pie crust; fluffy biscuits and the most delicious golden brown fried foods. Fried without any smoke or unpleasant odor, too.

Winifred S. Parker



An Astonishing BLINDFOLD TEST

I never could quite settle in my own mind just why Crisco gave such delicious results as it does until one day I happened to taste Crisco. When I did, I no longer wondered why foods cooked with it tasted so much better.

I wish you would taste Crisco, too, just as it comes from the can. Do it the following way to prove to yourself what a great difference there can be in cooking fats.

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you and give you first one then the other to taste. Of course, they must not tell you which is which.

Now, did you ever imagine there could be such a difference in the taste of cooking fats? You will realize at once what a difference there must be in the taste and wholesomeness of pies, cakes, biscuits and fried foods when they are made with Crisco.



Fruit Snaps

DROPPED—The Quickest Way to Make Cookies

When made with Crisco, they will have a delightful flavor and keep a long time. Pack them in empty Crisco tins.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | 1 cup raisins |
| 1 cup Crisco | 1 teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon, allspice |
| 3 eggs unbeaten | 1 teaspoon soda |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses | 1 teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pastry flour | |

Cream Crisco, sugar and salt together. Add spices, then the eggs one at a time, next the raisins and molasses. Last flour sifted with soda. Drop teaspoonfuls on Criscoed baking pans. Flatten with spatula or spoon; put nut meat in center of each; brush the top with slightly beaten egg to make a glaze. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 10 to 15 minutes. This makes 100 to 125 cookies.



A Delicious English Marble Cake

A cake of this kind is most satisfactory to eat at a picnic. When it is made with Crisco the texture will be fine and light and the flavor delicious.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup Crisco | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins |
| 2 cups sugar | 2 tablespoons melted chocolate |
| 4 eggs beaten | 2 tablespoons molasses |
| 1 cup milk | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour | 1 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice |
| 1 teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla |

Work Crisco and sugar to a soft light cream. Add eggs, then milk. Add baking powder, salt and flour sifted together. Divide batter in half. To a half add the chocolate, molasses, spices and raisins. To the other add the vanilla. Drop alternately spoonfuls of each into a Criscoed cake pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour. It makes two loaves. Ice with plain icing.

FREE! Cook Book!

100 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor, McCall's Magazine. New delicious recipes for every class of cooking, never before published. Simply fill out and mail coupon.



The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. of Home Economics, Section L-6 Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me free your cook-book entitled, "Sarah Field Splint's Selected Recipes."

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♦ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ♦

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

MOANA
BY ROBERT J. FLAHERTY

REVIEWED BY
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

SIX years ago a Canadian explorer, Robert J. Flaherty, went into the Arctic with a movie camera, and came back with a picture called "Nanook of the North." This picture represented years of intensive labor, studying the life of the Eskimo and recording it on strips of celluloid; but those who were fortunate enough to see "Nanook of the North" realized that Mr. Flaherty's effort had not been wasted. He had done something great in the movies, something worth remembering.

When Mr. Flaherty brought "Nanook of the North" to New York, he took the film to the various national distributors, for it was only through them that he could reach the public. He was greeted by them with a chill more discouraging than anything he had encountered beyond the Arctic Circle. They told him, in effect, that there was no market for "travel pictures," as they called them. "The fans," he was informed, "want fast action drama, comedy, heart interest. They don't want to look at a lot of homely Eskimos."

"Nanook of the North" did reach the public, however, through the Pathe Company, and proved to be a substantial success. A large section of the public discovered that it contained considerably more of drama, comedy and heart interest than the average machine-made photoplay.

As a result of this, Jesse Lasky took an interest in Mr. Flaherty and commissioned him to make a similar picture of life in the South Seas. (Mr. Lasky, by the way, is vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky, one of the distributing companies that had rejected "Nanook of the North.")

Mr. Flaherty had never been to the South Seas, but he consulted his friend, Frederick J. O'Brien, an authority on the subject, and at Mr. O'Brien's suggestion he selected the village of Safune, on the island of Savai'i in British Samoa, as the scene of his activities.

To Safune Mr. Flaherty proceeded, with his wife and three children. His equipment consisted of movie and still cameras and a complete laboratory for developing and printing the exposed film. In Safune, for nearly two years, the Flahertys remained, and when they returned to what we occidentals self-consciously call "civilization," they had made their picture, "Moana."

In producing "Moana," Mr. Flaherty followed the same principles that had guided him in "Nanook of the North." The first task that he set for himself was the one of selection—selection of characters and of backgrounds. In Mr. Flaherty's pictures there are no actors—in the Broadway or Hollywood sense; there are real people. Nanook was a real Eskimo, who needed no grease-paint make-up to look his part. Moana was a real Polynesian, a fine, strong, graceful, young chieftain—a worthy specimen of his race.

For the rôle of Moana's bride, Mr. Flaherty selected a singularly lovely Samoan princess, Fa'agase. The other principal characters were Tu'ugaita, the mother, and Pe'a, the little brother, a ten year old Samoan boy with a dazzling smile.

Mr. Flaherty was in Safune for eight months before he was ready to make his picture, and even then he confronted considerable difficulties. In "Nanook of the North" he had employed, as villain, the north itself—a relentless, implacable monster, of unconquerable strength. In "Moana," however, there could be no villain; the usual element of "conflict," so essential in drama, was utterly lacking. In Samoa, Mr. Flaherty found no menacing forces against which the natives must struggle for existence. He found [Turn to page 28—Col. 1]

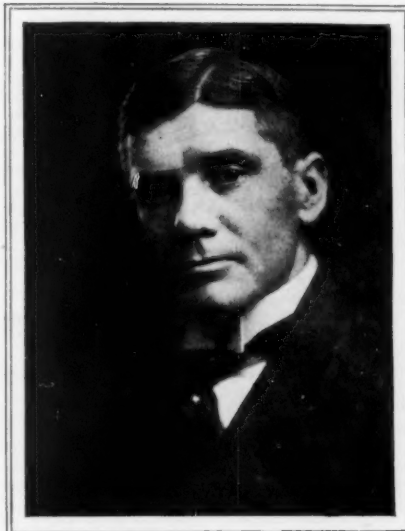
A native dance, one of the interesting bits which make Robert J. Flaherty's new film as striking in its field as was this same director's "Nanook of the North."



THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

THE DIFFERENT ROADS
BY THE REV. FREDERICK F. SHANNON

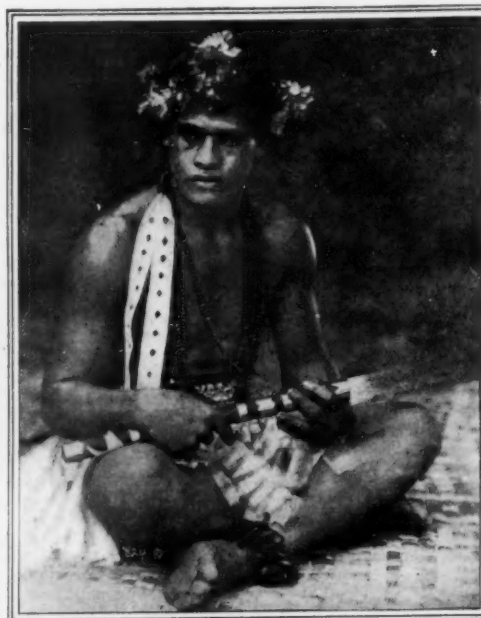
REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.



REV. FREDERICK F. SHANNON

Dr. Shannon, who was born in Kansas and educated at Harvard, has been since 1920 Pastor of Central Methodist Church, Chicago, where he continues the fine evangelical tradition of his predecessors there, the Rev. David Swing, and Dr. Gunsaulus. Dr. Shannon's Sunday addresses in Orchestra Hall are tuned-in on by a vast radio audience.

CENTRAL Church was founded in 1875 by David Swing, whose biography it was my honor to write, and it has always held its services in one of the great downtown theatres of Chicago. Its present pastor has a mind full of color, and a quick-sighted genius to which all life, all nature, all history, all the Bible are parts of one infinite parable of the spiritual life. In this sermon he takes the prosaic words about the Wise Men to pay homage to the Christ-Child, who were warned in a dream not to report to Herod: "They went back" [Turn to page 28—Col. 1]



ONE OF THE NATIVE ACTORS IN "MOANA."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COL. HOUSE
EDITED BY WILLIAM SEYMOUR

REVIEWED BY
LAURENCE STALLINGS

TIME was when a man waited until death removed him beyond the fierce light of personal criticism, and directed his heirs to deliver his intimate papers into the hands of his enemies. Since Job prayed that his enemy might write an intimate book, the custom has held with few exceptions. Colonel Edward M. House, personal adviser to the late Woodrow Wilson and envoy most extraordinary to the warring nations of 1914-18, has proved one of these exceptions. "The Intimate Papers of Col. House" are now delivered over to Republicans and Democrats alike, and hatchets are brandished everywhere.

These papers, in two volumes edited by Prof. Seymour of Yale, may well be the book of the month, but they will be quoted and indexed many years from now. For they are concerned deeply and significantly with the entry of America into the field of European trickery and deceit, and they shed light upon the workings of the mind of Woodrow Wilson.

The two volumes contain a full record of Col. House's personal observations in the field of politics over the better portion of Woodrow Wilson's political life. Thus at first they are occupied with the beginnings of that President's entry into the limelight of public office. They end, does the second volume, with America's entry into the war. It follows that another two volumes will some day be forthcoming, to complete the record of Wilson's life.

Even then, "The Intimate Papers of Col. House" will be complimentary to the papers of President Wilson himself. These latter documents are now being edited by Ray Stannard Baker, and historians must bide their time before passing upon the value of Col. House's efforts.

Col. House enjoyed for many years the reputation of being a quiet, self-effacing man. His papers prove that such a reputation was only a part of his diplomatic method as he travelled up and down the war-torn world of 1914-18. For these intimate documents reveal anything but an insignificant manner. They are, in this respect, prime stuff for his enemies. He is not at all reticent in offering proof that he held vigorous opinions, and prosecuted them with all the force at his command.

It is interesting to follow his judgments. At first he was as neutral as Woodrow Wilson would have liked all American citizens to be. He was skeptical of all politicians and generals everywhere, in Germany, in England, in France. His papers give his exact opinions of the men met and sounded. But, with the rising tide of antagonism to Germany, Col. House himself seems to chart the course of America's gradual leaning to the favor of the Allied Cause. It is clear that, long before Woodrow Wilson had definitely decided upon war, his envoy had accepted it as the only course for Americans.

It is this tide in "The Intimate Papers of Col. House" which makes the work of vital importance. To be sure there are pen portraits of all the sacred cows of Europe down to the last German prince. But these portraits and sketches are only of current and journalistic interest. The two volumes are really focussed upon the last chapter of Volume Two, where the colonel describes that dire day of April 6, 1917, when Woodrow Wilson confessed himself unable longer to avoid a part in the war. Evidently Col. House believes in waiting for the verdict of history to the confusion of his critics. Evidently he believes that America's entry into the war was a great and noble thing. For upon no other assumption would these intimate papers be delivered to the world. They prove [Turn to page 28—Col. 4]

A youth being tattooed. "Moana" is a mine of folk lore and folk customs; it is as instructive as a textbook on anthropology—and many times more interesting.



❖ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ❖

The SERMON of the MONTH

[Continued from page 27—Col. 2]

to their own country by a different road." Matt. 2:12.)

At his touch the familiar words become a pilgrim's parable of the life of all men, an allegory of the Divine education of man. Even if the Magi had returned by the same route across the desert it would have been a different road—since old roads are made new and radiant by a great spiritual experience. What is the road you travel? Is it a heavy road of poverty, or a golden path of wealth? All roads are made new and "different" by a vision of God "focused in Christ and functioning through Christ," as the Wise Men discovered.

It is the different road in religion that matters most: other roads come winding by, but they stop short of the goal. How "different" they become "if we are vitally Christed"—what an expression!—as the Wise Men were.

"It is only as the other roads converge at last in the Christly road that they get any true meaning. Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added. We moderns are very smart; we admit it. Yet the feeling grows, these days, that our smartness shall be transformed into heavenly statesmanship only when we grow wise enough to set the Kingdom of God first in industry, education, politics, and internationalism. We shall have to learn the secret of spiritualizing our material possessions, so that all these things shall be added unto us, which is a vastly different thing from allowing ourselves to be added unto mere things."

Howbeit, the main emphasis of the sermon is upon the fact that the Wise Men returned to "their own country," but found it a different country after they had knelt at the Cradle of Christ. Dr. Shannon takes the word "country," as one might pick up a gem, and turns it over and over.

"Just so," remarks Dr. Shannon, "our own Lincoln, surrounded with kings or angels. I think there would continue to wind through his talk—the American cabin, the American prairie!" Yet, while these colorful stains of national loyalty, have their beauty and value, they must not blind us to the fact that all nations are parts of one another and depend upon each other.

The FILM of the MONTH

[Continued from page 27—Col. 1]

only an intense beauty, in the pictorial scenes and in the very characters of the people themselves, and it is this that he has reproduced on the screen.

While the natives of Tahiti, Hawaii and the Marquesas have gone to seed under the devastating influence of the white man's rule, the Samoans have managed to hold out. They still cling to the splendid traditions of honor, courage and simplicity which have been handed down to them by their fathers, through generation after generation.

Mr. Flaherty has pictured them in the various activities of their daily life. He shows us the crude trap with which they capture a wild boar; he shows them diving through the clear waters of the South Seas to spear fish and, in a particularly exciting episode, wrestling under water with a huge turtle. The final scenes center about the great event of Moana's life, the tattooing, which goes on for three weeks and is accompanied by dancing, feasting and general hilarity. These simple rites have been animated, by the magic of Mr. Flaherty's camera, with the real spirit of the South Seas—a noble spirit, that is now vanishing from the earth.

"Moana" is a rarely beautiful picture, and an entertaining one. But actually it is so much more than that. It has within it the soul of an admirable race. As such, it is a true record of life, and therefore a work of art of enduring importance. It is a moving picture that deserves to be seen and to be thought about.

Among the current films that are recommended to the readers of McCall's are "The Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," "The Merry Widow" and "Mare Nostrum."

The MUSICAL EVENT of the MONTH

[Continued from page 24—Col. 1]

debut of a new prima donna. The orchestra plays the introductory bars of a famous aria, and the young diva makes her entrance, slim, girlish, and beautiful. She holds her audience spellbound with the magic of her art until, as her concluding top note dies away, the parterre rocks with thunders of applause, the gallery resounds with cries of "bravo!" and "bis!", and fourteen boxholders in the Golden Horseshoe toss their lorgnettes into the air. Who is this new queen of song? ask total strangers of one another. It is none other than—fill in the blank with the name of whichever one of the 4,679,982 you happen to know.

On the evening of Wednesday, February 17th, 1926, Morpheus, or whoever it is that makes dreams come true, drew a card from his files, headed "Kansas City;" and Marion Talley stepped upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Of the events leading up to that evening it is probably unnecessary to go much into detail. Anyone who reads a newspaper must know that Miss Talley is the daughter of a Kansas City telegraph operator, that her vocal gifts were discovered by a local choirmaster, and that her musical education in this country and abroad was financed by a committee of Kansas City business men.

"The girl with a city behind her," some one at the Metropolitan called her; and certainly no young artist ever received more enthusiastic and persistent boosting from her home-town folks. This same boosting, by the way, and the tremendous public curiosity about Miss Talley that it aroused, might have proved a boomerang if she had not been able to live up to her advance notices. But she did live up to them, and has achieved a genuine popular success, with all that the phrase implies. "Popular success," of course, is not always synonymous with lasting achievement, and twenty years from now it will be easier to say whether or not Miss Talley's name shall be placed upon the roster

of the immortals; but even today one need not be a very major prophet to be able to say that she gives every promise of a brilliant career.

Rossini's oft-quoted remark that "voice, voice, and more voice" are the three essential qualities of an opera singer, was not strictly accurate even in his day, and cannot be taken with any literalness now. Even so, it is still a good idea to have a voice if you have operatic aspirations, and Miss Talley has one. It is that very rare thing, a real coloratura soprano, a voice high and flexible enough to scale the dizzy heights and turn the vocal somersaults demanded by Mozart, Verdi, Donizetti, and Bellini, and yet expressive enough to cope with the frequently exacting dramatic requirements of the music. Miss Talley's voice is not exceptionally large, but it is very beautiful; clear and true in its upper reaches, and smooth and vibrant, with a lovely "speaking" quality, in its middle and lower registers. Its beauty is still sometimes obscured by her method of handling it, which is not invariably skilful.

The other qualities that go to make up a successful operatic singer she possesses in varying degrees, but in some measure she possesses them all. She is an excellent musician—a statement that is, unhappily, not always true of singers, and is remarkably self-possessed. Another ingredient that Rossini overlooked, and that Miss Talley possesses, is dramatic talent. She is not yet an actress, but she has the makings of a very capable one.

The skill and expressiveness of both her singing and acting are not what they will be in time. But her shortcomings are those of youth and inexperience, not of lack of talent. Her youth is an asset as well as a handicap. Miss Talley has still ten years to go before she reaches the age at which many a successful opera singer has made a debut.

To say that her ultimate goal is still ahead of her is, after all, only another way of saying that she is nineteen years old.

The WORLD EVENT of the MONTH

[Continued from page 24—Col. 3]

Europe but of the world as well.

The policy of the Romanovs was simple; Russia was to move like a glacier slowly but surely toward her destiny, embracing both in Europe and Asia, the smaller countries that lay in her path. Napoleon, with a prophetic vision, saw the menace to Europe of this mass of ignorant Slavs under autocratic direction. The Crimean and the Russo-Japanese Wars proved how futile it was to try to conquer unconquerable Russia. France and England, and later Japan, beat her back at her borders but left her unbeaten in the end.

With the advent of the World War we find democratic Great Britain and France glad to claim Russia as an ally. Later the revolution was welcomed throughout the liberal world as the end of czarism. But the rejoicing came too soon, for we were to witness another and more hideous form of tyranny created in the name of liberty.

It was here that the Allies made a disastrous blunder. Under the advice of the Russian emigres they undertook to take sides in an internecine strife.

If Nicholas had been wise, or better advised, he would have accepted the proposal to form a government under a limited monarchy. But, instead of an orderly, representative government being formed, a Lenin and a Trotsky seized the reins and the pent-up hatred for the wrongs of centuries broke loose, and Russia became again the dark and bloody ground of Europe. The oppressed had become the oppressors. It is doubtful whether the true story of this period of destruction will ever be known. The world was shocked, and when an appeal was made to the Allies to help stave the destruction they listened with sympathetic ears.

As the representative of President Wilson at the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris in the early winter of 1917, I vigorously opposed the proposal to send money, mu-

nitions and troops to aid those who were trying to overturn the Soviet Government at Moscow. My sympathy was with the effort, but my history told me that outside interference would unite Russia behind the *de facto* government. President Wilson sustained this position, and it was not until many months later that he yielded to the importunities of our European Allies.

It was a ruinous policy, and Lenin and Trotsky used it with telling effect throughout Russia. They heralded these efforts to displace them as an organized movement of the capitalists and kings to again establish the tyranny of the Romanovs, and the people of Russia believed them.

What the Allies failed to do by force of arms, they later attempted to accomplish by a diplomatic boycott. But Russia should have been left to work out her destiny in her own way. To do otherwise was, and is, an aid to those whose theories and methods we least approve. Other governments need not have recognized the Government at Moscow, but they should not have endeavored to overthrow it. That was the business of the Russian people, and we may be sure they would have done so long ago but for outside interference.

If the present Government at Moscow is as bad as it is said to be, it will last only so long as we maintain our policy of opposition. There are many signs that the leaders themselves believe that their theories have failed. There was an Utopian dream, the result of violent reaction against what it sought to replace. They will know better soon; perhaps they know better now. Let us be patient and wait until they have had time to gather together the fragments of a social and political fabric and weave it into something which will meet their needs. Let us be patient.

Let us be tolerant.

The PLAY of the MONTH

[Continued from page 24—Col. 2]

rious piece, a study of American life that is tragic in its conclusion. "Craig's Wife" assumed at once the position of one of the best plays of recent seasons.

The story of "Craig's Wife" is not easy to tell, because in any brief form it gives very little impression of what the play really expresses. But in general it is a story of a couple who have been married two years or less and whose relationship to each other is shown in its last stages, just before the final separation arrives.

Mrs. Craig comes home from a visit to her dying sister. She brings her sister's daughter with her. We gather that the servants in the house hate their mistress. The neighbors are kept away from the house; all Craig's friends have gradually left off coming to see him. And all this is due to Mrs. Craig's attitude. She made up her mind that when the day came when she was mistress of a house it should be hers indeed. This is her ruling passion. She is obsessed with keeping the house immaculate, she objects even to the use of the front stairs.

Craig during Mrs. Craig's absence has gone to play cards with two friends. Next morning there has been a telephone call, a number left. Mrs. Craig feverishly tries to track it down. Later Craig returns, he asks about the call. Mrs. Craig says that there is no call that she knows of. It comes out that the two people whom Craig had visited the night before have been found dead in their home, the police are looking for information. The deaths prove to be suicides, but in the strain of the moment and after a desperate night, Mrs. Craig blurts out the circumstances and in her anger and exasperation tells Craig what she feels about him, about the house, her determinations, her hard and intricate manoeuvres, her miserable and complex state of mind. Craig after hearing this turns the house over to her to keep, she has authority now indeed but she is left alone.

The directing of the play by the author himself is excellent.

The Mrs. Craig of Miss Chrystal Herne is one of the most brilliant performances of the season.

The BOOK of the MONTH

[Continued from page 27—Col. 3]

indisputably that Woodrow Wilson's conscientious repugnance to war was in a large measure overcome by the persuasion of his intimates.

Prof. Seymour pieces out the narrative of that April 6 with a recollection by Frank Irving Cobb, late editor of the New York World. This reviewer had the honor of writing that recollection, in collaboration with a colleague of The World. Thus it becomes a personal review, this summary of the House account of how Wilson agonized on the night before he cast the die. The House account tallies exactly with the Cobb description of the President's hesitancy; it proves, unquestionably, that the enemies of Wilson are wrong in their charge to the effect that "he kept us out of the war" was only an election shibboleth.

Thus the lovers of the Wilson tradition will be comforted by the House papers. Beyond any other interest in them, the paramount importance of Colonel House's records rests in this proof of Wilson's sincerity with the electorate of 1916. On the other hand the body of Republican opinion, and the liberal wing of the Democratic party, will tear these papers to shreds in the next year. Meanwhile, there are the historians, waiting patiently until Wilson's papers are offered to the press.

All Americans who believe that Woodrow Wilson was sincere in his desire to avoid war cannot afford to pass by these papers. They constitute a record of his struggles to that end, and they reach the height of tragedy in their unconscious delineation of his defeat.

"The Intimate Papers of Col. House" Edited by Prof. William Seymour of Yale University. 2 Vols. Ten Dollars. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

At SWEET BRIAR in Virginia and the University of CALIFORNIA 961 Girls use this soap for their skin



THREE thousand miles from the wild roses of Virginia to the golden poppies of California—

One college built where old slave quarters used to stand—the other marking the last goal of the pioneer—

Differences of history, custom, social tradition—but everywhere the same eager heart of youth, with its longing impulse toward happiness, beauty . . .

California girls, Virginia girls—what do they do to gain the lovely, smooth complexion that is every girl's hope and ambition? What soap do they find most helpful in keeping their skin soft and fine, radiant with health and charm?

WE chose two spots as widely separated as Sweet Briar, Virginia, and Berkeley, California, for extending our investigation of the care of the skin among young American college girls.

Fifteen hundred and sixty-six girls answered our questions, giving us frank, full information.

More than half said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly for their skin!

"MY SKIN was in a most discouraging condition when I first started to use Woodbury's Facial Soap. The improvement was so immediate that others noticed it at once."

"WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP has wonderful cleansing properties. It has helped in ridding my skin of extreme oiliness and has given me a skin of which I am proud."

"MY DOCTOR recommended Woodbury's to me for acne. I notice my skin feels soft and smooth after using."

"A MOST PERFECT CLEANSER. My mother and father have always used it. Both have lovely skins and complexions."

"MY SKIN is extremely sensitive and delicate, and Woodbury's seems to cleanse it thoroughly and efficiently, without any irritation."



"They are at an age when life is a wonderful adventure—and admiration, the approval of others, more desirable than they ever will seem again."

These were characteristic comments volunteered by the Woodbury users.

Why Woodbury's is perfect for the skin

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

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Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days

NOW—THE NEW LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

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For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1506 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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HOSPITALITY and HUSBANDS

Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



SARAH FIELD SPLINT

TALKS ABOUT PREPARING FOR OLD AGE

The woman who spends herself lavishly on her family, the man who centers his attention on his business to the exclusion of every other interest, too often forget that not-so-distant day when their children or their business can get on without them. When that moment comes they will step into a new and strange world in which at last there is not "too much to do." The time to get ready for this change is while one is still young. To save money is by no means the whole answer. There must be, as well, resources of the mind and heart on which to draw when the rushing, eager, anxious, exciting hours of youth and middle-age shall have been replaced by leisure. So, however busy you may be now, however much life may press upon you, keep some small corner of yourself for yourself. Later on you may need to make heavy drafts on it. Find a hobby, an interest that expresses you, and cultivate it. You may change it a dozen times—that doesn't matter. If it is reading you like, give fifteen minutes a day to it. If it is a garden you love, have one. If you are interested in people, take time for friendships. The person who observes and thinks and reads, who views other people's lives with sympathy, who practices courage and laughter, is sure to grow old gracefully. For such a person there are no empty days of despair or bitterness, no vain attempts to recapture youth, for life seems fuller than ever before, more serene, more intelligible, wittier.



Don't neglect the little courtesies of fresh flowers and spotless linen at breakfast, for breakfast-table impressions last all day.

PROBABLY one of the first reefs lying in wait in the sea of matrimony for the unsuspecting young wife, and one which even the older and more experienced homemaker may run up against now and then is that of entertaining—and letting one's husband entertain. For all men like to entertain!

You may as well get that idea clearly in mind now—they do like to keep open house to their friends. And if you are going to be an entirely successful wife, with a happy, contented husband, you will have to work out some scheme whereby he can be as hospitable as he likes with as little trouble as possible for yourself.

When we say entertain, we don't mean formal or elaborate entertaining. We just mean simple and delightful ways of bringing one's choicest friends around one's own table as often as one likes. We can show you best just what we mean by telling you about a young wife we happen to know.

She has been married a year or two to a young business man, whose income will admit of only a tiny apartment in uptown New York but who likes to bring home his friends. The living-room must serve as a dining-room and a large library table as the dining-table. Their one and only servant is a tea-wagon.

If you should be invited for dinner at six-thirty you find your hostess dressed for dinner when you arrive, even though you may be a few minutes early. The library-table is set with a pretty lace-trimmed runner or set of place doilies. There are flowers and candles and her prettiest silver and dishes. Perhaps the salted nuts or bonbons are on the table, as are the celery and olives or other relish and the service plates.

After she greets you she goes back to the kitchen and in five minutes she wheels in the tea-wagon with the ice-cold fruit cocktail, or the piping hot soup whichever it may be on it. That is placed, the candles are lighted, the water glasses are filled from the pitcher on the lower shelf of the tea-wagon and you sit down to eat.

The dishes from this course are removed on the tea-wagon and she comes promptly back from the kitchen bringing all of the next course, which may be a delectable-looking baked ham or a roast chicken, with one or two vegetables and a hot bread.

When you have enjoyed this course to the fullest, out go the soiled dishes and remaining food at one trip and back comes the tea-wagon with the salad course and its dressing.

The next and last trip brings the dessert, which is usually a delicious molded bavarian cream or fruit jelly or a mousse. With this comes the after-dinner coffee and cups. This is poured at table and you can linger over it and the bonbons just as long and as satisfyingly as you like.

After the meal, the husband entertains you while the remains of the dinner disappear on the tea-wagon, the

linen is removed, the library-table cover, a few books and the lamp are replaced and the dining-room becomes once more a living-room. Then the wife rejoins you and hours later when you come to with a start and realize that the evening has flown, you go with that delicious sense of having enjoyed every moment of your visit, knowing that your host and hostess have enjoyed it just as much as you have.

What is the secret? We will tell you—it is simplicity and good planning. There isn't a single dish on her menu that has to be cooked or fussed over at the last minute. The meat and vegetables are started in plenty of time to be done without over-cooking, the dessert is made after lunch or breakfast and left to mold or freeze, as the case may be. The salad is simple, as is the cocktail or soup. The coffee percolates while you eat your dinner.

As we happen to know, that wife had no homemaking experience before she married. She didn't know much about cooking and serving, but she was determined to learn how to do both and to make good on her job as homemaker.

What she has done, you or any other wife can do, and this month we want to give you a few secrets besides hers which will make it easier for you to entertain in your own home, as you would like to. Remember this, a man's idea of a party is good food and plenty of it; well served, not too elaborately, and without too much bother. He can furnish the entertainment and the conversation, but it is distinctly "up to you" to provide the food and to serve it well.

Of course the every-day meals are just as important as the "company" ones, but you ought to be able to manage them all right, with a few helpful hints to guide you. We are taking it for granted that you can cook. If you can't, you had better learn how, for no matter how perfect the servants you may be able to obtain, there will come a time when they will fail you or take advantage of your ignorance.

If you can cook, meal-planning will probably be your greatest problem. Variety is necessary in meals if they are to be interesting for you to prepare and for your family to eat. Learn all the ways of cooking potatoes—that simple and often monotonous vegetable. Learn how to vary all the other everyday "protective" vegetables. Practice on the many different kinds of quick breads, yeast breads, meats, salads and desserts until you can make them perfectly. Don't, whatever you do, get into a rut!

Read good books on nutrition and meal-planning and learn the fundamental rules. The recipes in your favorite magazine are all based on these. But it isn't enough to use recipes.

We have said this to you before, and we would like to say it oftener than once a month—plan your menus ahead! Two or three days ahead, or a week or a month. Write [Turn to page 34]



MISS ELINOR PATTERSON is the beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, one of Chicago's most distinguished families. She is a great-granddaughter of the late Joseph Medill who established a tradition in American journalism that is ably carried on today by Mr. Patterson.

Miss Patterson who is also closely connected with the McCormick family, made a brilliant debut in Chicago society but after one season determined to realize her ambition to go on the stage. After a winter of training in a dramatic school she was offered the part of "The Nun," shown in the oval, in the famous Reinhardt-Gest spectacle, "THE MIRACLE," which has been touring the middle west, a part which she plays, as one dramatic critic said, "with a pervading haunting quality, eager with a spirit of unfulfilled youth."



MISS ELINOR PATTERSON daughter of Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON



DEBUT as gay as a burst of jazz! Teas, balls, the opera! Heavenly for a year, but like a perpetual diet of whipped cream! So after a season I turned to something more substantial—the theatre! You know what that means—just when one is slaving one's hardest one has to appear one's best! For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life and which must be kept clear and free from weariness, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

Elinor Patterson

ELINOR PATTERSON is an artist born. With a background of wealth, position and aristocratic family traditions, all the tendencies of her life have been to accent her beauty and feminine charm in a purely social way.

But with determination almost paradoxical in a body of such fragile and exquisite

tells how a doubly taxed skin can best be cared for

blonde beauty she turned her steps from the too easy path of social success and directed them to the often stony road that leads to stardom in the theatre.

After one short year of gruelling toil and study she was chosen by Morris Gest to play the part of "The Nun, Megildis" in the gorgeous pageant spectacle, "The Miracle." She plays it with soaring inspiration which marks the true dramatic gift.

But however far her art may carry her, Elinor Patterson will never be just an actress. Wherever she goes she is drawn into social life. Her charm and beauty and her family's prestige make this inevitable. So she has to be doubly prepared to appear before the world—the world which sees her across the footlights, the no less critical world which sees her on the ballroom floor.



THE TWO CREAMS the younger set is using

HER lovely skin with its rare petal texture, its flush of unfolding youth, its transparent delicacy, in spite of the double strain put upon it, must be kept in all its present perishable loveliness—imperishable!

Like many of the loveliest girls of Chicago's younger set, Miss Patterson believes this end can

be achieved by the following daily use of Pond's Two Creams:

For cleansing your delicate skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly. Do this before retiring and during the day whenever your skin needs cleansing, particularly after exposure to the weather, dust and soot. Leave it on a few moments. Wipe off with a soft cloth or tissue, repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, after the bedtime cleansing add more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it on until morning.

For a delicate, even finish, a firm powder base and a sure protection against dirt and the weather, use Pond's Vanishing Cream after every daytime cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth just a tiny bit of it over your skin. It gives you an even, smooth surface, a soft glowing tone and protects you so well when you go out. See, too, how smoothly and evenly your powder clings as you whisk it on, and how long it will last. Buy and use these Two famous Creams yourself.

Free Offer Mail this coupon for trial tubes of these Two famous Creams and folder of instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams and folder of instructions.

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City _____ State _____

What about Cancer?



THE SHAM MYSTIC

Scattered all over the country are cruel imposters who claim to have the ability to cure cancer.

The old Indian woman who pretends to heal by occult rites is less dangerous than the crooked institutions and individual practitioners who advertise that their secret knowledge and mysterious "treatments" will cure this dread disease.

THROUGH fear and ignorance cancer is sometimes spoken of furtively. Yet no more disgrace is attached to cancer than to appendicitis. Many are unwilling to admit they suspect cancer until necessity forces them to seek the truth. They wait too long—tragedy comes.

There is good news about cancer. In many instances it can be prevented and if treated in its early stages it can be eradicated. Sometimes it can be successfully removed, even when it has progressed beyond the early stages. It does not break out in another place when the removal is complete.

A cancer in the body is like a weed in a garden. It begins in one spot as a small growth. There is only one course to follow with cancer as there is with a weed—get rid of it immediately and *entirely*.

Not Hereditary— Not Contagious

Do not imagine that because someone in your family died of cancer, you are doomed. In some families the tendency toward cancer seems to be hereditary, but the disease itself is not.

Cancer is not contagious. To avoid those who are suffering from this disease, or to make them feel that they are dangerous to their friends, is as stupid as it is cruel. There is not a single authenticated record of any person having contracted the disease through association with a patient.

Be on the watch for the first signs of cancer. Do not neglect any strange growth. Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or

swellings or sores that refuse to heal. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size. If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Ill-fitting dental plates may cause cancer. Continued irritation of any part of the body is often the beginning of trouble.

The failure of internal organs to function normally, or an unusual discharge from any part of the body should at once receive thorough and skilful attention. Make certain whether or not the cause is cancer.

Above All—Act Promptly!

Remember this: Once it has begun to develop, Nature alone is helpless to stop the growth of cancer. But it may be removed by surgery or destroyed by X-rays or radium. Do not wait, thinking that the trouble will clear up. Do not wait for pain. In the early stages there is no pain. Time is a matter of life and death with cancer.

The greatest scientists of the world, though they have searched for years and are still searching, have not found a serum to prevent cancer or drugs to cure it. The great victories have come from surgery, X-rays or radium.

Spread the good news about cancer—how it can be recognized in its early stages—how to get rid of it. Help to save lives.

Cancer accounts for one-tenth of all deaths among adult persons of the United States. Almost as many people over 40 die of cancer as of pneumonia, tuberculosis and typhoid fever combined.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is vitally concerned in the appalling number of deaths from cancer. If—and when—cancer is successfully brought under control, the cost of life insurance will be reduced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is glad to cooperate with those

who are doing splendid work—helping to control cancer. By dealing openly and frankly with it, by learning to recognize first symptoms, by acting promptly when it is discovered and, most important, by having thorough physical examinations annually or oftener, the cancer death rate can be materially reduced.

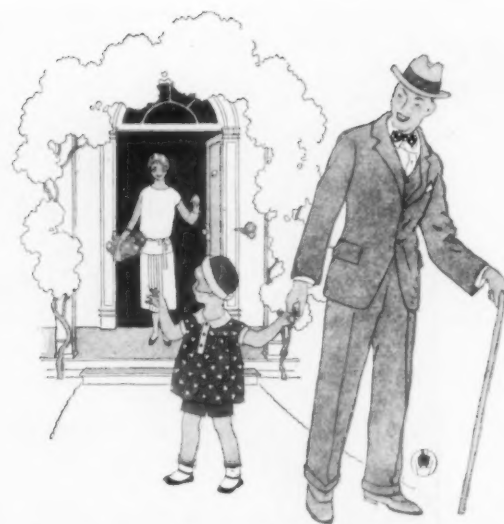
We shall be glad to mail to anyone interested, a leaflet on cancer entitled "A Message of Hope".

HALEY FISKE, President.

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



It is most important to make a right start in life and equally important to remain an efficient and happy member of society as long as one lives

EAT WISELY AND LIVE LONGER

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

E DUCATION is expensive and is gained often at great sacrifice of time and labor. Character requires many years of experience to mature and often costs more in mental suffering and in money than education does. Yet the common experience of mankind is that these treasures of education and character are used by the possessor and enjoyed by society for only a few years because many men and women lose their physical vigor at a comparatively early age and drop out of active life. There is no greater waste in the world than this loss due to the early incapacity and relatively short life of a large proportion of the adult population.

It is particularly a misfortune that the world loses so early the services of great men and women, which only they can render. Mankind would gain a great deal if their lives could be lengthened for a few years and their health preserved. Much can be accomplished if people will begin early enough.

If one is to live long, it is most important to make a right start in life; and it is equally important to remain an efficient and happy member of society as long as one lives. Either requires that the diet shall at all times be right. The infant must be protected against infections of the intestinal tract, to which he is especially susceptible and which may be caused by infected foods or by the wrong kinds of food. The man must cease to undermine his digestive functions by making mistakes in the selection of the food which he eats every day, thus clouding his whole outlook on life and making him grow old faster than is necessary.

There are two fundamental principles to be kept in mind in considering the relation between nutrition and long life. One is that the diet should contain those food elements which are necessary to repair damage done to the tissues of the body each day by its ordinary activities in carrying out the life processes. The other is that the food chosen should exert a hygienic influence on the digestive tract. If decomposing processes are allowed to go on in the intestines the blood will be polluted by the absorption of substances which are a physiological abomination and which damage health and shorten life.

In considering the first point—that of the essential qualities of the human diet

one must study the experiences of different peoples in various parts

of the world and at various times in history. We have been making such a study for about fifteen years and the results show unmistakably that certain dietary practices do more than others to promote long life.

Eating little is more conducive to health and long life than indulging one's appetite. We find the best health standards among those people whose food supply is not too abundant and varied, but rather simple and monotonous, as it is among the peasantry of European countries in normal times. Monotony of diet is entirely safe, provided the food is chemically complete. The matter of prime importance is that it shall consist of the right kinds of foods.

One of the best types of diet, as well as one of the simplest is that of the Bedouins of Arabia, which consists almost entirely of sour milk, curds and dates. Mutton is eaten once or twice a month. On this monotonous food-supply, which falls far short of satisfying the aesthetic sense of Americans, they not only live to a ripe old age in a surprising number of instances, but enjoy excellent health generally and are capable of the greatest exertion.

Certain classes of Chinese live on a diet which consists largely of whole wheat, a great abundance of leafy vegetables of several kinds, as well as tubers, soy beans, eggs and small quantities of such flesh foods as pork and poultry. Many Chinese laborers were brought to France during the great war and were found to be remarkable specimens of physical perfection. We now know that the success of their diet is due to the large quantities of the leafy vegetables which they eat.

People like the Eskimos who live almost exclusively on flesh foods may have a fairly good physical development and great capacity for work, but they do not have a long span of life.

Our studies and those of other food chemists show conclusively that the leafy vegetables such as cabbage, lettuce, spinach, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, turnip and beet tops, water-cress and others of the same families have extraordinary value in promoting and maintaining health and encouraging long life. If the right amounts of these are eaten with [Turn to page 104]

A Beautiful Skin is a Clean Skin

Here is a cream scientifically made for thorough cleansing



By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

THERE is one thing Nature will not tolerate—she will not tolerate neglect. Neglect her laws of health and she will turn against you; neglect her laws of beauty and she will visit you with ugliness and decay.

She will do to your skin, if you neglect to care for it, what she does to your neglected flowers—she will make it wither and grow old. And her first law is cleanliness.

You must keep your skin clean if you would keep it young and healthy, and beautiful. And you must keep it clean in its own special way. For your complexion requires more than a "good cold cream." It requires a cream made especially for cleansing—a cream that dissolves all the grime that clings to your skin and hides in the pores.

Pompeian Night Cream brings you an opportunity to have a perfectly clean skin, clear with a new, fresh cleanness, for it "gets at" dirt that you cannot even see. It will coax out the dirt from the pores and leave a healing trace of its own oils to soothe the dry skin.

Madame Jeannette's Night Cream Treatment

Before retiring, dip your fingers in a jar of smooth, cool Pompeian Night Cream. Spread it generously over face, neck and shoulders—and your arms and hands as well, if you want to keep them lovely. Rub gently, with a circular movement to loosen stubborn dirt. As the cleansing oils penetrate each pore they will soften and remove unseen dirt, leaving your skin with that exquisite translucency, which results from perfect cleansing.

Smooth the cream into the neglected little crevices around the eyes where dirt may lodge and wrinkles first begin to show. Rub it into your vexatious chin, rub it across the fretful lines of the forehead and into the wings of your nose. And don't forget the needs of your throat!

Always touch your skin with gentle finger tips to encourage its remaining smooth and unlined. Always use an "upward and outward" stroke to encourage the underlying muscles to remain firm and young.

Then, with a soft, clean cloth, gently wipe away the superfluous cream. Every stroke should be upward and outward, to encourage firmness and help overcome relaxed muscles. Follow this with cold water—or, better still, with ice. An ice rub is a tonic to your skin, after cleansing it with Pompeian Night Cream. It stimulates the circulation and acts as a slight astringent.

Finally, take a bit more Night Cream and cover the

skin just cleansed with a light film of it. Leave it on all night. While you sleep, the soothing oils of the cream keep your skin pliable, clean and healthy, nourishing it in a natural way and aiding Nature to create a more healthy and youthful-looking complexion.

Try this treatment every night for several weeks, following my instructions carefully, and watch the improvement in your complexion.

All drug stores and toilette counters have Pompeian Night Cream in 60c or \$1.00 jars—the \$1.00 jar holds almost three times as much cream. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW

How to really cleanse your skin?

How to combat blackheads and pimples?

How to keep tender skin smooth and soft?

How to prevent sunburn and windburn?

MADAME Jeannette's advice on these and many other beauty problems is contained in her booklet that comes with the 35c tube of Pompeian Night Cream for only 10c.



SPECIAL OFFER: Regular 35c tube of Cream for only 10c

READ THIS REMARKABLE OFFER OF MADAME JEANNETTE'S:

"DEAR READER: I want you to know the joy of the soft, smooth, youthful skin that Pompeian NIGHT Cream can give you.

"So I have persuaded The Pompeian Laboratories to send you, postpaid, a regular 35c tube of Pompeian NIGHT Cream for only 10c. "I know thousands of women will take advantage of this remarkable offer. A 35c tube of Pompeian NIGHT Cream for only 10c! As this offer must be withdrawn within a short time, do not delay sending for your 35c tube of Cream.

"Fill out the coupon now and send it with 10c to me. Then you will get the 35c tube of Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and also my booklet of beauty suggestions. Sincerely
Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

Positively only one 35c tube of Pompeian NIGHT Cream to a family on this special offer.

To Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories, 5001 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Madame Jeannette: In accordance with your Offer, I enclose 10c (a dime) for a 35c tube of Pompeian NIGHT Cream. Also send booklet of beauty suggestions.

Name

Street Address

City State

This coupon void after December 1, 1926



TEAR OFF AND SEND THE COUPON NOW!

Prevent this!



A Dreadful Result of Bad Teeth

The most dreaded disease of humanity—cancer of the mouth—can be the result of bad teeth. The American Society for the Control of Cancer charges tooth decay with being a principal cause of this fearful affliction.



"How I Found Out the Beauty Value of My Teeth"

"We were just talking—Tom and I—while waiting for the tea and things. I smiled my prettiest for him.

"Speaking of teeth," he said, which of course we weren't, 'yours are simply glorious.' 'Hush, silly!' I said, but he knew I didn't mean it . . . and he didn't hush. I could have told him I'd used Colgate's all my life. But I don't see why we should tell men our beauty secrets, do you?"

Beautiful teeth are just as important as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion as far as beauty is concerned. From the standpoint of health they are a thousand times more important. When teeth are kept scrupulously clean, the germs and poisons of decay can't lurk and breed around them.

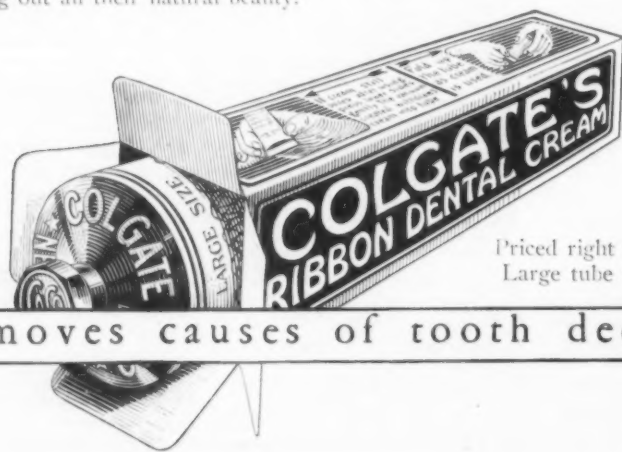
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty.

But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

Remove those Causes of Decay

Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay.

Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean. You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.



Priced right too!
Large tube 25c.

removes causes of tooth decay

HOSPITALITY and HUSBANDS

[Continued from page 30]

them down, date them, and keep them to use again. Before you know it you will have a complete and valuable file of them for every day and Sunday. Then you should make several emergency menus which you know will be good and that you can prepare quickly and well from ingredients and foods you can keep on hand. Time-Saving Cookery, a McCall service book, prepared right here in our laboratory-kitchen, will tell you exactly what foods you need to keep on your emergency-shelf.

The reason we are being so emphatic about emergency meals is just this—husbands like to bring home unexpected guests! It is dreadful but true that they never can see why you shouldn't be ready for them at any time! So be prepared, if you can. One good way to do this is to plan to have an especially good dinner one or two nights a week and encourage your husband to bring home his friends then. On these nights cook things you know you can do especially well. Here are two menus we have worked out for such dinners as this, and with a little practice you can prepare them easily.

DINNER MENUS

(1)
Cream of Celery Soup
Paprika Crackers
Baked Virginia Ham (served hot or cold)*
String Beans or Fresh Spinach
Potato Souffle
Lettuce or Watercress with French Dressing
Fruit Mousse*
Coffee

(2)
Hors d'oeuvre*
Planked Steak with Vegetables*
Jellied Fruit Salad Dinner Rolls
Chocolate Layer Cake
Coffee

At the end of this article you will find the recipes for the foods which have a star beside them. The others you can get from the McCall service books or any reliable cook book. If you have trouble in finding any of them, write to us and we will be glad to send them to you.

Another way to be prepared for the unexpected is to keep on hand certain kinds of canned or prepared foods which you can add to a dinner at a moment's notice and make it go far enough to feed an extra person or two. Here are two "home" dinners, such as you might serve almost any time, and our suggestions for ways in which you can extend them or make them full enough to serve extra guests.

HOME DINNER MENU NUMBER 1

Roast Beef with Brown Gravy
Baked Potatoes String Beans
Bread and Butter
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Fresh Berries or Fruit with Cream

To extend this dinner:

(1) Serve Cream of Tomato or Cream of Corn Soup, made from canned soup and milk or canned corn, with Paprika or Cheese Crackers, which are just plain salty crackers from your pantry supply, buttered lightly, sprinkled with paprika or grated cheese—also from your supply shelf—and browned in the oven.

(2) Serve another vegetable, as canned beets, sliced and buttered or canned asparagus, buttered.

(3) Make the potatoes "go farther" by splitting them in halves, removing the insides and mashing or beating them up with a beaten egg, salt, pepper and paprika. Put the filling back into the half-shells, sprinkle with paprika or grated cheese and brown slightly in the oven.

(4) Serve package cakes or cookies with the berries, or serve plain cake if you have time to make it.

(5) Serve coffee and mints or salted nuts.

HOME DINNER MENU NUMBER 2
Meat Loaf with Tomato Sauce
New Parsley Potatoes

Boiled New Cabbage
Fruit Salad
Chocolate Pudding

To extend this dinner:

(1) Serve the fruit as a cocktail for the first course instead of in salad, adding to it if necessary any cut-up canned fruit you may have on hand, as peaches, apricots, pears.

(2) Serve the meat loaf surrounded by buttered peas (canned), or boiled onions or add to the tomato sauce canned peas or canned mushrooms.

(3) Scallop the cabbage in a baking-dish, adding to it white sauce, bread crumbs, seasonings and grated cheese or layers of hard-cooked eggs.

(4) Serve a more hearty salad, as asparagus salad, made from canned asparagus from your emergency-shelf, garnished with fresh radishes or strips of canned pimiento and mayonnaise.

(5) Unmold the chocolate pudding and serve it cold with whipped cream or a custard sauce, sprinkled with chopped nuts, or serve it hot from the dish, having put marshmallows on top and browned them slightly in the oven.

(6) Serve coffee and mints or salted nuts.

If you are afraid to start your entertaining with a dinner, why not try a Sunday-night supper? There is nothing more informal or more enjoyable. You can invite many more people to a Sunday-night supper than you might be able to invite to dinner if your dining-table is small, for you don't need to seat them at table at such a supper. You can just arrange the dishes, silver, napkins and the food on the table, letting every one help himself. Small tables with covers on them can be placed about the dining-room or living-room, if you like and two or three people can gather about these, after they have served themselves.

Here are two menus for Sunday-night suppers and some recipes which we have worked out for them will be found at the end of the article.

SUNDAY-NIGHT SUPPERS

(1)
Chicken Salad* or Chicken a la King
Waffles or Hot Biscuits
Buttered Peas or Asparagus
Pickles Jelly or Jam
Pineapple or Strawberry Sponge*
Coffee

(2)
Jellied Tuna Fish* or Tuna Fish au Gratin
Cream Cheese and Apricot Sandwiches*
or Hot Rolls
Tomatoes Stuffed with Green Vegetables
or Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
Celery

Fresh Berries with Cream and Sponge Cake
or Deep-Dish Apple Pie with Hard Sauce

We planned these so you could serve the cold foods on hot days or hot foods on cool days. One thing always important to remember is that menus should be seasonable. No one relishes hot roast pork or roast turkey or hot mince pie or fruit cake on a hot summer day. Nor would one want iced melon or frozen salad or jellied bouillon on a cold day.

Luncheons are simpler than dinners, so perhaps you would like to try giving a luncheon for your friends before attempting a dinner. Here are two easy luncheon menus. The recipes follow later.

LUNCHEON NUMBER 1

Fruit Cocktail
Individual Chicken Pies*
Raisin or Date Muffins Celery and Olives
Hearts of Lettuce
Sponge Cake a la Mode (with ice cream)
Coffee

LUNCHEON NUMBER 2

Hot or Iced Bouillon
Crisp Crackers
Corn Muffins Ham Souffle
Buttered Carrots
Banana and Grapefruit Salad
with Whipped Cream Dressing
Coffee Mints
[Turn to page 37]



*With Lux you keep lovely silks—
chiffons—rayons ever beautiful*

Trim sports frocks of silk, flannel, rayon . . Myriad-tinted hosiery . . Exquisite underthings . .

*More beautiful this
year, more perishable.
The care you give
them is so important!*

FROCKS of silk and flannel for sports—of course! And now a new fabric—rayon—appears. This season the couturiers are using it in so many, many ways. Alone or skilfully combined with flannel, linen, cotton, even silk itself!

This season marks a new brilliance in color, too. Pastel shades are giving way to their brighter, bolder sisters—color is the keynote!

Nor is this predominance of color confined to costumes alone. All the lovely new underthings of silk, crepe de chine, rayon—hosiery, too—are exquisite, unusual in coloring—various enough to match each and every frock!

And oh! how much frailer everything is this year! You hesitate at first to purchase—then you remember Lux—and delightedly bear off the loveliest, most intriguing things of all!

For years Lux has faithfully guarded your fine things—your fragile silks and laces, your delicate woolens. You would not think of trusting them to other hands than your own, to anything but Lux! Its bubbling, foaming suds gently cleanse the most perishable fabrics, refresh the most delicate colors *without harm*. That is, of course, if pure water won't harm them!

And it's such a joy to use Lux, to



No matter how delicate, how exquisite your frocks, your filmy underthings—silk or rayon—if water alone won't harm them, Lux won't!

swirl your precious things about in those rich, brimming suds! Such a relief, too, to know they're quite safe from harm!

*Rayon—new, beautiful but fragile
when wet*

Nowadays you are finding more and more of your clothes—frocks, underthings, even hosiery—fashioned of lustrous rayon. In others rayon is mixed with silk—flannel—linen.

Rayon must always be handled with the greatest care. *Rubbing with cake soap may completely ruin it.* The safest way to wash rayon is in pure, mild Lux suds. Never wring, never twist it. Just dip it gently up and down in Lux as directions on the package tell you to.

*Monday's laundry so costly you treat it
like fine fabrics*

It's not surprising that more and more of your everyday things—now so costly—find their way each week into Lux suds. Lux works such wonders with them—lets you enjoy them so much longer. Almost before you are aware of it you're washing *all* of Monday's laundry in Lux!

As for your hands—how they welcome Lux for every washing task! Harsh soap burns and stings so painfully—Lux treats your hands as gently as the finest toilet soap. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*Now the Big Convenient
Package, too*



This beautiful Mohawk Seamless Axminster is Pattern No. 4541. Ask your local dealer to show it to you.

"Neath snow-clad Fuji there dwelt Asama, maid of Old Nippon. The simple peasants called her "The Princess who causes the Flowers of the Trees to blossom."

When drab Winter yields to Spring there is something of Asama in Every woman—she is "The Princess who causes the Joys of the Home to blossom!"

One of these delightful rugs will brighten up your home like a sudden shaft of sunshine in June. A Mohawk Seamless Axminster, while surprisingly low in price, is a token of the vigor of design and the rigid standards of quality that give real meaning to the phrase—"A Mohawk Masterpiece."



Karnaks — Aristocrat of American Wiltons. Deep piled chenilles. Axminsters of quality. Tapestries and velvets.

Rugs and Carpets

W. & J. Sloane, the distinguished Interior Decorators, will advise you, without charge, as to the proper floor covering for your own individual rooms. Write today for blank form for use in submitting your rug or carpet problem. Write Mohawk Dept., W. & J. Sloane, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MOHAWK RUGS

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, INC. *Amsterdam, N.Y.*

HOSPITALITY and HUSBANDS

[Continued from page 34]

Now, after we have given you these practical suggestions, which we hope you are going to be able to work out and enjoy, we want to give you two notes of warning. One is this—try always to have meals ready on time. Nothing so quickly wears out a man's patience as having to wait for his meals. And we say to him, *be on time for your meals!*

Our other admonition is this—however much you prize your prettiest dishes and silver and linen, don't save them for "company" meals only. Use them every day, or at least often enough to let your husband and family feel that they are your most honored guests. Have fresh flowers on the table whenever you can, and make an effort to keep the linen spotless. These are little courtesies which your family will appreciate and try to live up to!

RECIPES

BAKED VIRGINIA HAM

Wash the ham well with a brush and warm water, then put it into a deep pot and cover with cold water. Bring to the boiling point as quickly as possible. Pour off the water, cover again with fresh boiling water, bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer 2 to 3 hours or until tender when tested with a fork. Take from pot and remove the skin. Score the fat in squares with knife, cover it with brown sugar and stick a whole clove in each square. Put in roasting pan, fat side up, with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water. Brown in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN PIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound mushrooms 2 cups cooked peas
2 tablespoons short- 3 cups chicken stock
ening 4 tablespoons flour
3 cups cooked chicken, 1 teaspoon salt
cut in pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
1 cup cooked celery Pastry

Peel and slice mushrooms and sauté in shortening. Add to cooked chicken with celery and peas. Heat chicken stock and thicken with flour which has been rubbed to a smooth paste in a little cold water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add salt, pepper and chicken mixture. Put into individual baking-dishes. Cover each with a top crust of flaky pastry. Bake in quick oven (425°F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (325°F.) and cook 40 minutes longer. Canned mushrooms can be used instead of fresh, if desired, or they may be omitted and an extra half cup of peas used.

FRUIT MOUSSE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar 1 tablespoon gelatin
2 to 3 cups peaches, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
strawberries, or 1 pint cream,
other fresh fruit, whipped
crushed

Add sugar to crushed fruit and let stand 30 minutes. Soak gelatin in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatin to fruit, set in bowl of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in whipped cream and put mixture into covered mold which has been dipped in cold water. Put wax paper on top of mold then put on cover tightly. Pack in mixture of equal quantities of ice and salt, cover and let stand 4 hours. If ice melts pour off water and repack with equal parts ice and salt. Unmold when ready to serve.

HORS D'OEUVRE

An hors d'oeuvre is an assortment of several kinds of relishes which are served as a first course at luncheon or dinner. An attractive plate is made up of one or two small stalks of celery stuffed with Roquefort or other snappy cheese; one slice of fresh tomato on which is placed a half of a devilled egg; two or three olives; one or two small radishes cut in rose

shapes; and the whole plate garnished with a spray or two of water-cress or several tiny leaves of tender lettuce. Keep in ice-box until ready to serve. Place on the table before you seat your guests.

PLANKED STEAK WITH VEGETABLES

You will need a steak plank for this and a steak $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. Broil the steak on a very hot broiler over a quick fire ten or twelve minutes, turning several times. Heat steak plank slightly and grease well. Put steak on plank and have ready mashed potatoes. Put these around steak, through a pastry tube or with a spoon making hollow nests of potato in which you can put two or more other vegetables. Buttered peas, baked stuffed tomatoes, diced buttered carrots, cooked string beans, small fried or baked onions make a satisfying garnish for a steak. Brush over the potato, tomato and onions with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with a little milk or water to make it glaze and brown easily. Place in a hot oven (400°F.) and cook 6 to 8 minutes or until potatoes brown and steak is finished cooking. Serve at once, garnished with parsley.

CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups cooked chicken $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stuffed olives,
cut in small pieces cut in pieces
2 cups celery, cut $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet pickle,
in small pieces drained and chopped
1 cup cooked peas Mayonnaise
Capers

Mix together chicken, celery and peas and let stand in French dressing half an hour. Drain well and add olives, pickle and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Arrange in bowl or on a platter on crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with more mayonnaise, sprinkle with capers.

PINEAPPLE OR STRAWBERRY SPONGE

2 tablespoons gelatin 1 cup grated pineap-
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water ple or fresh straw-
1 cup boiling water berries, crushed
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar 3 egg whites
1 cup cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and grated pineapple or crushed strawberries and set aside in cool place until mixture begins to thicken, stirring occasionally. When quite thick, beat with wire whisk until frothy, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Pile by spoonfuls in sherbert glasses. Chill and serve with custard sauce.

JELLIED TUNA FISH

2 tablespoons gelatin 1 cup tuna fish, flaked
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 1 cup chopped celery
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise 1 cup chopped olives
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika pepper
1 tablespoon vinegar 3 tablespoons chopped
Few grains cayenne pimiento

Soak gelatin in cold water five minutes. Dissolve over hot water and add mayonnaise, salt, paprika, vinegar and cayenne. Mix together flaked tuna fish, celery, olives, green pepper and pimiento and add to mayonnaise mixture. Put into fancy mold which has been dipped in cold water and chill until firm. When ready to serve, unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise.

CREAM CHEESE AND APRICOT SANDWICHES

Mix together equal parts cream cheese and apricot pulp made by pressing through a sieve stewed or canned apricots which have been well drained. Add enough mayonnaise to make of good spreading consistency and finely chopped nuts, if desired. Spread between thin buttered slices of bread. Remove crusts and cut sandwiches in halves diagonally.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level

"EAGLE BRAND did wonders for her"



BERNICE WESTPHAL

3-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. Westphal
3945 Augusta St., Chicago, Ill.

A new baby—lack of proper nourishment—an anxious search for the right formula—and finally the discovery of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. This is the story Bernice Westphal's mother writes. An old story but always interesting to the mother faced with the problem of feeding a baby.

Bernice was just four weeks old when she had to be put on bottle feedings. "After trying several formulas," says Mrs. Westphal, "we found that Borden's Eagle Brand was just right for the baby. It did wonders for her. As you can see, she is the picture of health today."

If you are faced with any feeding problem, put your baby on Eagle Brand. It is the finest whole milk—with all its bone and body building proper-

ties and the essential vitamins intact—modified with refined sugar.

Eagle Brand is more nearly like breast milk than any other baby food—pure, nourishing, exceptionally digestible, and absolutely uniform. Easy to buy anywhere—simple to prepare.

Other mothers can tell you better about Eagle Brand than we can. Read some of their stories, and see their babies, in *What Other Mothers Say*, a new booklet that also contains feeding directions for babies up to 2 years. The coupon will bring you this—and *Baby's Welfare*, a booklet of practical suggestions on the general care of your baby, written by a physician. Both books are free. Send for them.

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Please send me my free copies of *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*.

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More than 1,500,000 women now enjoy the astonishing helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka. They have discovered new freedom from hateful cleaning drudgery—not only their rugs and carpets but mattresses, upholstered furniture, draperies, hangings, stair runners, etc., are kept immaculately clean—and they have gained countless extra hours for rest and recreation.

Until you have actually used the Grand Prize Eureka yourself and have seen the famous "high-vacuum" test that has amazed thousands, you cannot possibly realize the Eureka's wonderful helpfulness. Arrange to do this without delay.

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of Famous "High-Vacuum" Attachments with each Eureka purchased. (This offer may be withdrawn at any time.)

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The
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EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
It Gets the Dirt

(272)



Mrs. Blank surprised the League one day with several dishes cooked in her bake-pot over one gas-burner

NOW IS THE TIME FOR KITCHEN ADVENTURES

BY MAY B. VAN ARSDALE

Professor of Household Arts, and

DOROTHY E. SHANK

*Instructor Foods and Cookery, Teachers College
Columbia University*

IN spite of everything which may be said to the contrary, there are still many women who are intensely interested in homemaking and even in house-keeping. To be sure, they may have become dissatisfied with old-fashioned methods of doing things in this new-fashioned age. Men long ago brought their business up-to-date by installing modern machinery and efficiency methods, so no woman should be accused of losing her homemaking instincts just because she is rebelling against antiquated methods.

"The world is so full of a number of things," that a great many of these should be found in a modern kitchen. The wide-awake homemaker is interested in modernizing the business of housekeeping, at the same time preserving in all their beauty the spiritual aspects of homemaking.

It is women of this kind who make up the club known as the "Up-to-Date Kitchen League." They are regular household engineers and their kitchens are real workshops. Of course, they do not all find the same pieces of equipment equally practicable because their kitchens have to be equipped for different types of families. Each woman has to decide for herself just which of the many things on the market will add most to her comfort and convenience and which things will remain unused and therefore be nothing but a bother.

There are many households in the country today where so-called "labor-savers" have long since been relegated to the pantry or attic (if they have not been thrown into the junk pile!) because they proved to be labor-makers! It is also true that housewives get into the habit of using only one implement or doing a thing in one certain way. The mere changing of this habit of long-standing is such a nuisance that new ways and new means are often granted not even a practical trial.

One member of the League says she



simply cannot live without her kitchen thermometer. With it her frostings are always uniform and her fudge is just right—never too soft or too hard. She uses a thermometer too, for all her oven cooking because she does not have a stove with a heat-

controlled oven.

Mrs. Young feels she is a step in advance of the other members because she has a regulated oven and does not have to use a thermometer. This oven has at the side a small dial which has been marked off in degrees Fahrenheit, connected with a mechanism which controls the heating of the oven. In connection with the dial there is an adjustable indicator which can easily be moved to the figure representing the temperature desired.

Let us assume that Mrs. Young wants to bake a cake. The temperature will depend on the kind and size of cake. Suppose a temperature of 360 degrees is called for in the recipe. She moves the indicator to 360 on the dial, lights the oven and in a few minutes it will be exactly the right temperature for the proper baking of the cake. Just as soon as the oven reaches the temperature at which the dial has been set, the mechanism regulates the flow of gas in such a way that only enough can be burned to maintain the desired heat.

With such a stove any woman will find it possible to bake a cake while she is making the beds, feeling sure it will be done to a turn without watching it.

Electric ranges as well as gas stoves have automatic devices for regulating the supply of fuel and even for cutting off the fuel when a given temperature is reached. Some stoves have such well insulated ovens that they act as combination

ranges and fireless cookers. In this way the consumption of fuel is reduced to a minimum.

Portable ovens are of many types and are a great convenience on all kinds of stoves burning all [Turn to page 44]



Mrs. Young has a regulated oven

More color in your home with this new quick-drying finish

The Murphy Varnish people have developed a finish which makes it easy for you to do over old pieces of furniture in new colors. It is Murphy Brushing Lacquer. Anyone can apply it. It is simply flowed on from a full brush and smooths itself out into an even surface. It offers a wonderful range of attractive colors. Only one coat is necessary unless you want a higher gloss, and it dries so quickly you can use the furniture almost as soon as you are through, and there is no time for it to collect dust.

All the drudgery is taken out of this form of home decoration by the unusual qualities of Murphy Brushing Lacquer. This opens a great opportunity for you to have painted furniture in color, which is now the smart note in interior decoration.

We have devised a simple method to enable you to determine just what



color to paint each piece so as to get the best decorative effect, a color chart and color finder. The color finder automatically selects the right color to paint any piece of furniture to go in some particular room. A book tells you how to use the color finder and the color chart tells you just what color of Murphy Brushing Lacquer will produce a satisfactory color harmony. Get this book first. Decide on the color or colors you want before you buy the Lacquer. It is free. Mail the coupon or get it at the paint or hardware store where Murphy finishes are sold. It places you under no obligation, but when you have looked at it and seen how easy it is to make your old furniture over into new colors and improve the attractive appearance of your home, you will immediately want to try it with Murphy Brushing Lacquer.

"Abraham Lincoln once wrote to a young student, 'If you are resolutely determined to make a lawyer of yourself, the thing is half done already.' Resolutely determined! Doesn't that apply to making goods as well? I believe that half the success of Murphy Varnish Company is due to its resolute determination to make good varnish."

Murphy BRUSHING Lacquer



MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY NEWARK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

TO THE PROFESSIONAL PAINTER

Murphy Brushing Lacquer is fine for interior woodwork. Its quick drying quality lets a man complete a job in one trip. Your customer can move in and start using the refinished room within an hour or two after the painter leaves.

You will be particularly interested in Murphy Brushing Lacquer White Undercoating, a quick drying, quick covering undercoating for use under white, gray, or ivory.

Write us for full information.

Murphy Varnish Company • Newark, N. J.

Please send me your free Murphy Color Book which shows how to secure exactly the right color to fit into the existing furnishings of my home.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DEALER'S NAME _____

Who isn't lazy— about some things?

SIT back and watch yourself pass by some evening when you're in a reflective mood.

Check over some of your habits.

If you're a member in good standing of the human race, and honest with yourself, you'll have to admit that you're careless—lazy—about many of the little things of life. Most of us are.

And these often include the small important things.

Take tooth brushing for example—this most important job is often neglected by many of us.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest* way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* ap-

plies to practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

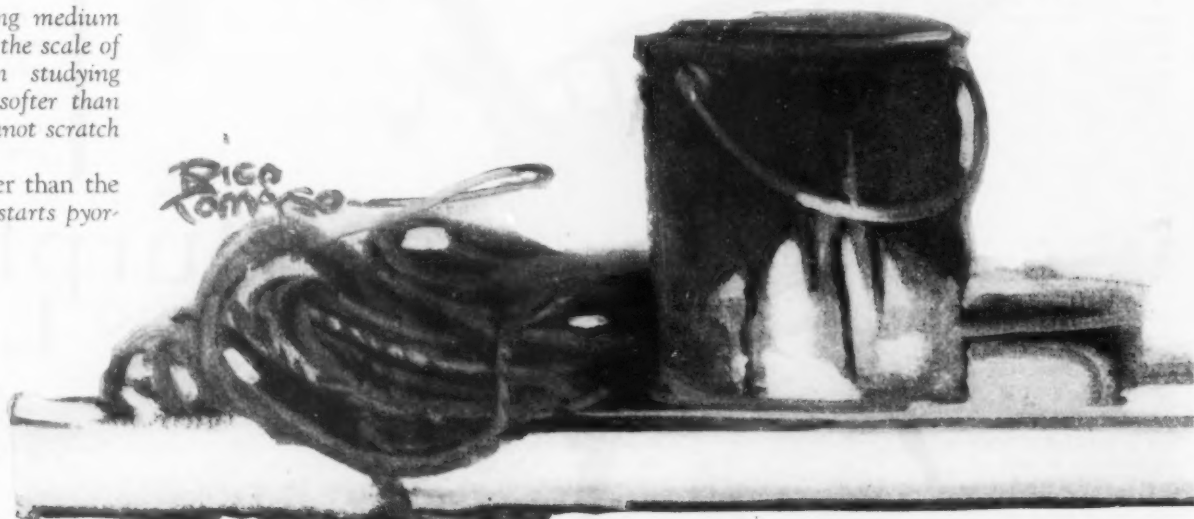
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*The specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.

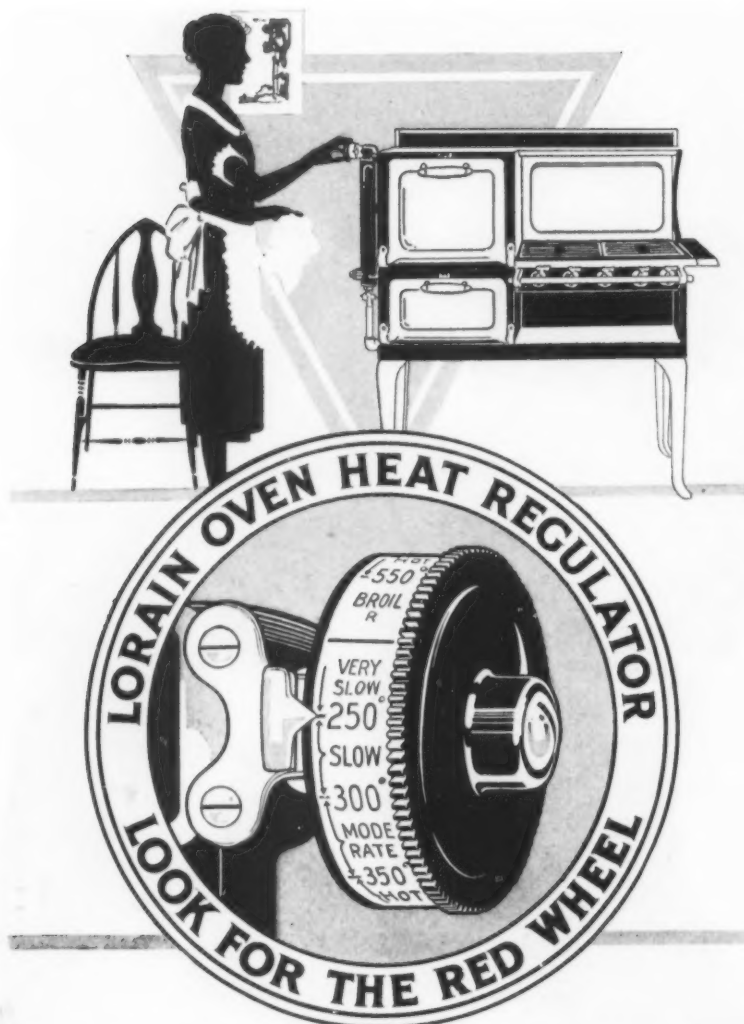


LISTERINE



“—for lazy people”

TOOTH · PASTE
- - - *easy to use*



Cooking Experts Everywhere Endorse Red Wheel Gas Ranges

THE art of good cooking is taught and demonstrated in more than one thousand seven hundred schools and universities with the aid of Gas Ranges equipped with the Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Lorain-equipped gas ranges also are used in the test kitchens of the nation's leading food manufacturers, in the kitchens of churches, in clubs, in hospitals, and in thousands upon thousands of apartments and private homes.

Lorain is the *Original* Oven Heat Regulator, invented in the laboratories of American Stove Company and made and sold only by them for more than eleven years. In order to obtain the *Original* Lorain (Red Wheel) Regulator you must buy a *Direct Action, Clark Jewel, New Process, Quick Meal, Dangler or Reliable* Gas Range. They are sold by Gas Companies and good Dealers everywhere.

Insist on one of these famous makes. And—look for the (Red Wheel) Regulator. It is unconditionally guaranteed. Therefore, accept no substitute.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

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☐ Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart.

☐ Enclosed find 50c in _____ for copy of 128-page, Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes. Note: Check which you wish and Print name and address plainly.

Name _____ Street _____

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McC.—6-26

THE DEAR LITTLE THING

[Continued from page 6]

boiled into her arms. "Perhaps I'm a trifle mad, as they say of Vivie. No one understands all the things I've whispered to you, do they? Things I never thought of telling Bill. But you are going to sleep." Her mouth set in a surprisingly firm line. "Way down at the bottom of the trunk—where I told Vivie you had been."

She would be firm in her decision. But she would not refuse to marry Bill until she had sold him her land at a low price. And she would comfort herself by believing that she had done the bravest thing of "her dear little life." "But will I do it?" she asked herself in a whisper.

YOU look particularly charming," Bill began, leading Judy to a secluded table at the athletic club. "What is it all about? New hat?"

"I've decided what I shall do," she announced quickly, as if she might forget it. "I'm going to sell you the pasture land but not at your price. You offer too much because you're such a he-thing that you hate having to do business with any woman. Be reasonable, Bill; no one but you considers the land worth its taxes. Judge Hartzell says so. And he's such an old family friend," flushing as she spoke. She knew that Bill was thinking of Russ Hartzell—and his friendship!

"My dear, the judge and his wife are positively archaic," she digressed nervously. "I believe they think Patti is still singing 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Russell and Enid, children of Indian summer, certainly can get away with murder. As for the judge, Russ says his father is so contrary minded that in the legends of the Christian martyrs, he would have sided with the lions—"

As a matter of record, Russ had never thought of putting the matter in quite that light. But it was easy to pretend that he had said it and then quote him. It made Bill laugh! Moreover, Judy's resolutions failed her as she talked. She found herself wanting to give Bill the pasture land—and marry him! Bill was so dependable; wasn't he reliable enough for both? Wouldn't he laugh at her fears, if only she had the courage to tell him? Didn't Bill tell her how he praised things when he did not wish to and went places when he would have preferred not going? No one ever said that "Bill Dudley was a splendid chap but—"

That "but" rose before her like a psychic gibbet upon which hung her future happiness. What was the subtle difference between Bill's business tactics and her "luck"? She refused to answer just now.

"Are you sure Hartzell is such a friend?" Bill insisted.

"Of course. Besides, he is a cantankerous old dear—at the stage where he writes letters to the editors. I can't take him seriously or do anything he says."

"I wish you felt the same way about his son."

"Oh, Russ is just Enid's brother and I like Enid—in spots."

"Never mind either of them," proposed Bill briskly. "May I say something, darling? I don't like your playing with the Hartzell set. I can't keep up their pace in any way. I understand how it has come about—old friends—family—and so on and they buy your Passionettes and divinity fudge but—hang it," with emphatic decision, "we'll end all that in June. I'm where I can see ahead, if you'll see with me. I'll make your pasture land into a blooming suburb and you're to look at house plans with me tonight. Oh, I know the real Judy, never fear. If I thought that you liked that kind of life and wanted Russ and his money, I'd clear so quickly you'd never hear of me again."

Judy tried to share his enthusiasm. "But you've idealized me," she protested, her voice sounding faint and far away.

"I know my mind—and, yours," his mouth curling upwards in that unexpected grin. "You don't like that club of yours—what's the name?"

"The Wild Bores. No, of course not. Only I was a charter member and I've just gone on with it. I prefer your sort of thing—gardening and booky evenings and just ourselves," she mumbled quickly.

"I understand. And we're all set—or

was there something else you wanted to say?"

"Only that you may have the pasture land," she faltered. Thank heaven, she had caught sight of Dinky Burroughs' tweed clad self, indulging in a solitary after luncheon cigarette. She sent a waiter for her and told Bill that Dinky must have seen them; she would think it strange if they did not make overtures.

"June—and we look at house plans tonight."

"June—and you may have the pasture land," promised Judy.

Dinky proved a welcome tertium quid. She began on her pet aversion—Violette Pierce. Had Judy read her drivel about last night's play?

"It is weird," Judy agreed, "what a goodlooking hat, Dinky. I wish more of us were sensible and wore them untrimmed. Everyone is sorry for Violette; personally, I cannot agree with her. I cannot enthuse over occultism and her fanatical ideas about being humane to animals."

At two, Bill broke up the dialogue. "We can begin advertising the Stanley tract," he told Dinky. "Don't you like the name? Judy is going to sell."

"Good work," Dinky extended a plautonic hand.

"I'll take Judy home and come back to talk it over. Why not ask me for dinner tonight?" asked Bill, as he escorted her towards his car.

"Oh, Bill, the Wild Bores meet tonight at the Hartzell's. Make it tomorrow—and telephone me at noon."

"I feel there's a flaw in the title," he said with humorous grievance. "Why not let me call for you?"

"We always go home in squads—and it's only three blocks. Make it tomorrow, Bill—and I love you."

"Tomorrow, Judy—and I love you."

JUDGE HARTZELL was bald both of head and soul. His two passions in life were money and his son Russell. Likewise, his son had two passions—himself and to marry Judy. His father approved of the first and was indifferent as to the second. His interest in Judy was in getting her to see "what was the best for her"—his stock-in-trade phrase whenever he was about to put over another deal. Judy had but one thing Judge Hartzell coveted—some fifteen acres of land just outside the city limits.

Before the weekly meeting of the Wild Bores, that gathering of the younger set, he summoned Judy into his black walnut and red morocco leather study and began:

"I have always tried to do what was best for you and the moment is at hand to help you be rid of that waste land. I have a client who can use it—probably for industrial reasons—and rather than have the deal hang fire, I will buy it outright and re-sell. Well—how does my little swindle appeal to you?"

"As if anyone could think that of you—even in a joke," Judy said simply, sinking into an arm chair.

"Very sweet of you, my dear. Then you realize that you are paying taxes on a white elephant?" peering at her over his spectacles. "Your grandfather left you in my charge and I have always tried—"

For a half hour, Judy was reminded of her indebtedness to Judge Hartzell. She was writhing mentally when he paused, waiting for the consenting word. There was Bill with his brave plans for a suburb. Bill, who with Dinky, had commandeered every dollar possible in order to pay her many times what this worthless bog was worth. Was not the Judge right—even if he was Russ' father? Would she not be doing Bill a kindness to save him from financial disaster?

"But I don't want charity," she said faintly.

"Charity is something from which no one is safe," bantered the Judge. "Come, Judy, you want to be rid of that land; I am prepared to give you a hundred dollars an acre—yes, I am."

And Bill insisted that she accept a thousand! She must save him from such folly—and marry him besides.

"Of course, you may [Turn to page 48]

Thoughts as Care-free As the Gay, Sheer Frock You Wear!

—both under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

TO END the uncertainty of old ways, to enable you to live every day unhandicapped, *regardless of hygienic problems*, is the object of this new way which is changing the hygienic habits of the world.

The trying situations of yesterday become the incidents of today. You wear your sheerest frocks, your gayest gowns; you meet the social exactments of every day without a moment's doubt.

Do you wonder, then, that 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life now employ it? It will make a great difference in your life. *It is basically different from any other way you have ever known.*

Three new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad is deodorized by a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit to health. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Learn this new comfort that millions of other women know. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

This remarkable *NEW* way of solving women's oldest hygienic problem supplants insecurity with true protection, offering 2 advantages unknown before, plus easy disposal



1 No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Easy Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



2 Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



3 Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



This summer are you going to get the rest & recreation you need?

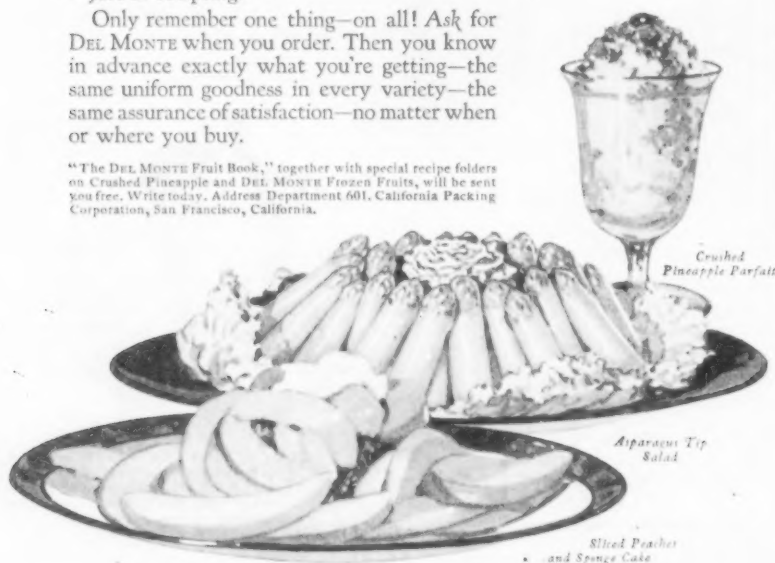
Why not get more hours of glorious freedom in the open air—away from the drudgery of a hot kitchen? You owe them to yourself.

You can have them, too—and still serve the same tempting, economical meals—if you just use DEL MONTE more often as your kitchen helper.

DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips, for instance, are always delightful in easy summer salads. Sliced Peaches, simply added to ice cream or cake, make ready, appetizing treats. Crushed Pineapple—in salads, fruit cups or drinks—affords a whole list of cooling, summer dainties. Other DEL MONTE Foods are just as convenient—just as tempting.

Only remember one thing—on all! Ask for DEL MONTE when you order. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction—no matter when or where you buy.

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," together with special recipe folders on Crushed Pineapple and DEL MONTE Frozen Fruits, will be sent you free. Write today. Address Department 601, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Just be sure you say
DEL MONTE



NOW IS THE TIME FOR KITCHEN ADVENTURES

[Continued from page 38]

varieties of fuel. They can be used on the top, sometimes over a single burner, as in the case of the "bake-pot." Mrs. Blank, who has only a kitchenette and must plan to utilize every inch of space effectually, surprised the League one day with several dishes cooked in her bake-pot over one gas-burner. Her friends were expecting only a delicatessen meal but she served quite an elaborate, home-cooked meal, including scalloped oysters and baked potatoes.

Another League member finds her fireless cooker to be her greatest friend. No matter how busy the day, she can put her meal into the "fireless" and while it is cooking she can do the thousand and one things which claim a housekeeper's attention. She usually has a "fireless meal" at least twice a week, on wash day and club-meeting day.

On such days she plans to have something like a stew, a pot roast, a fowl or baked beans, all of which require long cooking. Short cookery processes can be accomplished in the fireless cooker but the advantages are not so obvious as when it is used over a long period of time. It is interesting to demonstrate that bread can be baked brown and sponge cake done to a proper turn in the fireless cooker but its real advantage lies in the fact that a little fuel goes a long way in a cookery process which must spread over many hours.

The fireless cooker is just as good for freezing as it is for cooking, because, like a vacuum bottle, it keeps hot things hot and cold things cold. Some homemakers will find it a great advantage to freeze a mousse or a parfait in it for an afternoon party. The dessert can be prepared immediately after lunch, put into a covered mold and placed in the refrigerator. Just before the guests arrive the mold can be put into the fireless cooker pail containing ice and salt in the proportion of 4 parts ice to 1 part salt. When it is time for refreshments, 3 or 4 hours later, the mousse or parfait will be ready to serve.

The members of the League have had quite a discussion as to whether the long



This League member has unbounded enthusiasm for her electrical mixer

tough fowl to the slower cooking in the oven or fireless cooker.

One of the newest members of the League has an electrical mixer. It is just a small edition of the kind used in a restaurant kitchen, where every minute of time and every ounce of energy counts for so much. All sorts of "whips" and beaters come with this machine. There is a beater for whipping cream or eggs, one for mixing

cake and one for bread and still another for cutting the fat into flour in making pastry. The machine operates at three different rates of speed so it is possible to mix ingredients rapidly or slowly as the preparation of the food demands. There is a special attachment for slicing vegetables and another for chopping ice. There is also a special pan or jacket in which ice or hot water may be placed. This surrounds a mixing-bowl and keeps the food in it either cold or hot as may be necessary.

One of the greatest delights which such a mixer affords is the turning of the ice-cream freezer. A small indicator attached to the top of the freezer actually shows when the cream is frozen. When one thinks of the multiplicity of demands which may be made on this piece of equipment it is no wonder that this League member has unbounded enthusiasm for her latest kitchen device.

The women of the Up-to-Date Kitchen League are learning how to translate housework into "labor which satisfieth," because they are transforming what used to be drudgery into real Kitchen Adventures. Whether you are just starting in as a homemaker, or whether you are a veteran, now is the time for your kitchen adventures to begin.

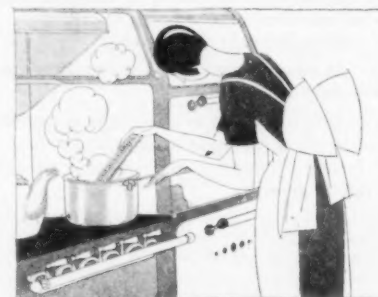
As the days get warmer and the family meals become more informal, it gives a "picnicky" atmosphere to cook the breakfast at the table. The numerous electric and alcohol devices available make this a real pleasure. In the summer, some members of the family like to get up early to go gardening. It is a simple task for both the early and the late comers to get their own breakfasts. It is jolly to hear the coffee percolating when one comes into the dining-room and it is no trouble to make one's own toast and boil the eggs if the proper equipment is at hand. If one of the more energetic early risers has prepared a waffle batter, every one can profit by it and bake his own waffles with the electric waffle iron.

Sunday night supper out of doors is attractive if one can have at least one warm "dish" and perhaps a hot beverage. The chafing dish is excellent not only for preparing the food but because it also acts as a water-bath or a double-boiler for keeping it hot. A casserole dish may be kept hot by putting it over the water in the chafing-dish. This varies the monotony of every-day cooking and serving when it is too warm to eat indoors, and makes the meal an event rather than drudgery.



Another member finds her fireless cooker to be her greatest friend

slow cooking in the fireless cooker produces a better flavor in meats, for instance, than that obtained by cooking them at a high temperature for a short time, as in the pressure cooker. In the pressure cooker it is possible to raise the boiling point of water above 212 degrees by increasing the pressure in the vessel which is clamped so tightly the steam cannot escape. In this way cooking can be done in a shorter time because of the higher temperature. Some busy women prefer this increased temperature and rapid cooking for a



With her kitchen thermometer, this member's frosting is always just right

Know the thrill of success in *all* your baking!

*Now—the Gold Medal “Kitchen-test” guarantees you
a flour that always acts the same perfect way
in your oven*



To go with sumptuous
summer salads

Gold Medal Cheese Straws—One of the many delicious recipes constantly being created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. “Kitchen-tested” recipes with “Kitchen-tested” flour—perfect results every time you bake! Send for these unusual recipes. Read our special offer.

HALF your baking success depends upon the way the flour acts in your oven.

Although the quality of a brand of flour may be excellent—although it may never vary chemically—yet, only too often, it may act differently in your oven.

Hence so many seemingly mysterious baking failures.

But now this evil is ended. In the only *sure* way. By the Gold Medal “Kitchen-test”!

In our own kitchen we make trial bakes with samples of each batch of Gold Medal Flour—before any of it goes to you.

That is why Gold Medal Flour saves you from costly experimenting every time you bake.

How “Kitchen-test” ends baking failures

Each day the Gold Medal Kitchen bakes with samples from each batch

of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before.—fine pastries, cakes, everything. If a sample does not bake exactly right—then that batch of flour is never allowed to reach you.

Each sample must bake the same perfect way as all the others.

This unique “Kitchen-test” eliminates half the cause of all baking failures.

It makes the most difficult recipe delightfully easy. Now—the thrill of success in all your baking can be yours!

Guarantee to you

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniformly good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer.

He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him.

So make this trial. Order a sack from your grocer today.



Why Not Now?

Special Offer— “Kitchen-tested” Recipes

As we test the flour in our kitchen, we also create and test delightful new recipes. We have printed all “Kitchen-tested” recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes.

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Check coupon for whichever you desire.

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Gold Medal Flour
Home Service Dept.
Dept. 157, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find 70 cents for your Gold Medal Home Service box of “Kitchen-tested” recipes. (It is understood I receive free all new recipes as they are printed.)

☐ Enclosed find 10 cents for selected samples of “Kitchen-tested” recipes.

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Address.....
City..... State.....



GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—Kitchen-tested

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also



cooking talks for women every Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 10:45 a. m., by Betty Crocker, Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.

“Service to the Northwest”

Copyright, 1926 Washburn Crosby Co.



Those Charming Forties

are but the natural reward of youth safeguarded, as thousands will tell you, in this simple way

YOUTHFUL charm lost is the supreme tragedy in a woman's life. For once lost, it rarely is regained. But youth retained, as experts know and urge, is quite a different matter. That *can* be done and *is being done* by women everywhere today. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. What comes in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

YOUTH at forty means caution at twenty, *extreme* care through the thirties...and rigid avoidance of untried ways every day of one's life.

Thus modern beauty culture turns now to natural means, and frowns on the artificial and often dangerous ways of yesterday.

The scientific skin care of today starts with the proved doctrine of pores kept open, of the skin cleansed daily with the balmy lather of Palmolive.

It is a simple method, but *certain* in results, and what it is bringing to millions, it will bring to you.

This is the method. Follow it, please, for one week... note the difference then

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with

warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



Have you, Miss Bride-to-be, included in your hope-chest real helps in your home-making?

MAKE YOUR HOPE-CHEST A HELP-CHEST

BY LUCY A. STUDLEY

Assistant Professor, Home Management Section, University of Minnesota



WHAT shall the bride-to-be put in her hope-chest—besides her hopes and happy dreams? Why shouldn't she fill it with useful articles which will be a real help in her homemaking instead of with the dozens or "sets" of personal and household goods—often impractical—which usually fill such a "homemaking box?"

Real homemaking experience is always the best teacher in the selection of equipment for the home, and since the needs of each home are different, I have found that arbitrary lists of equipment which do not take the individual homemaker into consideration have very limited use. I have asked dozens of homemakers to tell me their experiences with their first household equipment—how it met their needs or failed to meet them—and what a varied picture they gave! What enlightening information for new homemakers!

From their experiences I found that many of the usual things they had collected in their hope-chests only served to clutter up the new home, to overtax storage-space and to require extra energy to keep them dusted or orderly as the case might be. Their experiences showed, too, that there are many useful articles which aren't usually included but which every bride-to-be will do well to consider in her selection for her hope-chest.

Many of these she can secure at little or no cost. Fortunately, the value of an article is not always measured in terms of dollars and cents. I know new homemakers who wouldn't give up their collections of soft old cloths and pieces of linen for any money! This is not because of their intrinsic or sentiment value, but because they have proved invaluable in their actual housekeeping.

This is only one example of valuable inexpensive equipment which comes from various sources. Some come from Mother's scrap-bag, some out of Mother's or a friend's cook-books. Some are the result of the bride-to-be's discussions with the man she is to marry. The balance may come from the department store, the hardware store, or almost any other kind of store!

Here is a typical list of such equipment, chosen from the things which other homemakers have found invaluable. Have you, Miss Bride-to-be, included them in your hope-chest?

Equipment for the Kitchen

1. Well-tested recipes, with yourself as one of the testers.
2. Odd dishes or sets of dishes to use for putting away food.
3. One or more standard measuring cups.

4. Measuring spoons.
5. Tin and glass containers for food supplies. These may be coffee or other cans, tin cracker-boxes, which you can paint and enamel yourself, screw-top glass jars, and so forth.

6. Holders for hot pots and pans, thick enough to protect your hands, yet washable and with rings attached so they can be hung on a convenient hook.

7. Salt or sugar or small flour-sacks, boiled white, hemmed and with a draw-string, which will hold lettuce and other vegetables in the refrigerator.

Equipment for the Laundry

1. Material for padding an ironing-board. (A piece of old blanket, cut the right size and neatly bound on the edges is splendid for this.)
2. Ironing-board covers, made from the good portions of old sheets, hemmed and with tapes attached to the edges.
3. Dark cloth to use on the ironing-board when pressing colored woolen goods.
4. A sleeve-board, padded.
5. A bag for clothes-pins.

Equipment for Cleaning

1. Pieces of old cloth or new cloths for dusting, cleaning, polishing and so forth.
2. Towels for kitchen and bathroom, selected for greatest ease in laundering, rather than for appearance. Fastness of color and design should be considered, for no embroidery is preferable to that which soon loses its first attractiveness.
3. Bag for broom, made of cotton-flannel or other material.
4. Bags for holding cleaning cloths when not in use.

Equipment for the Dining-Room

1. Individual linen place-covers for the dining-table, rather than large cloths, since they are more easily laundered. Sizes 18 inches by 11½ inches or 19 inches by 12 inches are most satisfactory. The size you choose will depend on the size of the plates you are to have and the size of your table.
2. Oilcloth sets for the table, where the laundry problem makes them more practical than linen.
2. China selected for definite use:
 - a. A certain number of pieces rather than a set. A variety of designs used together may give a more pleasing and interesting result than china of one design.

[Turn to page 104]

You can give your laundry-things a real purity of cleanliness



Clothes look cleaner, smell cleaner—they actually *are* cleaner when Borax is used in the washing water. Learn why.

"AN angry woman makes a white washing", is a saying from the old country. But the Borax way is so much easier and pleasanter.

For Borax softens the water by counteracting the elements in it which tend to prevent the soap from readily making rich suds. And clothes washed in Borax-softened water come out clean. They can be easily rinsed and ironed. You need not worry about colored fabrics, for Borax can not fade colors.

Borax is also a deodorant—it makes the clothes absolutely sanitary by removing all odors.

Borax is harmless to both hands and fabrics—no matter what quantity is used. In fact Borax is actually *beneficial* to the skin because it counteracts the roughening effects of laundry soap.

Remember, Borax is not a substitute for soap. Use it with soap—to increase the effectiveness of the soap. A tablespoonful of Borax to a gallon of water is sufficient—unless the water is very hard.

Use Borax in your dishwashing and for cleansing pots, pans and

kettles. Closets, cupboards and ice boxes are made sweet and clean when washed in Borax water. To keep drains sanitary flush with strong hot solution of Borax water at least once a week. Borax cleans porcelain and enamel without injury. Simply sprinkle Borax on a damp cloth and wipe them.

Borax is truly the magic product for all washing and cleaning work in the home. It has scores of practical and helpful uses which you can learn by sending for our booklet, "The Magic Crystal." Use the coupon.

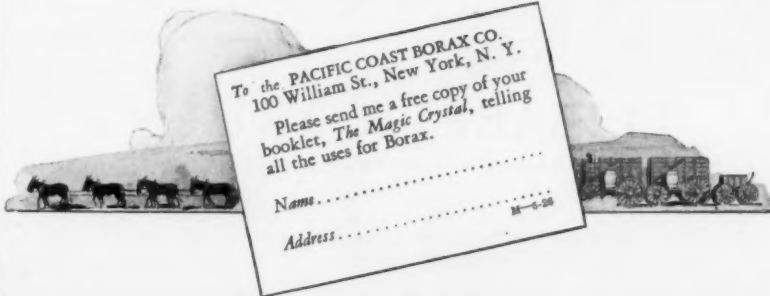
Twenty Mule Team Borax is on sale at all grocery, drug and department stores. Directions for its use are on the package.

If for certain reasons you prefer Borax and soap combined in one product you can secure this combination in Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. They are especially recommended for laundering and dishwashing whether done by hand or by washing machine; and are equally satisfactory for general household use. Write us if your grocer doesn't carry them.

Twenty mule team BORAX

To the PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
100 William St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, telling all the uses for Borax.

Name.....
Address.....





Toilet Preparations are not magical—

THEY WON'T TRANSFORM YOUR SKIN OVERNIGHT

But if they dissolve and dislodge the dust in the pores, so that the pores can function properly—if they are absorbed by the skin and fill and lubricate the cells—if they stimulate circulation so that the skin is purified and nourished by the blood stream—then your skin will be clear, fine and smooth

THAT is the basis of the Elizabeth Arden method. It aims simply to cooperate with nature in restoring the creamy smoothness, the elastic firmness, of a naturally healthy skin.

Every Treatment in the Elizabeth Arden Salon begins with *Venetian Cleansing Cream*. This light fluffy cream melts down into the depths of the pores, and removes all those impurities which cause blackheads and coarseness.

Then brisk patting—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* or *Special Astringent*—

arouses the tissues of the face and neck, lifts and firms them, so that they cannot fall into a square flabby contour. Awakened by this stimulus, the skin cells absorb eagerly the nourishment of *Venetian Orange Skin Food*. The delicate oils fill the cells and round them out, so that wrinkles and lines disappear.

Follow this same method in the care of your skin at home. A few minutes' care each morning and night will accomplish wonderful results for you.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S *Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes* are on sale at smart shops everywhere

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Removes all impurities from the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and clarifies the skin. 85c, \$2, \$3.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin, lined or aging face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. Restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2.50.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, smooths the contour. \$2.25, \$4.

Poudre d'Illusion. Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *Minerva*, *White*—and *Banana*, a new shade. \$3.

Venetian June Geranium Soap. Finest imported bath soap, leaves the skin soft and white. 50c a cake. \$3 a box of 6.

Savon Kenott. Tooth Paste, cleansing, refreshing, remedial. In box, 75c. In tube, 60c.

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St. LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix BOSTON: 24 Newbury St. ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta DETROIT: 318 Book Building SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St.

© Elizabeth Arden, 1926

THE DEAR LITTLE THING

[Continued from page 42]

sell it for me," she heard herself saying. "Sensible child," shaking his head as if repenting of his generosity. "After your club has met, run up and sign the papers."

Judy went below and, with Enid, threw open the cavernous drawing rooms where Russ was manufacturing Turkish blood from his father's private stock of ale and champagne.

As Judy escaped Russ's affectionate arm, she asked what she was expected to do to contribute to the evening's mirth.

"I suppose sing 'The Tattooed Girl,'" half proposed Enid. "It is an old favorite—like your gown."

"I say, Russ, did you hear that one?" Judy demanded.

"Who cares for Enid either here or hereafter?" Russ sampled the Turkish blood. "What did the governor want?"

"Some business thing—nothing consequential."

Repeated rings at the door and the spoofing of the Hartzell butler told them that the Wild Bores were arriving.

THE Turkish blood circulated famously. The Wild Bores were in active session. Judy sat back, Russ at her side, wondering if, at last, he had made an impression. Upstairs in his well groomed study, the Judge was drawing up a land deed; Bill was at home studying plans for a Dutch colonial house. Judy struggled to convince herself that perhaps these giggling things were her friends, that her future was involved with them. But it did not alter her reversed decision to marry Bill.

"The Tattooed Girl," they demanded. "What's the matter with Judy? Won't Russ play Punch? Come on, start playing, Enid—stand her on the table, Russ—there we are—"

As Enid sounded the opening chords and Russ managed to deposit her on a table, Judy wondered why she wasted time with these people? Why did she obediently carol:

"... up and down her spine,
were the horse guards all in line ..."

They laughed as aimlessly as they would laugh were she to stop singing and say: "I don't want to play around with you any more. I'm going to marry Bill Dudley in June."

She paused, pretending to cough. Enid seized the opportunity to play a fox trot. One by one, the Wild Bores sought partners while Judy and Russ found themselves in the hall outside.

"I must see your dad," she explained feverishly. "You may take me home if you'll not tell them. There's a moon tonight, even if it is February," with an inviting tilt of her head.

"What made you cut your song?" Russ demanded.

"I'm tired of the Wild Bores, aren't you?"

"I come because you do. Ever know a fellow that liked his sister's parties?"

"You ought to stop wasting your time," she said aimlessly.

"Do you call taking you home a waste of time? Oh, I forgot, you're engaged to Bill Dudley," Russ sulked. "He trusts you, doesn't he?" Russ's small, closely set eyes blinked maliciously. "I know you, Judy; Bill merely loves you. I don't mind how much you lie," pausing to enjoy this moment of brutal satisfaction.

"Other girls don't lie as you do," he was puzzled to define Judy's particular brand of sin. "Enid lies to get things or get out of things. But you go about saying, 'Yes, yes' like a wound-up doll. Self righteous old Bill will have to find this out."

"Don't speak of him like that," Judy threatened. "Don't be too sure of what you say about me."

"It is to put you at your ease," Russ floundered. "Just marry me, and lie all you like. I'm warning you for your own good, at all events. If Bill finds out how you run with both hares and hounds, he'll take it seriously and turn peevish. I'm crazy for you, Judy," lurching towards her, "please—"

Pushing by him, she ran up to the Judge's study. "I presume the club is having a happy time," welcomed the Judge, arranging the papers. "Right there, Judy—now again—ah!" He presented her

with a check.

"You see, I was prepared for your consent—I had the title search made last week—for my client. Don't spend this money foolishly, my child; you've no more waste land for your old friend to sell." Judy was wondering if Dinky would surely understand the change in plans, as easily as Bill would understand, and was there no way of getting Russ shanghaied onto a ship bound for the Dead Sea?

MORNING found Judy with increased doubts as to Dinky's understanding. Despite a blizzard, she determined to meet Dinky downtown. She must learn her reactions. Dinky assumed a sudden importance. She was Bill's partner, a thrifty soul, who sold her mother's farm in order to have capital when Bill should put through this suburban deal. But some one came in for valentines and then Violette Pierce fluttered along, her leopard skin coat flying back to show a frock closely related to a Navajo blanket.

"Judge Hartzell is interested in opening up some land at the northeast of the city," announced Violette. "It will be a delightful suburb and he plans on a bus line running out there. Best of all, I'm to do the press work. I'm to earn enough to go to New York at Easter to see my Yogi! I'll—" just here, Violette glanced around the screen to see if it were still snowing. Through the window, she caught sight of a sway-backed horse belonging to a junk dealer. It was contentedly browsing among cans of frozen rubbish.

"An unblanketed horse," she announced sharply, almost toppling over the screen. "Where is the brute of an owner?" She caught up a huge alligator bag, a stream of minor articles dribbling from it as she rummaged, and was gone in pursuit of the junk man, and Judy saw her chance of escape.

Suppose she should have to confront Dinky first of all, she thought, as she slipped on towards the street car? Only an hour ago, she wanted to see Dinky first. Now, she would avoid Dinky until she had seen Bill and told him of the Judge's unfair trick. Bill would have the right never to trust her again. Could she convince either of them that she had believed the land to be worthless? The car was downtown by now. A few steps more and she would be at the Dudley-Burroughs Realty Company.

The next thing she knew, she was in the office.

"Why, it's the lady herself," said Bill, rising, "whatever brought you out today?"

"We wouldn't go forth today unless it was to sell the Woolworth Building," said Dinky scornfully. "Why—Judy—" Judy was crying. She had had no time to prepare a speech and no guaranty that she could deliver it had she prepared one.

Now, she confronted them both—with blue prints of the proposed suburb strewn about the table. Bill was in a strictly business frame of mind; so was Dinky.

"Last night, Judge Hartzell bought my land for a hundred dollars an acre. He has a client who wants to use it. I thought I was saving you from a foolish investment, so I signed it over. But Violette Pierce just told me that the Judge plans to develop a suburb—where your suburb was to have been. He will have a bus line running out to it. Violette is to be his press agent. I—I brought you his check—do you see how it all happened?" turning from one to the other. Bill's chin was more lantern jawed than ever and Dinky's square face darkened with disapproval.

"But you promised to sell to me," Bill said. "I never questioned your word."

"That is where you were wrong," Dinky interrupted. "If you wanted that land, you should have made Judy sign her name. Old Hartzell didn't let anything like that escape him. He knows her. Of course, Judy didn't set out to give us a raw deal; she told you that you could have that land; then the Judge talked her into his way of thinking—"

"That was only part of what happened," Judy protested, "I believed I was saving Bill from a poor investment—"

"So she signed. She would have signed for you, had you [Turn to page 60]

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"What do you think?"

THEY had been acquainted only a few days. And he had taken a great fancy to her.

But politely, decisively she refused to accept any of his invitations.

He couldn't understand it—he was an attractive fellow, the kind of man women usually like.

"But why won't you go out with me?" he wanted to know.

After an awkward silence she said: "Well, what do you think is the reason?"

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. —Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.



A CHALLENGE
We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

In presenting this series of Homes That Have Character—of which this is the ninth and last—we were inspired by the hope that many small houses of the type shown as derived from these beautiful old historic examples would be added to our American countryside. If we have encouraged and helped our readers to build such homes we shall feel well repaid



A deep lintel spans the window of the entrance to Maria la Brava's palace. Salamanca 1350



Cortijo of the Marques de Casa Luenga, near Seville. The cortijo corresponds to the Mexican hacienda and our western ranch house.



Courtyard of Casa de Pilatos at Seville, with famous "rega" or grille. Doorway shows Moorish influence

"CASTLES IN SPAIN" ARE BUILT AROUND THE PATIO

BY MARCIA MEAD

*Collaborating with DANIEL P. HIGGINS
Associate in the Office of JOHN RUSSELL POPE*

*Illustrated by
OTTO R. EGGERS
Associate in
the Office of
JOHN RUSSELL POPE*



THE countries bordering on the Mediterranean have one thing in common—the custom of living from the outside in, so to speak, or pulling the outdoors inside the house—an admirable idea. Throughout the houses of these countries there is a certain homogeneity of type which makes for unity, and offers at the same time a great variety. The houses are arranged on the plan of the old Roman house, whose principal room had a large opening in the roof for light, the other rooms being grouped around it and lighted from it. Underneath the opening to the sky was a sunken basin to catch the rainwater. It requires little imagination to supplant this basin with the fountain of later days.

At this point the types begin to diverge and take on characteristics brought about by racial, climatic or social differences. While Italian building seemed to be a system of towers, with hipped roofs—that is, pitching from all sides up to the center—Spanish buildings were masses of long, low rectangles, with gable roofs.

The Italians kept the court in their larger residences, but abandoned it if the houses were small; and for them it ceases to be the living-room of the house. In their country villas the principal living-rooms overlooked the extensive garden setting, which their verdant hills and abundant water supply made possible. The French opened up the court on one side, making it an imposing approach to the central and main portion of the building.

But the Spaniard is essentially a city-dweller. In Spain there are no such things as French chateaux, Italian villas and English manor-houses; and the patio, a delightful invention and full of great possibilities, has held its place until this day. The principal reason for this, as in the ancient Roman house, was the ever-present danger of attack from without, making the isolated home unsafe and leading the people to dwell in groups for mutual protection. Other reasons were the extreme aridness of the climate—making outdoor living and protection from the sun imperative—and the forced seclusion of their women, a custom persisting from the harem days of the Moors. These conditions also account for the extreme simplicity of the exterior treatment, with few openings, of the Spanish dwelling.

Buildings in Spain, great and small, are built around the patio. This has continued to be the living-place of the house or community which it serves, and it is the only garden the Spanish people have ever known. The name "patio" means something more, something different from the interior courts of the buildings of other nations; it has a feeling and spirit all its own; it is Spain!

In discussing the Italian, French and Spanish houses we shall have covered the most interesting and possible Mediterranean types for home-precedent, those of North Africa being little known and inferior to the Spanish work, which they most closely resemble.

There are three types of Renaissance architecture in Spain absolutely distinct from one another—that of the early Renaissance or Plateresque in the southern provinces of

Andalusia and Castile, dominated by Moorish tradition; the Greco-Roman, stiffly classical, with its irresponsible reflex, Churrigueresque; and the late Renaissance of the north, similar to that of the other countries of Europe.

For the art which seems peculiarly Spanish to us we shall look to Andalusia and Castile—beautiful, impressive, stamped with the romance of the Moorish Kings. Here we shall find the best and the most individual architectural development of the entire Spanish peninsula.

A general idea of the house of these sunny provinces may be gained from a quotation from Winston Soule: "The Spanish builder understands walls and roofs as does no one else; he can build up his flat wall of rubble, cover it with a toned whitewash, pierce it with a door and five windows, add a balcony and two *regas* of perfect iron-work, crown the whole with a sweeping roof of tawny tiles, plant two cypresses and an almond tree nearby and produce a composition that is the despair of the trained and cultured architect."

In this elusive game it is far from easy to detect, much less call by name, the Spanish builder's basic method of expression. The general effect, which is invariably charming, is due to the craftsman's innate instinct for good proportions, the happy placing of windows and door, and a studied carelessness. The door may be far at one side and the windows grouped, but seldom in pairs or in even numbers; one window may be by itself and three grouped together. Ornament is sparingly used, and is concentrated on windows or doors; a carved capital or a coat of arms, and contrasts richly with the expanses of plain wall surfaces.

The entrance which leads into the patio is often large enough to permit the passage of a vehicle, but the huge doors, except in the community groups, are seldom opened. One of the doors has a smaller door within [Turn to page 52]



LEFT: With the establishment of the Mission of Santa Inés, California, the Padres claimed an unbroken chain of estates from Bay to Bay



RIGHT: The characteristic low-spreading outlines of a Spanish cortijo in the Province of Alicante

Rent this Electric Floor Polisher

for \$2 a day and Beautify
All your floors and linoleum
Quickly~
Without Stopping, Kneeling or Soiling Your Hands

TEN times quicker than hand methods, this wonderful new labor-saving machine wax-polishes wood, linoleum, tile and all other floors to gleaming brilliance. It requires no skill or effort to operate. With it you can beautify ALL your floors in the time you would ordinarily spend in a single room. With each easy stroke of this self-running Polisher you create a glowing path of deep-waxed lustre.

A Johnson Electric Floor Polisher makes it easy for you to have beautiful waxed floors in every room. Waxed floors are so simple to care for and their upkeep costs less than with any other finish. Then waxed floors have so much charm and distinction. They give that delightful air of immaculacy. They reflect sunshine and light. They accentuate beauty in furnishings, creating an atmosphere of perfect harmony.

JOHNSON'S WAX ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER

With this marvelous little machine you can secure a higher, even and more deep-toned polish than is possible by hand. It is light—only 9 lbs. Simple of construction—there is nothing to get out of order. Requires no adjustments or special attention. Runs from any lamp socket for 1½¢ an hour. It polishes under davenport, beds and other low pieces of furniture without moving them. The brush, revolving 2100 times a minute, burnishes the Wax into the very pores of the floor.

At your neighborhood store you can rent this beauty-giving Electric Floor Polisher for \$2 a day and in just a short time wax-polish ALL your floors and linoleum. Telephone your nearest dealer NOW and make an appointment to rent one of these labor-saving machines for a day this Spring. If he is unable to furnish this Rental Service write us and we can probably arrange to get it for you.

The price of a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is \$42.50 (in Canada \$48.50) and with each Polisher is given FREE a half-gallon (\$2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a \$1.50 Lamb's-wool Mop for spreading the Wax. Your dealer can supply you or we will send one express prepaid.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

ANDREW
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Free!

100 New Singer Electrics

in exchange for the 100 oldest sewing machines

We want to find the oldest sewing machines, regardless of make, in family use in the United States and Canada. To the owners we will give, in even exchange, without one cent of cost or any obligation whatever, 100 New De Luxe Singer Electrics absolutely FREE.

There is an interesting reason why this offer is made. The Singer Sewing Machine Company, maker of the first successful sewing machine and also of the first electric machine, has created a new and original type of electric, so quiet, so easy to operate, so perfect in its swift performance, that women who have sewed for years find in its use an entirely new experience.

To observe in a unique way the introduction of this new kind of sewing machine, we offer 100 of them in even exchange for the 100 oldest sewing machines—of any make.

Help Us Find Them! Tell Your Friends!

There are no conditions, no restrictions. If you have an old machine yourself, all you need do is fill out and send us the blank below. If you know of anyone else having an old machine, who may not see this notice, tell or write them about it.

Entries must be made on the form below before September 1, 1926. Awards will be made as soon as possible thereafter. Age of machines will be determined by factory number. Winners will then be notified at once and names of all winners posted in Singer Shops everywhere. Winners whose homes are not provided with electricity may have the newest model Singer Treadle Machine, if they prefer. There is nothing to do but to fill out the blank below and send it in. SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Inc. Singer Bldg., New York

This is the new Singer De Luxe Cabinet Table Electric, with Singer motor, knee control, and Singer light.



When not in use it closes compactly and becomes a piece of fine furniture, serving as a beautiful desk or table for any room.

Now on exhibition in every Singer Shop

USE THIS FORM

Singer Sewing Machine Company
Dept. 12-F, Singer Bldg., New York, N. Y.
I desire to enter the machine described below in your contest to find the 100 oldest sewing machines in use.

Name of owner
Street or (R. F. D.)
City
County State
Name of Machine
Its Factory Number
Age of Machine years.
Have you electricity in your home?

"CASTLES IN SPAIN" ARE BUILT AROUND THE PATIO

[Continued from page 50]

its frame, permitting only one person at a time to enter, which in itself is a safety measure, as well as a convenience.

There is almost invariably a window over the entrance, the position of which makes it possible for the master of the house to see who is seeking admittance and to guard the entrance against attack, as in the early Italian house. In the Spanish house, however, the window and door are treated architecturally as one unit and the trim or ornamental frame carried entirely around both. All openings, whether arched, corbelled or irregular in outline, were always, in their ornamental treatment, framed in the "square," which is one of the Moorish elements cropping out everywhere.

No old Spanish house would be complete without its *regas* or window grilles and its balconies, whether of iron or of turned baluster construction. The Spaniard is famous for his iron-work which is of graceful lines and intricately wrought. The design of the *rega* shown in the patio of the house of Pilatos at Seville is famous for its beauty and artistic quality. Ornamental iron was also used in the building of furniture, in the form of braces for tables and seats, and for hardware, candle fixtures and braziers. The turned wooden *regas* of Spain hark back to India and Arabia, continuing down through the work of the Moors; in fact the ornamental grille has been an



The Spanish used many of these diminutive tables, about two feet high

architectural feature in the houses of every land where woman has been a sort of glorified prisoner.

Spanish woodwork is natural brown in color. Structural members are made ornamental by surface carving or painting in flat colors. Little brick and less stone are used in this part of Spain. The exterior finish is usually stucco or whitewash applied to rough rubble-stone walls.

The province of Castile is the land of the original "Castles in Spain," which were mediaeval feudal seats of towering, fortified masonry. To break down the feudal system, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella commanded that these regal estates be abandoned, and they are now stark piles of romantic ruins.

The house of El Greco (illustrations of which are given on next page) is one of the best known of the Moorish houses



A Spanish mirror suited to a modern home

adapted to the new Christian regime. It has recently been faithfully restored. In the old "Mudejar" or Moorish house one room was usually devoted to the bath, a feature not found in the Christian house!

The Spanish people were not gourmands, as is evidenced by the limited space in the house devoted to the kitchens and pantries, which seem ridiculously small; and their banquets or feasts of state were reduced to the lowest terms by asking the guests to bring their own silver service. The women also were invited guests, but they were not permitted to attend in person, the food being carried to them by gay-liveried servants and served in their own houses. Thus the business of such a feast would be conducted with considerable despatch.

The Spaniard was a lover of color, and rough tiles of every shade were used for floors, walls, dados and decorative wall-finish. When he did not have tiles he used colored pebbles set in patterns for the floor of the patio, colored stucco walls, bands of Pompeian red or yellow ochre for wainscots, and ornamental urns and vases of beautiful cerulean blue.

Because of the intense heat and the scarcity of water there are no gardens in this part of Spain except the patio, and here the colorful display is supplied by the handicraft of man, with plants only few and incidental. The flower-pots, for instance, are beautiful in themselves, supported as they are on graceful tripods of wrought iron. He who would have a Spanish garden must look to tiles, pots and other objects, rather than to plants, for his color notes.

The flower beds, if any, are sunken to conserve the moisture instead of raised as in other countries; for here plants as well as man have to be protected from the heat of the sun.

The only Spanish gardens that really can boast the name are the patios of the

monasteries, which are much larger than those of the ordinary dwelling houses. A picturesque feature of the cloister-garden is the well-curb, with its beautiful wrought-iron framework for manipulating the water buckets.

The rooms of the house were very simple, evidently considered unworthy of architectural features. Their attractiveness lay chiefly in purely decorative materials, tiles, of course, in wainscots and floors, beautiful hangings and graceful furniture. The humbler home had very little of these. The use of ornamental iron in the construction of the furniture gave it also a lightness of appearance. Spacious tables with spreading legs were strongly braced with decorative iron-work. Chests were covered with velvet or leather and mounted with beautiful wrought metal. Like the Italians the Spaniards had much folding furniture. We find chairs very much like the Dante chairs, and long seats with hinged backs.

The *vargueño* is a piece of furniture peculiarly Spanish. It is an ornamental chest set upon a special stand or table of carved wood made for the purpose. It is carved in cut-out, wrought metal mounted over red velvet. The front was usually in one piece, hinged at the bottom to let down for a writing-desk, the real front having highly decorated drawers and compartments for writing materials.

The brazier was an object upon which was lavished a great deal of skill and craftsmanship, and it is found in various forms, often being combined in the framework of a table for the comfort of guests seated about it. This method of heating, though picturesque, is not so practical, and is now supplanted by the fireplace, which, in the warm climates, supplies all the heat that is needed at any time.

The Spanish stucco "cortijo" is a group of farm buildings housing the overseer of the estate and the laborers, with stables for animals, forges, olive presses and storage places for grain, olive oil and farm implements. It is not always a residence for the master. There are usually several

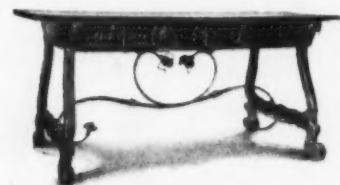


Table of the XVII century, showing graceful wrought-iron work

patios, and the entire group is walled in completely for protection.

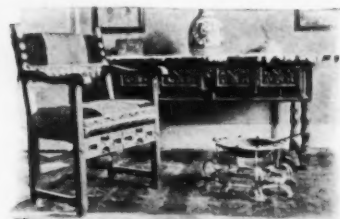
During the most creative period of Spanish architecture there were sent out from Spain to America, soldiers and priests of conquest—soldiers in quest of gold, priests in quest of souls. Happily for us, all signs of the Spanish military occupation have disappeared from this country and we have left only the memories of the work of the padres in [Turn to page 54]



Folding-chair, wrought-iron bookstand and side arm-chair of the XVII century



Elaborate carving decorated the *vargueño* (or Spanish cabinet) and stand. Sixteenth century



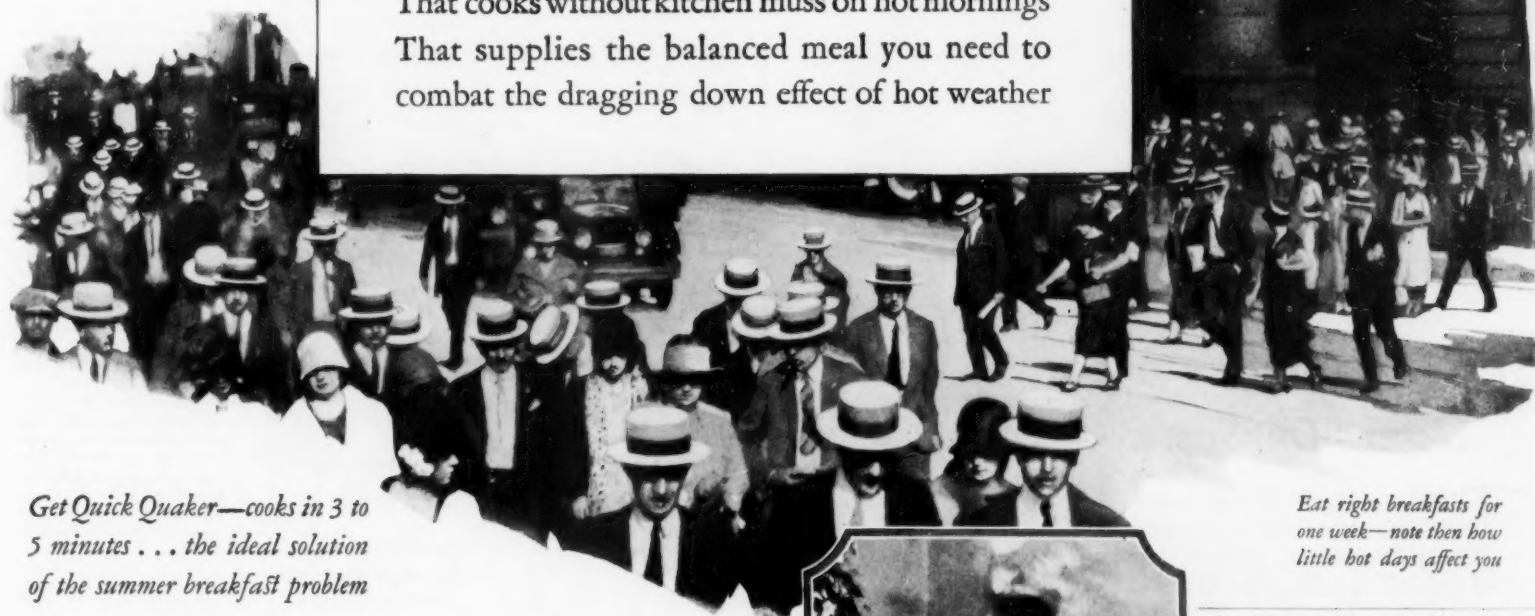
A table, chair and brazier, now rarely used, of the seventeenth century

Eat and Keep Cool

What to eat summer mornings—and why

According to Authorities

Energy food that does not overheat the system
That cooks without kitchen muss on hot mornings
That supplies the balanced meal you need to
combat the dragging down effect of hot weather



Get Quick Quaker—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes . . . the ideal solution of the summer breakfast problem

TO feel right on hot days, you must start every day with right food. Your system needs the same food elements in summer that it does any other time of the year. You may require less food in *volume* but not in *kind*.

That means your summer breakfast must be rightly balanced. Must supply protein, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamins and "bulk" in balanced combination.

Start your days that way for one week. Note how little hot weather seems then to bother you. This applies both to children and to adults.

*No kitchen muss—no bother.
Ready in 3 to 5 minutes
—no hot kitchen*

Delicious and tempting. Quick Quaker now is the regular summer breakfast in millions of homes.

It's ready in less time than the coffee—no stewing or frying hot sum-

mer mornings; cooks without heating up the kitchen.

It is an energy food that does not overheat the system. Fights



Supplies the balanced breakfast children need for long days of summer play. All authorities urge parents to correct haphazard summer diets. This supplies the ideal food—energy food that does not overheat.

the dragged out feeling summer brings by supplying an excellent



Stops kitchen muss on hot mornings—ready in 3 to 5 minutes...no hot kitchens.

balance of protein, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamins and "bulk" in a form that feeds you well without the overheating qualities of some foods.

It's the ideal summer breakfast; the food you need in most attractive form—and prepared without cooking, muss or bother.

Try it. You will be delighted.

Eat right breakfasts for one week—note then how little hot days affect you

Try it cold

Prepare this way

Thousands serve this unique chilled breakfast—a delightful summer dish

2 cups of Quick Quaker, 4 cups of water, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 level table-spoons cocoa and 4 of sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bring water to a boil. Add cocoa and sugar mixed to a paste with boiling water; then slowly stir in the oats. Cook 3 to 5 minutes. Add vanilla.

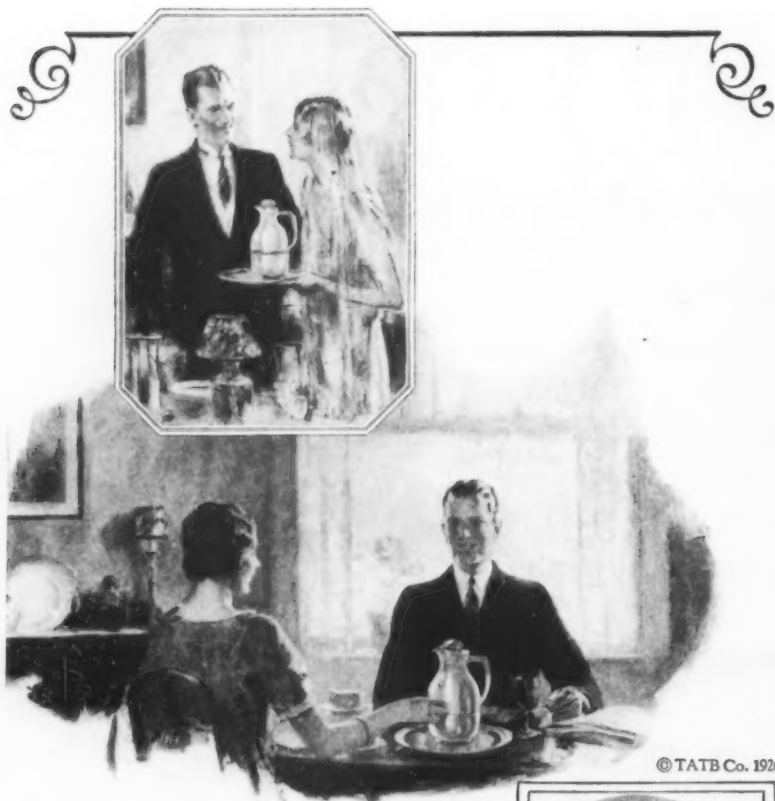
Serve hot or cold with cream. Wonderful chilled, molded and served in slices.

All the rich Quaker Oats flavor is retained in Quick Quaker—cooks in three to five minutes.



Why go on with less nourishing breakfasts? Quaker Oats and milk is the dietetic urge of the day

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



© TATB Co. 1926

A Gift That Never "Duplicates"

"THERMOS" is the gift you can select without once thinking to yourself, "Oh, they are sure to have too many of these." A home simply can't have too many "Thermos" Bottles.

There is need for "Thermos" Comfort in every bedroom, in the library, in the dining-room. Besides the indispensable quart "Thermos" Bottles for outings.

Remember too, that there is hardly another gift so sure of many years of usefulness, so suggestive of your thoughtfulness.

Select your gift from the complete "Thermos" Line of Bottles, Jugs, Pitcher Sets and Kits at your dealer's.

(By the way, have you enough "Thermos" Bottles in your home?)

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In Canada: Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto

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THERMOS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
VACUUM BOTTLE



"Thermos" Quart size, Silver-plated Butler Finish Lip Jug Set, with mounted embossed border (Chrysanthemum design) No. 358. Price \$26.00.

Other sets in enamel colors from \$10.25 up.



'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"

To be sure of getting "Thermos" service remember that all vacuum bottles are not "Thermos" Bottles. There is only one "Thermos" Bottle, and that is the original Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle that first introduced portable heat and cold to America 21 years ago. Look for the "Thermos" Trade-mark stamped on the bottom of the case.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN" ARE BUILT AROUND THE PATIO

[Continued from page 52]

the remains of their great chain of missions extending from San Diego to San Francisco, and scattered fragments in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. In Florida we have a striking modern revival of this early tendency, the climate being well suited to the style.

While the padres in America introduced many new features suggested by their peculiar needs in the new land, they seldom departed from the simple principles of the provincial architecture of Spain, which is so expressive of a land of sunshine. These friar-craftsmen, though not builders, loved architecture and their attempts at architectural expression are noble indeed as compared with many modern imitations. The beauty of the buildings of these old communities lies in their perfect proportions and mass, for of ornament they had little or none. Over-decoration was never indulged in because of the scarcity of workmen, and every stone had to count for actual building. For this reason, some of the mistakes made elsewhere were avoided.

Each mission was a little town in itself, containing not only the Church and its accessories, but also the quarters of the soldiers, shops for the making of everything needful from hats to candles, guest-rooms, and sometimes a convent for the native Indian maidens, who learned to conduct their courtships through a charming *rega* in true Spanish style, picturesque though incongruous. Yes, all the makings of a town were included within the walls of the mission, even a cemetery!

One difference in the climate affected the architecture of the missions. There was the same brilliant sunshine as in Andalusia. This suggested the same low sweeping tile roofs; but there were, at times, heavy downfalls of rain, which required strong roofs and the extension of these roofs out over the walls in wide spreading eaves—eaves which, in the clear intense sunshine, cast deep cool shadows on the stucco walls.

In the arid expanses of Arizona, Texas and New Mexico where the climate is most like that of Andalusia, and where you might expect to find almost exact counterparts of the Spanish work, Indian architecture has had a more dominating influence and has led these builders to depart even farther from the old prototypes. Here adobe, or sun-dried bricks, stuccoed, were used almost universally for building, and the roofs were flat. The absence of tile roofs gave these buildings quite a different aspect. For these locations adobe is a very good material for a house and inexpensive. It is in itself excellent insulation from heat.

The entrance to the palace of Maria la Brava (of which



All the elements of a Spanish garden



The "corbelled" column cap, distinctive of the best Spanish work

a picture is given) is an early example of Plateresque. Wide voussours form the arch of the doorway, a deep lintel spans the window-opening above, and applied moldings include the door and window in a single rectangular unit. Some reminiscences of Gothic remain in the carving of the window lintel and the profile of the molding. Renaissance architecture is said to be a fusion of three great artistic influences—Gothic, Oriental and Classic.

Plateresque architecture was purely a surface decoration of pilasters, broken entablatures and carved baluster shafts arranged as framing for windows and doors. It was in no sense structural. The ornament was executed in fairly high relief with finely cut outlines which made sharp shadows, producing a sparkling effect in the clear sunlight.

A most attractive feature, often used in the larger buildings, is the open attic, close up under the roof, invented primarily as a means of keeping the house cool. Later it was made more spacious as a promenade for the women of the household, who were not allowed upon the street.

The exterior treatment consists of a continuous row of arched or square openings of exactly the same shape and size, the masonry or columns separating them resting upon an ornamental belt course. This stretch of openings has the beauty and rhythm of a repeating motif, and its dark shadows form a frieze of characteristic richness and beauty.

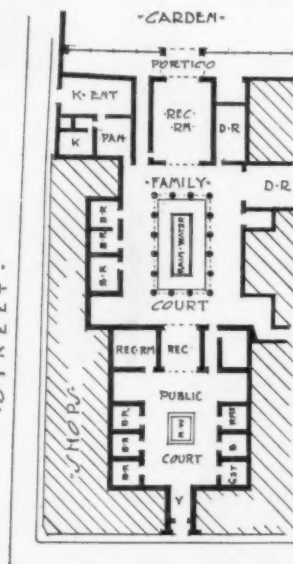
The illustration here given of the corbelled column cap is taken from the house of El Greco, as is also that of the elements of a Spanish garden.

In connection with the life of the old Spanish missions it is interesting to note one of the happiest features of the community life—the unfailing presence of the bells—large bells, small bells and tinkling bells. How much they must have meant to those pioneers of the wilderness, who, no matter what their hardships, carried with them always the music of the bells!

The bells were always a feature of the mission group, and were hung either in towers or in the great thickness of a single wall erected for the purpose, with an arched opening for each bell. The language of bells carries a message to the heart. Who knows what they might not add to our modern communities?

From a practical standpoint, a style that minimizes the use of expensive materials is worth consideration in a country where material is costly.

The reader will find that on another page of this issue our architects have prepared a modern house for us, which might have come out of Andalusia itself. They have caught the spirit of old Spain.





Your Whole Appearance Depends upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess.

It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet. Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The

free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



More than a Shampoo,
it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

26M-29

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name

Address

In Canada address, THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.



60,000 FAVORITE RECIPES ~ and 2500 of them called for this cake

With all the hundreds of good Hawaiian Pineapple dishes to select from, who would have thought that every twentieth woman, out of fifty thousand answering our appeal for recipes, would choose our old friend, the "Upside-down Cake"!

Can you imagine a more striking proof of the popularity of a recipe? No wonder food authorities are calling it: "America's favorite dessert"!

Have you enjoyed this delicious cake which women from all parts of the country are praising? Try it—made with either *Crushed* or *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple! Once you realize how good it is, you will want to give it a frequent place on your menus—all year 'round.

And whether you are planning a cake or any one of the hundreds of other dishes for which this luscious tropical fruit is so popular, don't forget that for real "fresh pineapple," you must buy it canned!

Sun-ripened in the field to its fullest perfection and packed in model canneries within a few hours after it is

UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Recipe submitted by Mrs. Robert Davis of Norfolk, Va. Chosen on a priority basis out of 2500 received.

Drain juice from 1 can either *Crushed* or *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple. Measure 2 cups sifted flour; sift again with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute; gradually add 1 cup sugar; cream well. Beat yolks and whites of 2 eggs separately. Add yolks to creamed mixture; mix well, then add flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk alternately, mixing well. Fold in beaten egg whites and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a large frying pan; spread 1 cup of brown sugar over pan; then add Pineapple (if *Sliced* is used, arrange as in illustration; if *Crushed*, simply pour in the well-drained fruit). Pour cake batter over fruit; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. Turn upside down on serving dish and garnish with Maraschino cherries. Whipped cream may be spread over top if desired.

picked, canned Hawaiian Pineapple is not to be compared in flavor and food value with the so-called fresh pineapple ordinarily available in American markets.

Government tests show an average of 12.06% sugars in the normally-ripened fruit which is canned, as against 3.6% in that which must be picked green and yellowed in shipment.

A recent market study proves that a pound of canned Hawaiian Pineapple contains 696 calories, as against 196 calories for the edible portion

of the average fruit sold as "fresh." It is this superiority of canned Hawaiian Pineapple that has made it such a popular product for service right from the can and in pies, cakes, sundaes, ices, salads, with meats, etc.

Enjoy it often—the *Crushed* and the *Sliced*—each form for its particular type of uses!

Our new free recipe book contains suggestions from some of the best "home cooks" in the country. Every woman should have a copy. Write to the address below:

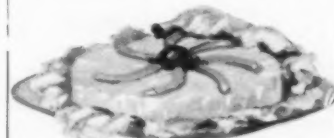
And here are two other SELECTED RECIPES



CHOPS HAWAIIAN

A pleasing variation of a popular dish—submitted by Mrs. Wm. J. Oaks, 1017 Fifteenth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn.

"Place lamb chops on a well-heated broiler and cook until brown on one side. Turn and cook a few minutes, but not until brown; then place a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on each chop and cook until pineapple becomes a delicate brown (about 5 minutes). If pan-broiled, place pineapple on top of chop at once—then when chop is turned, place on cooked side."



"BROWN-EYED SUSAN" SALAD

Submitted by Mrs. Alyce Roe Gilchrist, Hotel Admiral, San Diego, Calif.

"Place slice Hawaiian Pineapple on a crisp lettuce leaf. To 1 small cream cheese add enough yellow coloring to make a deep orange color (or use package of pimiento cheese). Mold cheese into slender pointed rolls long enough to cover pineapple from center to edge. Lay cheese rolls on slice of pineapple like petals of a flower. Stone a ripe olive and place in center of pineapple slice. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing."



DEPARTMENT 10, ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS, 451 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

HAWAIIAN CANNED 2 WAYS PINEAPPLE

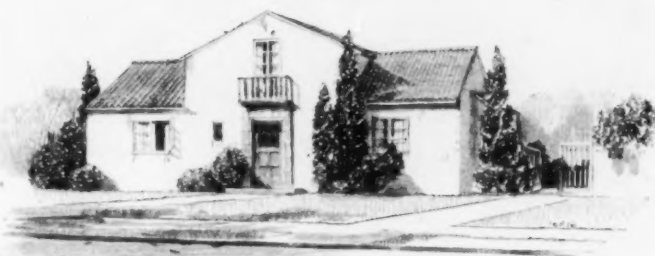
Sliced
—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.



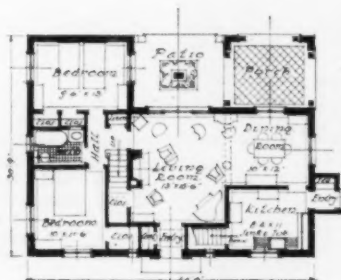
Crushed
—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD SPAIN LIVES IN THIS MODERN HOME

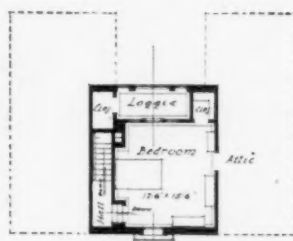
*Especially designed for McCall's by the Architects'
Small House Service Bureau, Collaborating with
MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect*



*This Spanish-Colonial house of today has all the atmosphere of Andalusia.
Building-cost \$6000 to \$7000, estimated at about 45 cents a cubic foot*



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

THIS individual home is not a bungalow nor is it at all like the usual two-story house. It has the long lines, the low gables, the entrance featured with the window above the plain stucco walls so characteristic of southern Spain and of the old Franciscan missions which form so prominent and attractive a feature of our great southwest.

Inside and out, even to the small patio leading out from the living-room, the atmosphere of old Spain is felt. Pebbled walks, bright flower-pots, and the use of some colored tiles are appropriate, while a linoleum floor of a tile design in the living-room, and a few pieces of Spanish furniture, will make it complete.

Yet it is in every sense an up-to-date, modern house, with all the conveniences necessary to comfort. It is simply planned for economical construction and, while it cubes 15,500 cubic feet, which, at an average cost of 45 cents per cubic foot, figures about \$7,000, because of its simplicity it should be more economically built than

most houses of its size and pretensions.

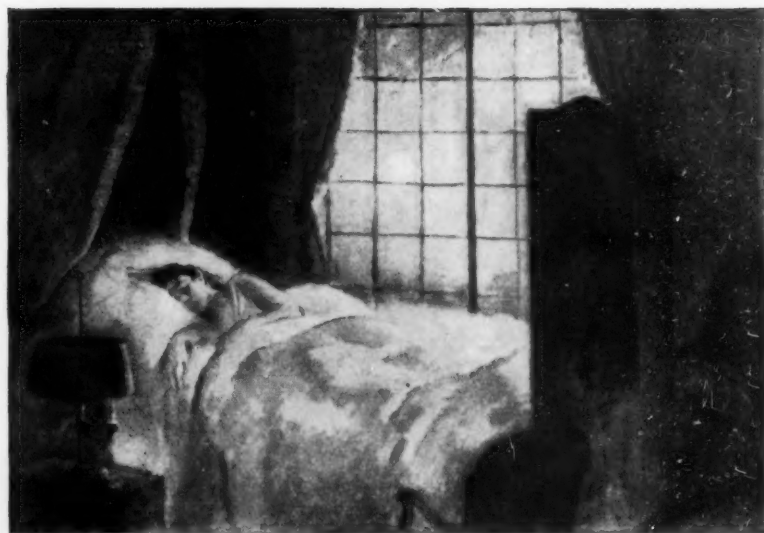
This house lends itself particularly to the requirements of a warm climate. In the south, where heating apparatus is not required, there need be no cellar, and the foundations need not go down more than two feet. It is noticeable that special care has been taken to provide for ventilation. In the sections of the country where adobe is used the construction should be very reasonable indeed. It would make an excellent adobe house.

One attractive feature of this house is the second-story room with a charming Spanish balcony overlooking the patio. It may be a sleeping-room, a nursery or a sitting-room, as the household may desire. Another is the large porch on the first floor which connects conveniently with the dining-room and the patio.

Through the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, which designed this house, may be obtained at small expense the services of trained architects.

Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this romantic Spanish house will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans, on paper, \$3; on cloth, \$5; extra specifications, \$2.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four- to seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



How fast do you sleep?

"FAST ASLEEP" — an old-time phrase that now has a new meaning, for scientists tell us that some persons do sleep faster than others . . .

Go without sleep for twenty-four hours, and the face becomes drawn. Lines show themselves, even on the face of a young girl. Sufficient sleep erases these lines. Otherwise they become permanent—lines of age. In a sense, age is only a great weariness.

Now we are told that it is not the length of time we sleep that counts so much as the *depth* of our sleep. Some people sleep just on the verge of consciousness—"dreamy" sleep, restless, easily broken.

The sleep of others is dreamless and profound. They are "fast asleep"—they *do* sleep faster than others, and are refreshed sooner. Six hours of their kind of sleep may be worth more than nine hours of the other kind.

The quality of our sleep is largely affected by the state of our nerves. If the nerves are alert, though the body may be very weary, sleep comes slowly, and is never deep. Night fails to erase the lines of fatigue. Morning is not welcome.

Sleep. The great restorative. The healer—a medicine for every ill. The guardian of youth. The preserver of beauty. How foolish to offend—to insult—*sleep!*

Yet that is what is done, every day, through the use of caffeine. Caffeine, an enemy of sleep—an artificial stimulant that excites the nerves, and keeps them alert even when body and mind are tired. No wonder America is the most nervous, restless, sleepless nation in the world—

for it is the greatest consumer of caffeine.

If you value sleep—*deep* sleep, deeply refreshing—avoid caffeine. Eliminate it from your diet, grateful that it is so easy to accomplish so much.

You can still enjoy a delicious hot drink at mealtime, without a trace of any stimulant. A drink made of roasted wheat and bran—Postum.

Try Postum for thirty days, as a test. Experience the relief from drug stimulation. Notice the difference in the *quality* of your sleep. At the end of thirty days, judge what this change has done for your appearance, your health.

If you have difficulty in getting to sleep, take a cup of Instant Postum made the new way with hot milk, just before going to bed.

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes you this special offer:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want to give you one week's supply of Postum, free, toward a thirty-day test. With it, I will send my directions for preparing Instant Postum the new way, with hot milk. It is a wonderfully soothing drink with a delicious flavor, and so easily made!

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot milk, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil with water."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—MCC 6-26

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check
(prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ which you
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ prefer
(prepared by boiling)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

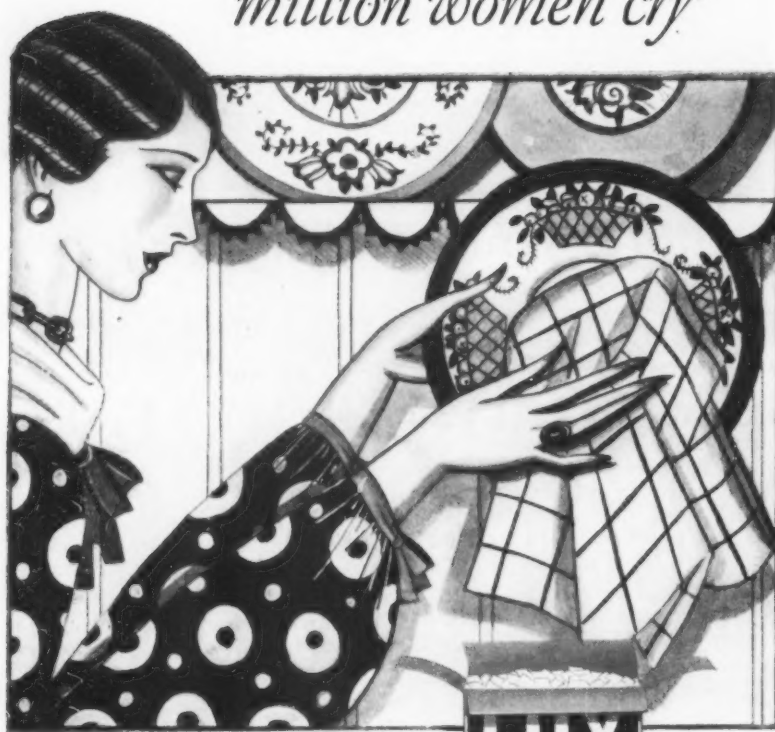
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1926. P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Dishwashing ruinous to hands?

*"It needn't be, half a
million women cry*



HANDS rid of that "dishpan look"—when you wash dishes in Lux! For there's no free alkali in Lux to dry up the beautifying oils nature placed under the outer skin to keep your hands from getting rough and red.

LUX

For all fine
laundry
for washing dishes

WOMEN themselves discovered how to rob dishwashing of its old horror—reddened, roughened, in-the-dishpan looking hands!

Washing their fine things in Lux pointed the way. Precious silk stockings, lacy underthings, delicate woolens—every woman, every day cleanses some of these in Lux, swirls them about in its rich foaming suds. And every time her hands are left as soft and smooth as though she'd used the finest toilet soap!

So now it's "Lux for washing

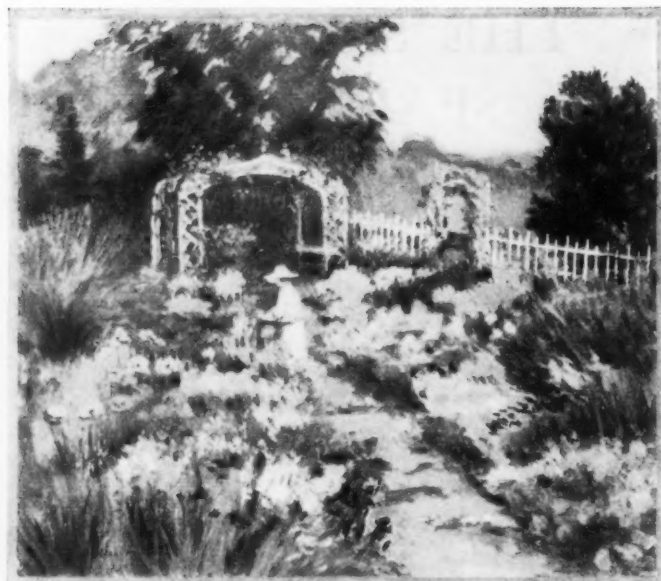
dishes, too!" in more than half a million homes.

Lux makes over dishwashing! It won't roughen your hands or redden them. Lux leaves them soft and smooth and white.

What's more, dishwashing is easier with Lux. Just one teaspoonful quickly whipped up makes all the suds you need for a whole pan of dishes. Your nicest china is unharmed by Lux—it's brighter, your glassware more sparkling than ever!

Get a package of Lux today. Use it for dishes and save your hands! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

*One teaspoonful enough
for washing dishes*



All down the meandering garden path the iris lifts its proud oriflammes of purple, mauve and yellow

A GARDEN FOR THE BRIDE

BY DOROTHY GILES



I WAS setting out seedling snapdragons—rose and coral and flame—in the scented May early evening, while over my head in the sugar maple tree a pair of Baltimore orioles carried forward their household affairs with pleasing disregard for my presence, when a footstep on the path warned me of the approach of a visitor.

It was Jessica Hardwicke—Jessica Lane she was until six weeks ago. She came toward me, stepping delicately between the rows of swaying tulips, and lupins and blue and white iris flowers.

"I've come a-borrowing!" she announced gaily, and waved a basket. "Or rather, a-begging, for I've no way of paying back in kind. Please, I want some flowers for my breakfast table."

She waited while I fetched the clippers from their nail in the tool-house and together we went the rounds—cutting now a spray of full blooming pink weigelia, now a cluster of long-spurred columbines—"like pale pink butterflies," said Jessica, as she touched the delicate fluttering blooms with wistful fingers.

"I don't have any flowers, any more," she went on. "Not since my wedding. That was all flowers. Then, Tom and I went away for our honeymoon to a perfect honeymoon place—where the woods were full of lovely growing things and the air—" she paused, and her eyes narrowed in recollection. "Well, no one can know what love is unless she has known it when the grape-vines are in flower."

She paused, her eyes on the far away hills. There was a little silence during which I cut my finest iris bloom and laid it in her basket.

"Go on, Jessica," I said softly. "It was heavenly," she resumed. "Then, we came home and set up housekeeping. Of course, I'm crazy about my house, and I love doing things in it, but I didn't realize until I saw your garden that there are no flowers in my life nowadays. It is made up of dish-towels and sofa-cushions and curtain-rods and aluminum sauce-pans."

"But you have quite a lot of land," I argued. "When I went by your house the other day I thought how lovely it will be when you have seeded down that red

clay into a lawn, and planted some dwarf evergreens and barberry and pachysandra around the foundation, and put out four or five good-sized trees to give it the dignity and look of permanence that new houses lack."

"Tom means to do all those things," Jessica said. "But the nurseryman said this was not the season. He told us to wait until September. I haven't the prospect of a single green thing this summer."

"Meanwhile, there are dozens of seedlings in my seed bed," I corrected her. "Why not a last-minute garden, Jessica? Get Tom to spade up for a bed—and mind, have it where you can enjoy it—front-yard plantings for show and to impress the neighbors can come next year, if you want them at all. Plant your first garden for yourself. I'll come over tomorrow night and help."

So the Bride's garden was begun. Its genesis was two dozen snapdragons, all in rose and coral tones, a dozen Rosy Morn petunias, a dozen petunias Balcony Blue, a few plants of blue salvia (*s. patens*); white *nicotiana affinis*; and a dozen tall rose-pink zinnias. Two packets of sweet alyssum, and one of Shirley poppies for a venture, completed the list.

Tom spaded a bed the length of the sun-porch and four feet wide, we added a bag of commercial fertilizer, a panful of sifted coal ashes, and then set out the seedlings, with a basting-spoon and a plated silver punch-ladle. I had brought my own trowel but Tom, being the only male present, promptly appropriated this to his use. Jessica and I had recourse to the kitchen cabinet.

"I'll buy tools tomorrow," he promised. "I know a shop down-town where I can get harrows and cultivators and a seed planter—"

Gently I dissuaded him from these and bade him write down, instead, a list of things no gardener can do without. Here it is: 1 hoe; 2 rakes—one wooden, one iron; 2 trowels—one sharply pointed, one broad and generous; 1 spade; 1 fork; 2 watering-pots—one large, and one small; 1 small tool for scratching surface soil; clippers; 1 good knife; 1 ball soft twine; 1 bundle raffia; at least three baskets, big, medium and small. [Turn to page 104]

Keep your RADIANT SMILE

*Your teeth so sound and white now
need not change—Read how you can
kill the acids of decay as they form*



The charm of radiant smiles is nature's most winning gift. Its essence lies in gleaming, sound, white teeth.



Unless your salivary glands bathe your teeth with their protective fluids, insidious decay ruins this priceless charm.

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HICKORY

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THE DEAR LITTLE THING

[Continued from page 48]

asked her to do so," Dinky swept on. "Then this Pierce woman spills the true story, so Judy hurries down to face our anger and pneumonia. There was a neat fortune ahead for us . . . but it's no use in whining. Only take that fool check away," Dinky bore down upon Judy with all of her forceful personality. "Do you think that scrap of money and some tears will make good what you've done? Not as far as I'm concerned. You can wheedle Bill. I'm through."

"Please," said Judy faintly, "I'm the one to go."

"Wait," slowly, Bill moved towards her. Even Dinky was impressed. "Neither of you will be 'counted out'; we haven't gone into bankruptcy or committed murder. I'm sorry for this and the Judge deserves a hemp picnic. But we must forget it instead of saying things that we do not mean. Be fair; this thing could have happened to anyone, similarly circumstanced. Hartzell handled her estate; she believed I was coming a cropper. She was all right, only—"

"She was a little wrong," then Dinky slammed the door.

Bill waited until Dinky's footsteps died away.

"I'll fix it up with Dinky," he promised, coming towards her. "She won't leave us, she's not as self-sufficient as she thinks."

Judy's face brightened. "No, you are the one that carries the thing, aren't you? Oh, Bill, you're so strong—and splendid," as he gathered her in his arms.

Judy waited a moment before she began anew. "But Dinky is right; I ought not to be wishy-washy, doing whatever any one asks. I'm terribly that way. I make fun of people just to be clever. I agree so easily that sometimes it is awkward. I'm glad this land thing happened because I've told you the truth—"

"Were you so afraid to tell me?" queried Bill thoughtfully.

She nodded. "Every time I told a fib or pretended I agreed with some one, I've thought of you. Now you see how it is. I was afraid to tell you lest you'd try reforming me. But there couldn't be real secrets between us, could there? You're the one exception—only you'll have to do the thinking for both of us."

"You're my darling. I understand. I'm not afraid. Let's announce the engagement—show everyone that nothing can stop our future—"

"If you wish it," the same disturbing thought crossing her mind. "I'll let Vi-olette have the item."

BY tea time, Judy finished Mrs. Hartzell's Italian runners. It seemed but fair that she deliver them since an awkward situation threatened. Would Judge Hartzell disapprove of her engagement, partly because of his own guilt?

"Here I am, old dears," she said to Enid and her mother, who were in the library.

"Stay for dinner, dearie," murmured Mrs. Hartzell.

The Judge appeared to look suspiciously at Judy's vivacious self and Russ lumbered in.

"I told Bill that I sold you the land," she said archly, determined to bring the issue to a head. "He was awfully cross. He wanted it, you know. He would have paid much more, too—but wouldn't he have been unwise?"

Judge Hartzell reddened perceptibly and explained how Bill would have been ruined in the course of a few weeks.

"So I told him," Judy hurried on. "And he'll feel all right about it. He must—because when he marries me in June, he marries my friends. All in favor, please signify by saying aye—"

There was a murmur of assent. The Judge announced himself as wishing "what was best for her." He would have a word with Bill to confirm this desire. Only Russ stood up with more energy than was usual, looking at Judy with a not altogether pleasant expression. Relieved that Judy was not to be her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hartzell waxed motherly and promised a wedding. Enid, who secretly admired Bill, red neckties

or no, managed to announce that she hoped Judy would still be considered the farthest north in swank. Later, Russ took her home.

"I haven't told you what I'll do for you," he said in his thick voice. "A lot dad's blessing and mum's party will mean."

"What will you do, mah junk?" Judy questioned. Russ outlined his own idea of "what was best for her." Russ was resentful. True, his father had bought the land but Russ had lost out as regarded the dear little thing.

Bill arrived at Miss Burtis' with a generous outlay of enthusiasm, fresh strawberries and the last sporting editions.

"What's startling?" he began, settling into an armchair.

"Nice things are to happen: Vivie will announce the engagement on Monday. But, most important, you are to be initiated into the Wild Bores!"

"What's the joke?" he said easily.

"No joke. Russ suggested a special initiation for Sunday night. You see, I couldn't bear to have an estrangement with the Hartzells just because of that land. So I told them we were to be married—"

"Blow the Hartzells. See here, Judy, how do you like these plans?"

"But you must be initiated," she came and knelt before him, as if to study the blue prints.

"Well—let's get it over with," smiling in reassurance.

At that moment, Judy felt equal to explaining anything to anybody. She could be perfectly honest with Bill, just as she had been with old Hardboiled. "I know you don't like the idea but it will be best for you to go through. You will show them that you can meet them on their own home ground. Having done so, you can tell them all to run away and never bother you again, if you like."

"I suppose one initiation can't undermine my morale," Bill admitted lightly. "Just to show old Hartzell that he has not chained me to the galley. I'll be gosh-hecked if I don't come through."

"Splendid! You lamb! It is Sunday night at the Hartzell's. You see, the Wild Bores aim to be as rude as possible and we improve with age. At initiations, everyone insults the candidate and the candidate retaliates and after we have exhausted our slams and sarcasms, we kiss and carouse in perfectly good fashion ever after!"

"Are you serious?" holding her off at arm's length.

"I am," tilting her head with defiant determination. "Russ will stop at the office to tell you the time. Usually, the victim is led in blindfolded and we fire the initial insult. Then the romp begins."

IT was as well attended a meeting of the Wild Bores as the charter members could recall. "Are you ready with your limerick, Judy?" Enid asked, as the Wild Bores hovered about the tea wagon with its cargo of punch.

"Yes—I'll start first of all:

"There was a young man so benighted, He didn't know when he was slighted! So he went to the party, And ate just as hearty."

As if he was really invited—"

A scream of applause followed.

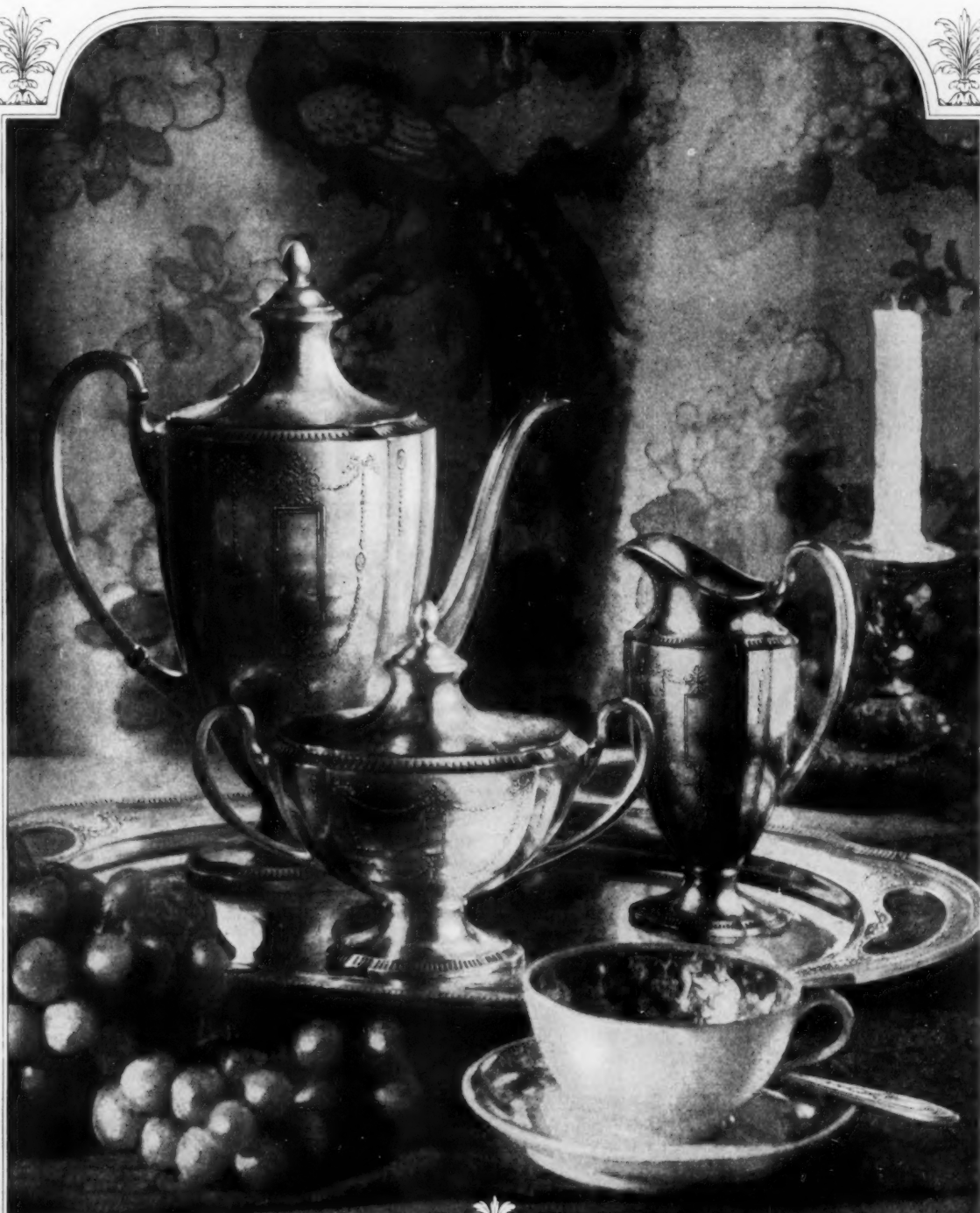
Russ consulted his watch, remarking that the new member was late.

"I can't see why he is late," said Judy. "Oh, maybe—and if the gods are good," clasping her hands in supplication, "he has had a change of heart—and stopped to change his necktie."

"His necktie?" they chorused, "what about it?"

Judy swept on: "Those impossible red neckties are the flies in my honey. Bill is a hundred per cent in so many ways—but his neckties spoil it all. They're little bow ties of fiery red. To think of that dreadnaught of mine wearing them, absolutely blissful and secure in his conceit. That is the worst of self-made men. No one has the heart to say to them, as I could say to Russ: 'You low order of animal life, why wear such an atrocity?' When I tell Bill that I admire his ties, he beams as if—" [Turn to page 64]

COMMUNITY PLATE



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Within the sound of the church bells are children with ill-nourished bodies and spiritually starved minds

A TALK TO AMERICAN FATHERS

PART II

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

ANGELO PATRI

says:

Do Not Drown A Child In Words

"**N**OW listen to me. Pay attention to what I am saying to you. Mix flour and water to a smooth paste. Stop, stop, stop. My word, you don't have to flood the place. When you get it smooth pour in boiling water. Stir with your right hand and pour with the left. Easy there. Didn't I say make it smooth? Just look at those lumps. Why don't you mind? You stamp your feet at me once more, young man, and off to bed you go—this minute. The idea! Me standing here trying to help you and you behaving like all-possessed. The idea!"

All a child gets out of that sort of thing is mental confusion. When you give instruction bring the child close to you. Warm his heart by letting him see you like him. Warm his mind by recalling some familiar and friendly idea. Capture his attention so and then in as few and pointed words as your genius permits, tell him the news. Tell it in a spirit of hope and faith, for a child hears with that which lies beyond the gates of his ears.

Once having delivered the message watch for the light in his eyes. If it does not rise, tell your story again and have him repeat to you what he heard. When he comprehends, **TURN AWAY**. Turn away in full confidence that he has the power to go through with the job.

So long as you watch his fumbling efforts and continue to dribble advice and to push and prod and poke, so long will you anchor his spirit and delay the journey's end. **SPEAK TO THE POINT AND BE STILL.**

BESIDES the home and the school influences, which are usually good, the religious training, which is often faulty, is a factor in the child's right development. So firmly am I convinced of the spiritual needs of the young for character-building that I favor religious instruction in the public schools. This should be instruction in ethics, in fundamental principles, and in the history of religion.

Such teaching does not mean that any creed or form of religious expression need be taught. That is entirely a personal matter with the parents and guardian if they consider it at all; and if they do not, the foundation or the fundamentals supplied by the school will have their effect in preparing the child and awakening in him the desire for some closer denominational association for his future activities.

A child's mind craves the mystic; he believes in fairies and there is a place in his mind ready to accept religious teaching. Childhood is the time when lasting impressions are made, and without spiritual teaching, character building is woefully short of its best building material, without which every structure is unsafe because it fails to have a good foundation.

Why does the developing human mind crave the spiritual? Throughout the history of mankind from its remotest period, from the old stone-age to the present radio-age, from the savage period to civilization of 1926, man has always worshipped something—the sun, the moon, the stars, the seasons, animals and images. In fact, religion, using the term in a broad sense, is a physiologic necessity and by physiologic necessity I mean something that the mind part of us demands as the body demands sustenance.

Through the religious practices and ceremonials of pre-existing people, the pre-history of religion comes to us in no uncertain tones from the earth; in stone amulets and charms; in ceremonial burial full of tender human sentiment; in sculpture, paintings and engravings; in primitive written texts—some of these records going back over fifty thousand years. The failure to implant spiritual concepts in the developing mind has more to do with creating criminals and crooks than has any other one factor.

Thousands of children are spiritually starved because organized religious societies fail to supply to the vast public of boys and girls what they are eager for and what their developing minds would absorb unwittingly and subconsciously if they had it. The child takes food; his body grows and he is entirely unconscious of it. Likewise in mind-building he absorbs what unconsciously he craves mentally and applies it to his mental processes; thereupon, we have, in the individual, what is known as character. But he cannot utilize food if it is not given him and he cannot apply the fruits of spiritual teaching if he does not get it.

In our various religious denominations much energy is devoted to the adult at the expense and to the detriment of the child.

There are three types of professional teachers; first, those whose occupation is, in whole or in part, the teaching of the young, school-teachers, college-

professors and others in our undergraduate schools and colleges; second, the physician, for a considerable part of his activities consists of teaching people how to live and how the young may best be developed into strong men and women; and, third, the clergyman. [Turn to page 102]



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NORTHAM WARREN revolutionized the manicuring habits of the world! By perfecting Cutex he made it possible for everyone to have lovely, well-groomed nails.

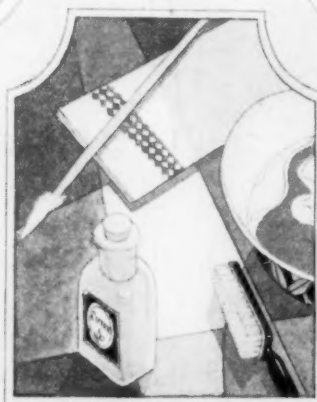
Its fame spread around the world until today more women use Cutex manicure preparations than all other manicure preparations together. And Northam Warren is recognized everywhere as the greatest authority on the manicure.

ALL over the world the beautiful hands of lovely women are a tribute to the method that Northam Warren originated.

Years ago he realized that the most important part of the manicure—the care of the cuticle—was the most difficult. Cutting the delicate rim only made it split and crack, and grow back thick and ugly.

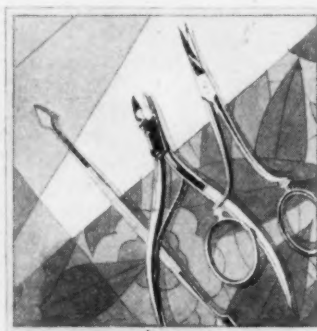
He discovered that what really makes the nail rims so untidy is the dead skin that clings to the base of the nails, and the hangnails that split off at the corners.

So he created a safe, antiseptic liquid—Cutex Cuticle Remover—that frees the cuticle from the nails in a gentle, natural way, and at the same time removes dead, dry skin easily.



What To Use

To keep the cuticle smooth, Northam Warren advises you to use only soap and water for cleanliness—then Cutex Cuticle Remover applied with orange stick and cotton.



What Not To Use

Northam Warren advises against using metal instruments, or cutting the cuticle.

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Wash the hands in warm soapy water. File the nails to ovals. Dip the orange stick in Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Work gently around the base of each nail to loosen the dry skin. Then pass the wet stick beneath the tips to clean and bleach them.

After you have accomplished these two important steps, the rest is simple.

A bit of Nail White smoothed under each nail tip, a careful washing and then the final touch. To give a particularly lovely brilliance, smooth your nails with the delicate Cutex Powder Polish, and follow with the lasting Cutex Liquid Polish.

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FILM... the great enemy of healthy teeth and gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

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Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

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Only one tube to a family

1898

THE DEAR LITTLE THING

[Continued from page 60]

The clothes-room door opened abruptly and Bill, tearing the handkerchief from his eyes, stood before the astonished crowd. His red bow tie was sliding excitedly towards his left ear. He looked directly at Judy, as if she were the only one at hand. There was a pause. Then Russ explained. "This was my dig at our new member. Thought I'd find an original wrinkle. Told him he must hide and listen to our rehearsal chaff. Righto, Bill?"

"You never did this before," Judy began. "Why did you now?"

"To spare you any more red neckties," Enid darted a smile at Bill's face.

"I'm through," said Bill briefly. No one attempted to argue. "This was no rehearsal chaff—it is what Judy thinks. Save for Russ Hartzell's courtesy—I may as well call it that—I never would have known. I want to get out of here as soon as I can—"

"Bill," Judy cried out as if she, too, were unconscious of anyone else. "Do you mean that?"

"I'm afraid I do," he said steadily. "I'm not fond of eavesdropping and no one has ever succeeded in telling me what you said. It was a jolt to hear your—your rehearsal chaff."

"Oh, Bill, you magnificent insulter," cried someone.

"Oh, that's it—Bill's playing—so is Judy," echoed the others.

Judy put out her hands in protest. "No, Bill means it; he is angry with me."

Bill had walked to the door and opened it. "Judy is right," he said, closing it after him.

As Judy sprang forward, Russ caught her by the arm. "Are you going after that cat? A man who can't stand a crack at his necktie—"

"No, it isn't that—it is me. He heard me for the first time," she beat her fists against Russ' chest in her frenzy to be free. "I'm going to him to tell him I understand—"

Before they could stop her, she had wrenched herself free. The Wild Bores ran to the windows. This was quite a meeting. They saw Judy, her cape blowing about her, standing at the curb, while Bill prepared to drive off.

"She is coaxing him back—" some said.

"He's a fool to pin his faith to anything Judy says," offered someone else.

"He's driving her home," murmured Enid disappointedly.

"Let's get back to the main works," Russ turned to the punch.

WILL you take me home?" Judy had asked, standing at the curb.

Silently, Bill opened the door and she sat beside him in penitence.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, as the machine halted before Miss Burtis'.

"So am I," his tone told her that it was serious.

"You can't see that—"

"I'm afraid not. If anyone had told me that you were two-faced, I'd have proven that I was two-fisted. I'd never have consented to Russ' scheme if he hadn't told me it was a custom."

"Did I say anything so terrible—so—"

"You proved that you cannot resist going with the crowd. You have always featured my red neckties in your praises," this with sudden, boyish hurt. "What did you do it for? Why go out of your way to say, 'Bill, I adore those red ties. They're my daily dose of optimism. Get some more, do—perky little scarlet things!'"

"When I let Judge Hartzell have that land, your understanding seemed a big test of your love. I warned you I was insincere, that I agreed to everything—"

"Yes, you did. But I was conceited enough to believe you when you said that I was the one exception."

"I could have passed it off as part of the initiation," she murmured. "but I wanted to tell the truth. I'll tell more of it—I've made fun of your neckties but never of yourself, never once."

"I'm afraid I can't change my opinion," He did not offer to see her to the door.

She let herself in as noiselessly as the old walnut door would permit, stealing up the backstairs and tapping at Violette's

door. "When does the woman's page go to press?" Judy began.

Violette, all cold cream and faded pink tea gown, gave her a searching look. "At eleven."

"I must buy back the space that you've given to my engagement," Judy continued in a dull tone. "I'm—I'm not engaged to Bill any more. Don't question me—just stop that story."

Violette (she was a Rutgers, as Randolph always reminded) laid an understanding hand on Judy's shoulder. "I'll have them use a story about Soul Rythm. Go to bed, my child—and cry it out!"

NO one could take Hardboiled's place. Wearily, she unlocked the trunk and reclaimed the doll . . .

"Hardboiled, Bill is right. What he heard tonight was a—a symptom of what is the matter. A symptom, old dear—and how can I be cured unless I know the disease? I'm worlds more square than any of the Wild Bores; still, something is very wrong. Bill isn't clear about it, either. Must we end everything just because of neckties? Hardboiled, tell me what is the matter," clutching the old doll passionately. "You've known me ever since I've known myself. Why am I a yes-yes girl?"

Hardboiled's dim eyes did not falter but the dented bisque head listed to one side.

"Even you are going to pieces," Judy thought. "I ought to mend instead of demolish you. How do you look after all these years?" unripping the eiderdown casement.

"Why—I'd forgotten that dress," she spoke almost happily. The old doll wore a crumpled peach colored taffeta—a faded cloth violet pinned at the waist, just as Judy's mother had worn them.

"Oh, Hardboiled," she said eagerly, "how beautiful she was when she said goodnight to us!"

The dress brought a chain of memories. Her mother's popular drawing room, into which she pecked at rare intervals. The indifferent but strict blue-hatted nana, who stopped to talk to other blue-hatted nanas about: "The little thing only stays with her until June. The court ordered it."

How she clutched Hardboiled when the nurse ran on in this wise. It tortured to hear family secrets told during afternoon strolls. She remembered as if it had just happened, instead of the disastrous initiation. Time had turned topsy-turvy. She would trudge home—the blue-hatted nana taking such long steps—and her beautiful mother might allow her to sit beside her dressing table while her hair was being brushed. The photographs of handsome men on her mother's dressing table always seemed enemies, although she never suggested it to anyone save Hardboiled. The only one that pleased was of her father—in a shabby, leather frame and hidden behind a decanter.

Recalling all this, she caught up Hardboiled and the faintest odor of Parma violets floated out from the folds of the silk dress. Surreptitiously, she had borrowed from her mother's stock. Ten minutes later had come that confusing summons to see her mother, dead from a motor wreck. Ten days later, came the word that her father had died of a stroke. Then her grandfather brought her to Randolph and, unnoticed by anyone, she had sewn up Hardboiled in the eider-down case. Curiously, her hands unfastened the faded silk frock. As it slipped off, she gave a heart broken cry.

"Daddy," she called out softly.

Dressed in a tweed hunting suit, correct even to puttees, old Hardboiled was nothing if not a dual personality.

"It is just as Luella finished it for a surprise—oh, daddy—"

She could hear Luella saying in her brusque, kindly way: "And that's how your pappy looks when he goes a-huntin'."

She had shown the doll to her father. Together, they had criticized and praised Luella's efforts. But she had taken care not to mention what Luella said.

Luella used to give her version of affairs to whoever else happened to be in employ—"It ain't right to spoil the little thing so, draggin' her [Turn to page 72]

When you make jams and jellies this modern way

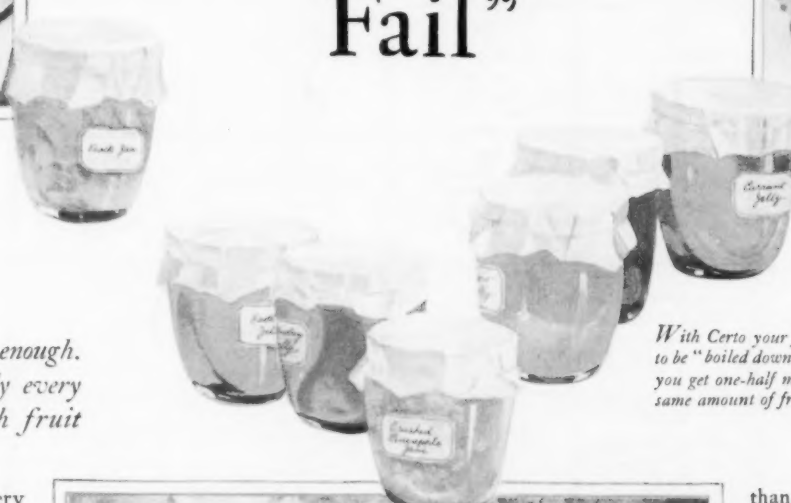


You just bring your fruit—or fruit juice—and sugar to a boil, boil hard one or two minutes, and it's ready to skim, pour and seal. With Certo, this is all the boiling needed to give your jams and jellies a perfect, tender "set."

"There's no such word as Fail"



When you make your jelly the sure, quick Certo way you can use any fruit you like, when it is fully ripe and the flavor is at its best. It cannot fail to jell successfully.



With Certo your fruit juice no longer has to be "boiled down." The juice is saved and you get one-half more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit.

ONE OR TWO minutes' boiling is enough. Any fruit will jell now perfectly every time, keeping its delicious fresh fruit flavor and natural color.

WHEN following old-time cookery recipes, even the most experienced housekeepers find that, using the same kind of fruit time after time in the same way, they get a jell one week and a syrupy failure the next.

The reason for this uncertainty is that the jelly-forming substance in fruit is constantly changing—always decreasing in quantity as the fruits ripen. Thus the ripest fruit with the richest flavor has always been considered the least suitable for jelly making.

Many delicious fruits such as pineapple, peaches, blackberries and strawberries, contain no jelly-making substance at all, or contain it in such small quantity that it used to be impossible to make jelly from them.

Now Perfect Jams and Jellies Every Time From All Kinds of Fruits

BUT now—delicious jam or jelly can be made from any variety of fruit or combination of fruits. For after long study and investigation of the nature of fruits, the way has been found to extract the jellying substance from fruit in which it is abundant so as to produce a highly refined liquid concentrate which, used with any fruit juice, gives it the required amount of natural jellying quality.

This concentrate of the natural jellying element in fruit we have named Certo. Certo is so flavorless and colorless that it can be used with the most delicate fruits, such as pineapple or strawberry, without changing their color or flavor.

But the Certo method goes a step farther



Nine times out of ten when jam or jelly didn't jell, it was the fault of the fruit. You can have success now every time. More than six million women now make perfect jams and jellies this simple, easy way

than that. By making possible a perfect "set" after only one or two minutes' boiling, it preserves the fresh flavor and color of your fruit instead of boiling them away by long cooking.

By the old long-boiling process nearly half of your fruit juice boiled away, the bright color darkened and most of the fresh fruit flavor was carried off as steam.

The new short-boiling method with Certo sets a new standard of quality in jams and jellies. All the fragrance of your fresh fruit, and its natural color are sealed up in your jelly glasses.

Half again more Jam or Jelly

WITH Certo you get half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit because the juice which used to boil away is now saved. The extra sugar called for in Certo recipes is used to jell this extra quantity of juice.

Get Certo from your grocer today. By following the recipes given in the booklet wrapped with each bottle, you can make, in less than half the time, the finest jams and jellies you have ever tasted. Douglas-Pectin Corp., Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y. In Canada address: Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.



*Send 10c for half-size bottle—
enough to make 6 to 10 glasses of
jam or jelly, depending on recipe used.*

Douglas-Pectin Corporation
186 Granite Building, Rochester, New York
Please send me postpaid a half-size trial
bottle of Certo with the recipe booklet.
I enclose 10c (coin or stamps).

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

1869 57TH YEAR OF THE 57 VARIETIES 1926

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup 1	Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup 2	Heinz Cream of Celery Soup 3	Heinz Cooked Spaghetti 4	Heinz Peanut Butter 5	Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce 6	Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans 7	Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat - Vegetarian 8
Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork - Boston Style 9	Heinz Prepared Mustard 10	Heinz Mince Meat 11	Heinz Plum Pudding 12	Heinz Fig Pudding 13	Heinz Cherry Preserves 14	Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves 15	Heinz Peach Preserves 16
Heinz Damson Plum Preserves 17	Heinz Strawberry Preserves 18	Heinz Pineapple Preserves 19	Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves 20	Heinz Blackberry Preserves 21	Heinz Apple Butter 22	Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly 23	Heinz Currant Jelly 24
Heinz Grape Jelly 25	Heinz Quince Jelly 26	Heinz Dill Pickles 27	Heinz Preserved Sweet Midget Gherkins 28	Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins 29	Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles 30	Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins 31	Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins 32
Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles 33	Heinz Chow Chow Pickle 34	Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle 35	Heinz Spanish Queen Olives 36	Heinz Spanish Manzanilla Olives 37	Heinz Stuffed Spanish Olives 38	Heinz Ripe Olives 39	Heinz Pure Spanish Olive Oil 40
Heinz Preserved Sweet Onions 41	Heinz Sour Pickled Onions 42	Heinz Worcestershire Sauce 43	Heinz Chili Sauce 44	Heinz Beefsteak Sauce 45	Heinz Red Pepper Sauce 46	Heinz Green Pepper Sauce 47	Heinz Prepared Mustard Sauce 48
Heinz Sandwich Relish 49	Heinz India Relish 50	Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish 51	Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing 52	Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar 53	Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar 54	Heinz Distilled White Vinegar 55	Heinz Tarragon Vinegar 56

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP
57

THE 57TH YEAR OF THE 57

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57 Varieties—57 years—years of building, growing, making foods good, making them better, for the public—our customers—our friends—you.

57 years of doing a common thing uncommonly well—the true basis of success.

Today, a world institution. Groups of kitchens in four countries. The whole world our garden. Sales branches and warehouses everywhere. Thousands of faithful employees. An army of loyal grocers. Millions of satisfied

customers. A name known wherever civilization reaches.

One thing stands out amid such evidences of physical growth—to us the most significant of all—your good will—your approval—that has made this growth possible. So in this, the 57th year of our business, we offer our acknowledgments to hosts of friends—the grocers and their customers—our customers, too, and pledge that the methods and standards of quality which have won your confidence will never be abandoned or relaxed.

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH BE SURE TO VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS • H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

1925, nearly fifty-two and one-half million. The building permits for 1925 amounted to \$23,418,836, nearly five times as much as in 1924.

Grumblers object that money has been taken from Northern banks to invest here, but the candid cannot overlook the fact that great amounts of money are going back for goods made outside of the State and used here. All the furniture in my room came from Northern manufacturers—the very mirror on the wall, the standardized gilt affair with which the standardized hotel room is always decorated, came from the North.

Go through the offices and shops and you see nothing but Northern goods. This multitude of brokers' offices is handsomely and commodiously furnished. But examine the furniture, desks, chairs, couches, typewriters, filing cases, mimeographs, adding machines, all from concerns that you know North of the Mason and Dixon's line. It is the same in everything. Your foods: At least seventy-five percent of the food consumed here comes from Northern markets. Wisconsin furnishes the bulk of the milk and cream. In spite of the wealth of delicious green vegetables, all but the first-class hotels feed you out of cans filled in the North. The State Chamber of Commerce recently attempted to estimate the amount of money that Miami sent out last year in exchange for goods which she wanted. There was \$9,500,000 for dry goods and clothing.

From one end to the other of the strip we are considering, amazing engineering feats are pointed out. The pride and glory at present of all these achievements—an achievement bound to serve as a stimulus and a model to the entire undeveloped West Coast—is Gandy's bridge. "Poor Old Gandy" people called him for years when he talked of a bridge six miles long across old Tampa Bay, cutting down the distance between St. Petersburg and Tampa from fifty-two to nineteen miles. They listened and laughed, but they could not resist him. Nearly four thousand people bought stock in the enterprise and in November of 1924 Gandy's Bridge was opened with appropriate ceremonies.

If all this lively activity were centered in extending towns which have some substantial reason for existence, in opening resorts easily reached and attractive, there would be no question in the observers' minds about their legitimacy. That is, anyone can see why Tampa, Orlando, Jacksonville, should grow. You can understand growth in scores of little Florida places of which you never heard until your motor took you through them as you were going somewhere else. The difficulty is that there is town after town starting up in Florida today for which not even the most hopelessly optimistic Floridian can see a reason.

More than once as I drove from Tampa to Tarpon Springs, from Tampa to Venice, I saw towns staked out in remote pine forests, in water-covered cypress jungle. If you go into the back country through the rich and highly developed central portion of the state, the sections for which Tampa fetches and carries, you every now and then come upon a development far from any settlement. Motoring along the Suwannee River through a strip of apparently deserted country—we passed but six cars in an hour's driving—twenty miles both ways from a town with life in it, we suddenly gasped to see ten or fifteen acres of brilliant orange lot stakes and an orange-colored administration building by the roadside. There was no one in the office, no one in sight but a distant cracker plowing with a mule, but in big letters we read:

"Come to our town," and below, the slogan:

"The Suwannee River is calling you."

No one can doubt that the Suwannee does call but unfortunately it was, in this case, three or four miles away. Now how does this town builder expect to sell his lots? He will not do it in Florida and probably has no office there. He sells by circular, out of the State, from offices in New York, Chicago, Atlantic City, and at bargain prices, \$59 a lot, \$79 a lot.

After a few days or weeks of travel north and south, east and west, discovering not only in populated centers but in swamps and forests, miles away from any habitation, rows of lot stakes, sometimes

FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 15]

in the sand, sometimes actually in the water, a great bewilderment seizes one. How many developments, how many lots are being offered for sale in Florida? You ask it of every well informed person or agency that you interview and the answers that you get are wide apart, according to the temperament and the sense of humor of the person. One conservative investor, who has been trying to tabulate the offerings, declares that there are 11,000,000 lots on the market. This is fantastic, so others declare, and they make a good case for, counting five lots to an acre, you come out with over 2,000,000 acres subdivided, but after you have looked at them as many days as I have, you are not so sure that the gentleman is wrong. At all events, those who are actively trying to check speculation and over-development and who at the same time are sensitive about their Florida say, "Well, quite frankly, we don't like to talk of it."

It is when you realize what is being done, the kind of thing that has been put on the market, that your bewilderment turns to indignation—indignation over the losses that foolish people who buy without knowing what they are doing, who gamble with their little savings, are bound to suffer. There is indignation, too, over the stain that has been put on the good name of a State that you cannot help loving and believing in. And so you go about to ask, "What are you doing about it?" And you find on investigation that as a matter of fact, Florida is doing a great deal about it. I doubt indeed if in all the business history of the United States you will find another such resolute cooperative effort on the part of both official and unofficial agencies to correct an unscrupulous practice in real estate.

The "binder boy," as I said in the former chapter, has been eliminated, eliminated by the clever counter-movements of the very class that he had attached himself to—that is, the real estate class. The trains north were full of them last December, and now the Circuit Court at Miami has come along to declare that "John Binder," as they call him, has no legal standing, and that the small sums, "binders" or options, in which he traded and by which he tied up many valuable properties, are worthless.

The most important thing they have done, without a manner of doubt, is the creating last fall of the Florida Real Estate Commission, with authority to sift out the unscrupulous real estate broker. The Chairman of this Commission, and the father of the law, is Walter W. Rose, a man under forty, a leading realtor of Orange County. It is some seventeen years since Walter Rose first came to Florida. He had not been here long before he made up his mind that rapid development must soon begin. He studied the real estate business, opened an office, but found by experience that there was an almost criminal laxity in the granting of licenses.

But it took the harrowing experiences of 1924 and 1925 to awaken Florida to the danger from dishonest real estate brokers and salesmen which threatened her development. Once aroused, the Legislature passed, almost unanimously, a law creating the Commission, a body of three, with headquarters at Orlando, near the center of the State. As I have said, Mr. Rose is its Chairman.

The Commission has been organized and operating for only about two months, but in that time it has forced agents to turn back something over one hundred thousand dollars. It has revoked a few licenses. It has put a few men in jail. That is, the new Florida Real Estate Commissioners are not dummy office holders. They are honest and vigorous men determined to wipe out any stain on the good name of the realtors of the State and to prevent future abuses.

But even this drastic law does not satisfy some of the determined Floridians. On March 6th a rousing big meeting of Realty men was held in Tampa, the weeding out of undesirables and the prevention of bogus developments still its object. The creation of a new commission, the Florida Blue Sky Land Commission, with even more drastic regulations, was demanded and the first of the regulations proposed was:

That no subdivision shall be offered for sale in the State of Florida that does not carry

with it the following improvements: Electric lights, a sufficient supply of good drinking water, telephones to the property, graded and hard-surfaced streets in front of every lot, and that a bond be entered into with a reliable surety company for the faithful performance of this improvement program.

After you have seen a few "towns" like the one I have mentioned—nothing but a forest of gay orange stakes—you feel like going to Tallahassee yourself to help the Realtors put through their Blue Sky Commission.

Cooperating with the Commission is the semi-official State Chamber of Commerce, an organization affiliated with the National Chamber of Commerce and accepting and practicing its code of ethics. The State Chamber of Commerce has placed itself squarely behind the Real Estate Commission, and has even gone to the extent of advertising largely in Northern mediums, "Investigate before investing." And it offers everywhere its assistance to every one who may be suspicious of an investment he has made.

BUT clear out all your dishonest developments; wipe out all the wheedle and misrepresentation from salesmanship and you will still have in Florida a situation which puzzles the observer. How is a State of 1,250,000 people going to absorb the 11,000,000 lots or whatever the number which are on the market?

Clearly a lot can have no permanent value unless it is used or, if it is to be held, its neighbors are used. All that can put value into these numberless developments is people living in them in real houses and doing the things that people do in a community. You can buy and sell gayly as long as there is a promise of building, but let time pass and little or nothing be done and only now and then a scattered structure go up and no amount of advertising can keep up indefinitely the value of the property.

Then the question comes, where do these developers expect to get the people to build and live on the lots they have laid out?

They have two sources to draw on. The first and only one of which many people in the North think is the tourist. Florida, they will tell you, is built on the tourist, and you cannot depend on him. He is fickle, follows the crowd, covets new experiences, seeks new scenes. Now there is no gainsaying that the tourist crowd is fickle, yet it is at present one of the chief sources of Florida's income. Officialdom calculates that last year the tourist left \$125,000,000, or about a hundred dollars per capita. Can the tourist be held and his numbers increased?

Florida has always had remarkable skill in holding people as permanent winter visitors of whom possibly ten per cent. became permanent residents. There is ample reason for this. She brings health to many people. She will bring repose to any one who will lend himself to her sun and air.

It has been from this tourist class that practically all the great developers have come. Man after man with money has come hunting or fishing to the State and has been captured by the possibility of empire building and has bought big tracts, formed companies, sold stock, brought on people. That is, for many years Florida has drawn practically all the sums invested in the State from tourists. Last year these sums amounted to something like \$450,000,000. She still counts on them.

This being the case, it is to be expected that she should give close attention to providing for their needs. The tourists must be housed and fed and this must be done to suit every grade of purse. Anyone who comes must find what he wants and he can very nearly do it if he looks long enough and he can do this at his own price. You can go to Palm Beach and live like an epicure if you know where to go—have the entrée! Every large town has one of the comfortable, standardized hotels which attract a large group of prosperous Americans but the large class which does not like that sort of thing, can find its old-fashioned American plan hotel, sedate, comfortable in every particular, no jazz, no gambling—"just like home." In

[Turn to page 68]

The road to beauty is 5 miles long



To Cleanse Pores Thoroughly Use this Clear Soap

Every woman admits that clear, healthy pores are the foundation of beautiful skin, and there are 5 miles of them in your body.

Beauty experts say that Jap Rose is the one soap that cleanses them most thoroughly and does not clog them.

That is because its ingredients (so pure you can see through them) dissolve perfectly in water, and enter and cleanse the tiniest pores that coarser soaps would clog.

After it cleanses, Jap Rose stimulates circulation. You can tell that by the temporary tingle that follows its first use. The tingle is a sign that your skin is getting healthier—and prettier.

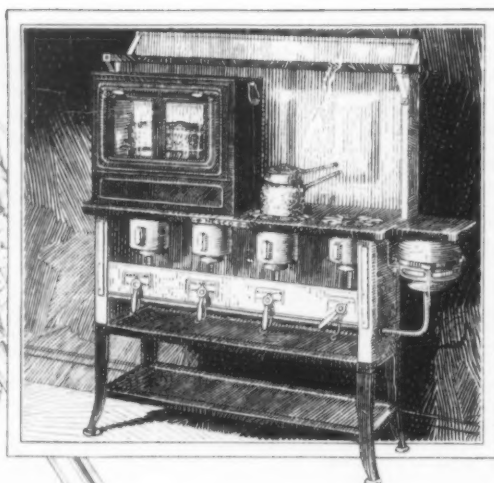
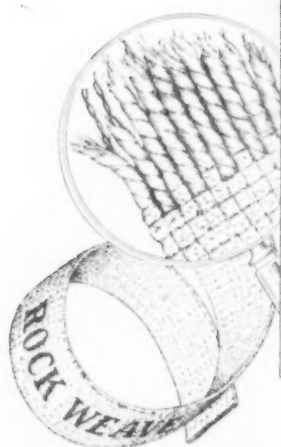
Get Jap Rose not only for skin but because it is also the best shampoo money can buy.

JAP ROSE

The clear soap for a clear complexion—the cake 10 cents—



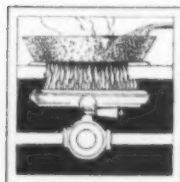
Accept No Substitutes



Let It Cook 30 Meals —then Decide

PROVE to yourself how much easier, better and quicker the NESCO will do your cooking. Try its quick intense heat in baking biscuits, angel food, or flaky pie crust. See what perfect bread you can bake; the splendid roasts you can have with its even heat turned lower. Its flame never creeps or crawls. Fry a steak over its intense blue gas flame. Use the NESCO ten days. Then decide. If it doesn't do everything the dealer said it would, send it back and the dealer will refund your money.

Go now to your NESCO dealer and see this better oil cook stove. Have him show you the patented Rockweave Wick that requires no trimming and cleans by burning. Ask him to demonstrate the famous NESCO burners that light like an ordinary oil stove but quickly develop a clean blue gas flame of greater intensity.



The intense heat of a gas stove burner is due to the flame striking and spreading under the entire base of cooking utensils.

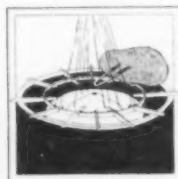


So also the blue gas flame of the NESCO burner strikes and spreads under the entire base of the utensil, producing an intense gas flame cooking heat.

With this intense and concentrated heat the NESCO fries, bakes, boils and broils with the speed and efficiency of gas. Economical, too. The NESCO burner operates 24 hours on a gallon of kerosene. Over a million in use.

Domestic science experts and thousands of women endorse this stove and its wonderful burner. The use of this better oil stove in your own home will prove that NESCO gives just the cooking results you have long hoped for, but never found until you tried the NESCO. See your NESCO dealer today.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., INC.
Advertising Dept., 425 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Branches at: Milwaukee, Chicago, Granite City, Ill., St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore.
Licensed Canadian Manufacturers: Dominion Stove and Foundry Company, Penetanguishene, Ontario, Canada.



A hairpin inserted in a potato and placed over a NESCO burner glows red hot in an instant. This test proves NESCO's intense cooking heat.

NESCO

OIL COOK STOVE

With the Blue Gas Contact Flame

National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc., 425 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me free the Ten Day Money Back Trial Plan and booklets "Gas Cooking With An Oil Stove" and "What Women Say".

Name _____
Address _____
Your Hardware Dealer's Name _____

11-F

FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 67]

out-of-the-way and beautiful places are comfortable boarding houses at reasonable rates, and if one must be very economical, there is the tourist camp.

The tourist must not only be housed and fed, he must be amused and there is no Florida tourist town that does not spend great sums on golf grounds and tennis courts. But entertain the tourist to his entire satisfaction, and the question in this connection still remains: "How many of them are you going to persuade annually to build on the lots that they buy?" I doubt if out of the million and a half or two million and a half that will visit Florida in 1926, as many as ten thousand will promptly build homes, though fifty per cent. of them may buy lots. That is, not enough houses will actually be built by tourists on these myriads of lots to sustain their values through any very long period. Who, then, is going to build and occupy the subdivisions? Why, so far as those within a considerable radius of all the cities, Jacksonville, Miami, Palm Beach, Tampa, Pensacola, Orlando, DeLand, Bartow, and a score of other towns I might mention are concerned, it is the men and women who have been working in them through the years at one thing or another, building up the country, who will put values into the developments. It is these people who in the last ten years have developed Florida's factories until they are the largest single source of her income—\$150,000,000 a year; who have raised the average value of her farm property from \$27 per acre in 1910 to \$54 per acre in 1920, and have gone on with that increase until last year these farms produced \$85,000,000.

Now the people who have been doing this work have been thrifty, living modestly. Many of them began to see as long ago as 1920 that the towns in which they worked were too narrow, that they must have more room for business. That meant the homes in which they lived must be carried farther out; there must be subdivision developments in order to accommodate people who were being elbowed out of sections which their activities had made too crowded.

Men do not live by buying and selling lots; they live by producing things, transporting and marketing things. Take Tampa: I talked with a man whose father and grandfather as well as himself had spent their entire lives in that town, D. B. McKay, editor of the Tampa "Times." He laughed at the idea that subdividing was of any great importance, to Tampa. "What we are interested in," he said, "is creating pay rolls. We want the tourists, of course—it is a profitable crop; many desirable citizens come from it. But our ambition is an industrial city," and one realizes that is what Tampa is if he looks into her activities. She is one of the greatest manufacturing centers for cigars in the world, this business alone amounts to \$40,000,000 a year; seventeen ship lines come in, ships from all parts of the world tie up at the wharves, piled with freight—lumber from Puget Sound, sand and gravel from Belgium, asphalt from Trinidad, antique tiles from Europe. Even more important than what they bring in is what they take out, for Tampa knows, nobody better, that it is what her back country produces that in the long run will keep these ships coming and going.

The same thing is true in a town like Orlando in the center of the State. Business is elbowing her out. She must have developments, subdivisions for new comers. She's made enough money by her legitimate agricultural developments in the last twenty or thirty years for the people who have stood by to afford homes, handsome homes.

So the conclusion is that in any Florida town where people are actively engaged in legitimate production, the outlying subdivisions are almost certain to be absorbed, and so are safe investments, but beware how far you go out. Five, even ten years from now, there is no manner of doubt that every now and then the tourist in his travels will come upon a melancholy, deserted Spanish administration building, casino, hotel, its windows broken, an abandoned wreck. There will not be many, but there will be enough, let us hope, to

put caution into those who shall be called upon to conduct and direct the next great boom in Florida real estate!

It is from this experience in the active segment of the thousand mile Gulf Coast line that lessons for the wise development of the eight hundred or more miles that remain can be drawn. Those who are interested in the coming opening of this wonderful coast can do no better than to study carefully the causes and the course of the development which has gone on there.

THERE is the promise that sooner or later a scenic highway will run the full distance along the shores of Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, bridging the long arms of water which thrust themselves in from the Gulf and the big bays, coming close to little towns which only boats or sandy roads have reached before. This scenic highway will join that which now runs over Gandy's Bridge through our "active segment" and one day will connect with the road now under construction from Miami to Tampa, the Tamiami Trail, it is called. From there it will mount the East Coast by the Dixie Highway until at St. Augustine it picks up the Old Spanish Trail—a noble road which is building westward and of which Pensacola will soon have the full advantage.

It is a splendid project but it is doubtful if on the strength of a scenic highway all the way from Gulfport to Tampa a developer is justified in advertising properties as some are doing now as if in this very summer it would be complete. From the circulars which they are sending out and which are as irresistible in their enthusiasm as a spring seed catalogue, one would suppose that the proposed highway was to be opened not later than tomorrow though, as a matter of fact, no one can tell now when it will be completed. The Florida Real Estate Commission and the Florida State Chamber of Commerce are going to have their hands full if they frustrate speculation in properties on this undeveloped part of the Gulf Coast.

This Floridian habit of treating as a realized fact any project or experiment must constantly be put on the scales if one is trying to weigh a developer's scheme. Let it be suggested that a new fruit, a new tree, a new vegetable may possibly be brought to a commercial point in Florida and that an experiment is in the making somewhere, and a dozen ardent boosters will treat it as an achieved fact. That is what happened when Henry Ford began recently to experiment with rubber trees on a tract that he controls near Fort Myers. Rubber was immediately included in the products of Florida. "Come to Florida and plant rubber trees like Henry Ford," the promoters called.

Mr. Herman Dann, president of the State Chamber of Commerce, who for many months has been attacking in bold and scorching terms all misleading advertising, has used the Ford case and Barron Colliers' reported experiments with bananas as examples. "A man eminent in the business world," said the honorable president of the Florida Chamber of Commerce, "purchases a tract of land for experimentation in rubber production, of bananas—anything. This purchase may represent in the mind of this constructive developer not only a long range investment with all the potential hazards incident to embarking in a new field, but it may also represent years of painstaking effort on his part and the expenditure of millions of dollars in improvements with no thought whatever of a vast reward waiting immediately round the corner."

"On the strength of each such honest, constructive project literally scores of thin-conscience promoters and shoe-string financiers stand ready to spring into the field, besieging persons of large and small means to invest their money in every sort of speculative enterprise from rubber and banana plantations, promising 'sure and enormous profits' to twenty-five dollar city and town lots 'fully improved, with sewers, gas, water, electric light, and sidewalks.' And a certain class of the public fall for this as Barnum always insisted it would." [Turn to page 110]

Triumph Pattern Wm. Rogers & SON



Berry Spoon
\$2.00
each
(70 Actual Size)



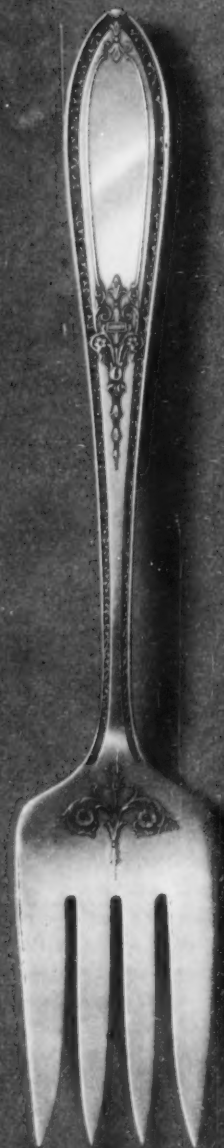
The newest pattern of all among the several beautiful patterns in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate.

For the hostess who wants the latest and smartest. Yet who believes her silverplate should be moderate priced and durable.

Guaranteed without time limitation.

All these requisites are yours merely by asking for this *exact* name, Triumph Pattern in

WM. ROGERS & SON
SILVERPLATE



Gold Meat Fork
\$1.25
each
(70 Actual Size)

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

MERIDEN CONN.—in Canada—NIAGARA FALLS ONT.

*A Chinese is apt to be your
pedicurist in Paris. Perhaps
"The Celebrated King Foo,"
himself! Chiropodist is too
bourgeois a word for the
artist that he is*



*Fifth in a series, direct from
Paris, of the newest beauty
secrets of French experts*

*Illustrated by
MARY MAC KINNON
from sketches made in Paris
by PAUL TECHE*

FRENCH AID for the HANDS and FEET of BEAUTY

Reported by VIRGINIA KIRKUS



IT is usual in Paris to care for the hands and feet at one and the same time. When you enter a *salon de beauté* you are ushered into a corner, discreetly screened. You remove your gloves and your shoes and stockings—never expect that sort of service in Paris—and your attendant will then appear. Your pedicurist—sometimes a Chinaman—opens a small case of implements, kneels before you, and you extend your foot on a cushion prepared for the purpose. He flourishes his knife before you, whetting it on a stone, and deftly sets to work to transform your feet from mere mundane implements for getting you around to glorified picture-book affairs, that make you feel loth to put on your stockings. As he scrapes and shapes the nails, he explains that they must be cut straight across, to avoid ingrowing corners. Then, he produces a bottle of colored liquid and swiftly enamels each nail a bright scarlet. Your glorified feet no longer look like the ones you have been used to. You almost doubt that they are yours. You peer at your beautified toes questioningly and finding that they are really yours, you slip on stockings and shoes—if you were French you would also clasp a slender anklet around your left ankle—and you are ready for the day.

THE French manicurist will give you much good advice about the home-care of your nails. Here in substance is what she tells you: "You must have two kinds of ointment. One, vaseline or cuticle cream to apply night and morning around the edges of your nails. Use a good cuticle remover when necessary, and you will soon find that you can shape the base of your nails as you wish. The other, a creamy substance to stimulate the growth of the nails. This you should use only once or twice a week. For the care of the finger-tips, use two tablespoonfuls of table-salt in a bowl of water as hot as you can stand it and in it soak the fingers for ten or fifteen minutes. Press back the flesh from the corners of your nails and shape the finger-tips as you wish. Do this every day and you will find that they will gradually become more taper and pliable. Don't try to clean your nails with a file or metal stick. This makes the white tip uneven and hurts the flesh. Clean the nails with soap and water and a sponge."

For the finishing touches, I was interested to note that many smart French women use an almost colorless polish. Others—equally smart—favor a delightful rose shade which gives the nails a soft pink glow. It may be in paste, cake or liquid form, but both before and after using a liquid polish, I think it is better for the nails to use a buffer. It keeps the natural gloss. Your French manicurist will probably advise against it. The French do not use so high a gloss as the Americans. Moderation seems to be their motto.



YOUR manicurist tells you to place your hands on a small table and critically surveys the work of her American predecessor.

Then she washes your fingers in hot soapy water with a sponge! The French have a theory that nail brushes are bad for the nails. I do not agree with that or with their use of metal implements. They use metal implements almost entirely, and I fear are not as particular about cleansing them as we are. They scrape the nails more than our manicurists do, and they use no buffer under the liquid polish.

BUT I heartily approve of the hand and arm massage that in the most up-to-date French establishments forms part of the treatment. The method is not unlike that followed in one of the smartest of the New York shops. They use more creams than lotions, working them in with a rotary motion, taking each finger separately, then the palm and back of the hand, the wrist, and the forearm. This should be done at least once a week, using cream or lotion as you prefer.



The Right Note in Hosiery Harmony

A **W**RONG note in a woman's voice is ominous; in her attire it is tragic. The discriminating woman knows that stockings can make or mar the harmony of her ensemble. She knows that the right note in hosiery harmony can always be achieved with Gordon Hosiery.

Millions of women have found that Gordon Hosiery lasts unusually long and keeps its original lustre and perfect fit as long as it lasts. This is because Gordon Hosiery is made of

the finest pure silk obtainable, untainted by any adulterant in the dyeing process.

To avoid the dangers of a wrong color combination and to aid you in selecting the correct hose for every occasion,

we have prepared a hosiery style booklet, showing the correct color of shoes and hosiery for each costume. This booklet is an invaluable aid to economy, and is authoritative as to style and color combinations. Ask your Gordon dealer for a copy or write us. Ask for booklet M. We will send it to you free.

Gordon
HOSIERY

To keep fresh the beauty of girlhood ~ is the duty of every woman

THERE is no place in the modern scheme of things for the woman who is indifferent to her personal appearance and allows herself to grow old. It's the age of youth—but no woman can look younger than her skin.

Perfect cleanliness with the right soap will keep any woman's skin younger than her years. That is why daily increasing numbers of fastidious women are relying on Resinol Soap to preserve the freshness of their complexions. They know that it satisfies every need of the skin because:—

It gives an abundant, foamy lather in either hard or soft water—

It contains no free alkali or other harsh properties, and is absolutely non-irritant to the tenderest skin—

It has no heavy perfume or strong odor—just the delightfully distinctive fragrance which comes from its Resinol properties—those properties which make its rich color and give protection to the skin—

It rinses easily and leaves the skin so soft and velvety, refreshed and invigorated that you know it has been cleansed to the depth of each tiny pore.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for cleaning away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.



Resinol Soap



Write today and ask us for a free trial of Resinol Soap and Ointment. Address Dept. C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

THE DEAR LITTLE THING

[Continued from page 64]

here and there. Both love her. His partner, her father calls her."

"She is a wonderful little thing," her father acclaimed when she shared his bohemian existence. For six month's intervals, she had agreed with and admired whichever one she was with, denying sincere emotions. When she came to Randolph, it was an ugly habit, beyond control or comprehension. Her sense of values was warped. She would have no "luck" unless she agreed with every one—by turn!

They never suspected; perhaps they would not have understood. Her mother had been pleased at Hardboiled's silk frock, little thinking that underneath was a copy of her husband's hunting suit. Her father had been flattered at Hardboiled's hunting costume, never suspecting that when a certain time of year came, it was covered by an evening frock—with a violet pinned at the waist... oh, if only they had known her grief at this strange division of life and love!

But Judy understood. She could substitute "because" for "but." Hardboiled had told Judy the truth.

The hall clock boomed seven. The noises of shaking down the furnace and opening the pantry penetrated into the room. And she understood! She kept repeating this as she waited for a cab. Ignoring the driver's glance at her silver lace frock showing under her cape, she drove to Bill's flat. As she rang the bell, it occurred to her—would Bill understand? Could he, since he failed in the matter of red neckties?

Dauntlessly, she rang the bell again.

Of course he would understand. He understood about the land deal, a big thing, as the world tabulates matters. This substituting "because" for "but" was another big matters. Bill would not fail.

Bill opened the door and drew her into the vestibule. "What is it?" he asked solemnly, as soon as they were alone.

Judy laid Hardboiled on the table. As she unwound the eiderdown, she explained. In turn, the peach colored taffeta came to view, then the hunting costume. At last, she replaced the silk frock and rewound the doll in eiderdown. She had finished.

"It may sound infantile and far-fetched because you are so clear in your mind, so straight ahead in thinking," she ended. "But I know that I have finished with 'luck'. My insincerity was a thing apart from what one would imagine. And even if you cannot understand, I am glad for last night. Knowing the truth is worth everything—even—even if we don't belong—" she faltered. Bill caught her in his arms.

"Wait," as if determined to leave no shadow of a doubt. "I want to be put to the test. Come with me to Judge Hartzell's—I want to tell him just how I feel about it all."

Bill chuckled. "I have news for him, too. An hour after you told me that the land was gone I got an option on that suburban bus-line! But, Judy, could you give me a little time this morning?" his tone was sober.

She nodded.

"Thanks. I want you to help me pick out some neckties."

A SIMPLE EQUATION

[Continued from page 19]

not help an established actress to play the part, it will make an unknown who plays it well."

Eloise Dory laughed nervously. "Well, there's my husband."

"That's just the point; he's *there*, not *here*! It seems to me that with Roderick in Europe, Asia, and South America most of the time, your spending the evenings in the theatre couldn't disturb him much."

"There's my little boy," she said.

"Aside from a four weeks try-out on the road, you won't be away from him a single night. If 'Doris' is the great play I think it is, it will run two years in New York."

"Must I decide this minute?" she inquired.

He realized that to press the matter farther at this moment meant defeat. "No, indeed," he assured her. "To-morrow, or the day after—you'll want to cable your husband, perhaps?"

"I want to think it over," she said.

He left, then; with all his enthusiasm he believed that Eloise Dory was the only woman of his acquaintance capable of playing the part of "Doris." He remembered that, when he was a reporter on a newspaper some years ago, he had seen her playing in a performance rendered by amateurs for the benefit of some war activity. He had marked her, then, as possessed of tremendous dramatic potentialities.

Later, in his capacity as newspaper man, he had met her husband. Then he had met Eloise again, but seeing her happily married, with a child, had forgotten his estimate of her. Only yesterday that estimate had been remembered, and he had raced to call upon her.

Alone in the Dory living-room, after a servant had removed the tea things over which she and Charters had discussed "Doris," Eloise reviewed her marriage. They had been married the year before America had entered the Great War. Roderick had gained a commission. At thirty-one a rising attorney, the Government made use of his legal abilities. He was transferred from the Line to the Intelligence and after that was attached to the diplomatic service, where he won applause from the State Department and the office of the Attorney General as well.

He came back to New York to see for

the first time the son that had been born while he was in the army. Roderick adored his wife and child. It was for them, he told himself, for their happiness and security, that he had endured past separation, and contemplated further ones. For his success had been so brilliant that the Government was loath to part with his services. All over the world disputes needed settlement; America was vitally interested in the settlement of these disputes. A keen legal mind was invaluable to the Government, so Roderick spent most of his time abroad.

It was impossible for Eloise to accompany him; the health of little Roderick Junior was delicate. So Eloise stayed at home. She never doubted her husband's love. Roderick had loved Eloise for years before he had become aware of the fact. But, once aware, his love completely possessed him. At least, he thought so. Eloise had begun to think differently.

After all, Roderick owed something to her. A great reputation is well enough, but happiness is better. She was not happy. She was too proud ever to offer objection to Roderick's method of achieving reputation; if by her charms she could not hold him to her, she would not do so by her pleading. Roderick was selfish. Reluctantly she conceded that fact. He preferred glory to love. But Eloise did not wish to be the one to point out the state of affairs. After all, the perfect marriage must be a perfect partnership, and where one partner has to plead, the firm cannot hope to be successful.

If she begged Roderick to stay at home he would always feel, deep down in him, that he had made sacrifices for her. Roderick must willingly make the sacrifice; he must beg to be permitted to make the sacrifice. Of course, she could resort to tears, but that was the very thing she did not wish to do. She knew that intellectually she was Roderick's equal. She believed that she gave as much to marriage as her husband.

But she could not tell her husband these things; to do so meant surrender of pride, and she was discerning enough to know that where either husband or wife surrenders pride they also surrender love. Roderick must learn the things he ought to know from life itself. And Charters had shown her the way to [Turn to page 73]

A SIMPLE EQUATION

make her husband understand.

Three months later Roderick Dory arrived home. His wife and little boy met him at the dock. All the way home in the taxicab he commented on the increased boyishness of his son, and the increased beauty of his wife. But after they had arrived at their house, he spoke of the delicacy of the boy.

"He isn't very strong, is he?" he asked anxiously.

Eloise's eyes clouded. "There's really nothing organically wrong with him," she stated. "It's just that city life, the lack of invigorating air, aren't good for him. The doctors say that we ought to live in the country, the real country."

His eyes widened. "I couldn't go," he retorted.

"I'd find it impossible myself," she flashed.

"But I've my career," he protested.

"What would you say if you knew that your wife had a career?" she demanded.

"I'd be tickled to death," he answered.

"Have you written something?"

She shook her head. "It's not writing. Are you too tired to go out for a few minutes?" she asked.

He looked disappointed. "I wanted to be alone with you."

"And I want you to come out," she persisted.

Puzzled, reluctant, he permitted her to persuade him. They took a taxicab and Eloise ordered the man to take them to Times Square where they alighted, paid the chauffeur, and Eloise led her husband east. Twenty yards away from the Union Theatre she paused. She pointed to the electric light sign; it was dim now, but the bulbs traced the legend: "Eloise Dunston in Doris."

"It's much more thrilling at night when the lights are on," she laughed.

"What's it all about?" he demanded.

There, on Forty-fourth Street, the star of "Doris" dropped her husband that exquisite old-fashioned curtsy which she had made famous in the play. "Behold your famous wife," she laughed.

Roderick looked at her a moment. "What does it mean?" he asked.

Purposely she misunderstood him. "The name Dunston? Well, I couldn't be sure that I'd succeed, so I didn't want to use either my maiden or my married name. I didn't want to be laughed at."

"You didn't think of my being laughed at, did you?" he demanded angrily. "Don't you suppose everyone is laughing at me? You going on the stage and my not knowing it?"

She shrugged. "Most men would be rather proud," she told him. "I think you'll be, after you've seen me play."

He stared at her, and with difficulty she kept the look of triumph from her eyes. For he was not staring at Mrs. Roderick Dory; he was staring at Eloise Dunston, the star of "Doris." There was the same bewildered expression in his eyes that night when, after the final curtain, he came to her dressing room. For he had seen a brilliant actress march triumphantly through one of the most difficult parts in the history of the New York stage and had surrendered to the spell of her artistry with the rest of the audience.

He had come to the theatre in a mood of incredulity. Of course, his wife was Eloise Dunston, and in some miraculous fashion she had achieved a theatrical triumph. Nevertheless, while his mind told him that these were true facts, his heart rejected them as evidence. But now, in her dressing room, his heart recognized and accepted the evidence of his senses.

His wife had suddenly become a stranger. A delightful stranger, a charming stranger, a fascinating stranger! He felt sudden embarrassment, as though he had surprised a stranger in this intimacy. He felt himself coloring, felt an acute embarrassment.

"What do you think of me?" he asked. "Of you, or of Eloise Dunston?" he countered.

"We're the same, aren't we?" she laughed.

"Not exactly," he replied.

"No? Well, suppose you tell me first what you think of Miss Dunston?"

"I think she's superb," he told her honestly.

"You mean it?" she cried.

"My goodness, what else could I think?

You're established; your acting is great."

She stood up, about to slip into her dress. "Roddy," she said, "you're a sportsman."

"Much obliged," he retorted.

Dressed, she slipped a hand through her husband's arm, and led him from the room.

He offered to take Eloise to a restaurant. "I suppose that supper is the proper thing, when one escorts a star from the theatre," he said.

Eloise squeezed his hand. "We can make sandwiches at home. You don't want to sit around a restaurant."

"Of course I don't; but I thought you might," he answered.

He was silent the rest of the way home. Eloise did most of the talking; the words bubbled from her lips.

"Now, having seen me in 'Doris,' do you understand why I can't move to the country?" she asked.

Her husband surprised her. "Of course I do," he replied. "You can't give up the thing you've gained."

She had yielded to Charters' request not simply because she was thrilled at the manager's belief in her, nor because she craved a career and consequent fame. There had been another reason, the all-important reason to thinking persons: she wanted happiness.

She had expected that Roderick, witnessing her triumph, would, after laborious self-analysis, arrive at understanding. She knew that he loved her and their baby more than anything else, that he prized their happiness, and would understand that through mutual concession their happiness might be assured. But now she stared at him blankly. There was something disarming about his immediate agreement with her.

"I have a long report to make. I can do it just as well in the country as here."

"Charters thinks that 'Doris' will run all summer," said Eloise.

"I agree with him, if to-night's audience is any criterion," said Roderick.

Somehow, Eloise felt baffled.

"I could leave the play," she said, feebly.

"Withdraw when you are upon the threshold? It is absurd."

"It doesn't seem to me that you expect to miss me," she said.

"I'd feel like a beast if I let my selfishness interfere with your career," he said.

She was not merely baffled; she was utterly defeated—defeated by the sheer simplicity of his attitude. And, being a woman, she was indignant because the fruits of victory were not so sweet as she had anticipated.

Three days later Roderick departed to Hammondstown with little Roderick. The night that Roderick went away Eloise returned to her home, and lay awake until dawn. She had known the depth of her love for her husband; his departure had intensified it; but the circumstances, created by herself, that parted them now, made love's intensification too poignant to be endured.

Two months after Roderick's departure, Charters sought her in her dressing-room after a performance of "Doris." He sat down on a chair, gripped his right knee with his left hand, contorted himself into a nervous knot, and said:

"Miss Dunston, the play won't last."

"What's the matter? It's been a great success," she said.

"It has; it isn't. It's a play that is really great; but its appeal is to the sophisticated. It's exhausted the supply of sophisticated people in New York, and it won't do for the road."

She pursed her lips. "How about London?"

"I think it has a great chance there. But before you go to London, you want to complete your conquest of New York; you want to conquer Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and the road. You can't do that in 'Doris.' But you can do it in another play that I've bought."

"You excite me," she told him. "When can I read the play?"

"The last act has to be entirely rewritten. The author has started work, and it will be finished in a month or six weeks. I think that the best thing to do is close 'Doris' in a fortnight, and start rehearsals of the new play in August."

Fifteen days later [Turn to page 74]

Baby's skin is wet
so much of the time...

What causes CHAFING



Naturally, the powder must be pure beyond question

—and how to
guard against it

THE texture of a baby's skin is so fine and soft and delicate that the least little bit of roughness is likely to irritate the surface.

This is especially true of the folds of his fat little body where moisture so often lurks, making the skin tender, assailing his comfort with the acidity of perspiration or urine. Here too there is always the element of friction where one little fold rubs against the other ever so lightly when the baby moves.

If the mother is not always on her guard, keeping baby beautifully clean and well-powdered, his precious sleepy time and happy play hours will be marred by the misery of chafing.

After his bath and thorough drying with a soft towel she powders him thoroughly. And again every time his diaper is changed.

The powder has three functions. It absorbs the moisture, it neutralizes the acid and it makes the surfaces smooth, preventing friction.



The Director of the Children's Clinic at New York Post Graduate Hospital, writes in his authoritative book:—

"It is a wonder to me that the baby's skin does not suffer more than it does when we consider that he is wet a certain amount of the time in spite of all the care we give him. . . . The soap should be thoroughly washed off in the bath, and a generous application of toilet powder (especially in the folds of his fat little body) made after the bath and every time we dry him."

Naturally a powder, to do all these things must be absorbent, pure beyond question and exquisitely fine.

BECAUSE it is all these things in a notable degree Johnson's Baby Powder is the choice of more mothers than any other.

It was first made at the request of doctors and by their formula. They knew that the house which already made for them hundreds of antiseptic, surgically clean articles, had, in its marvelous laboratories, the facilities to make a powder of the high quality they demanded.

Mothers using Johnson's powder every day have proved how good that formula was, how wise the doctors were to select this house to manufacture it.

To those mothers who do not already know the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering a free sample of it together with their helpful little book, "The Faith of a Baby." Just send them your name and address on the coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson Dept. C-10, New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me sample of your baby powder and the booklet, "The Faith of a Baby."

Your druggist is more than a merchant



A Real Breakfast with Armour's Star Bacon

TEMPTING—sustaining—digestible! What food offers so much as this savory breakfast delicacy? Nothing can take the place of its energy-building fat in the diet of growing children. The flavor and fragrance of Armour's "Star" Bacon—like the high quality of all Armour products—is never-failing.

For convenient use, Armour's "Star" Bacon is sold uniformly sliced in pound and half-pound cartons. Ask your dealer.

Armour's STAR BACON

Armour's Star
Pure Lard
In pails or cartons



A SIMPLE EQUATION

[Continued from page 73]

Eloise arrived at Hammondstown. Roderick and the child met her at the station. The day after her arrival they sat on the veranda watching Junior play on the lawn. "I suppose," Eloise ventured, "that as long as I'm here to look after Roddy, you'll go back to the city."

He turned a quizzical eye toward her. "Want to get rid of me so soon?"

"You know better than that."

"Well, you're not going to," he told her. "I've already started a book on changes that the war has produced in international law. It will take me several months."

"But if you are to resume the private practice of law—"

"I'm not," he said. "Roderick Junior must live in the country. One of us ought to be with him."

"But you can't give up your career to our baby," she protested.

"I'm not," he said. "I've never cared for the actual practice. Moreover, Hammond University here has offered me a law professorship. That means prestige; it means lecturing before Bar Associations all over the country."

She turned to her husband. "Charters is going to let 'Doris' go to the storehouse. But he had a new play with a big part for me in it. He wants me to begin rehearsing in August."

"Well, we have a couple of months together; let's make the best of them, Miss Dunston," he said.

"Don't call me that," she blazed.

"Why, Eloise!" He was startled.

"I don't like it—from you. Why, you treat me as though I were a stranger."

His arm suddenly went around her; he drew her lips to his. "That isn't so formal, is it?" he asked.

"Roderick," she said slowly, "you've discovered that two kinds of a career are open to you, haven't you?"

"I certainly have; and I like this latter one best. You've discovered the same thing, haven't you? Which one do you like best?"

"It seems to me," she said slowly, "that I like the last one best."

His eyes showed his hurt.

She went on: "First I was a wife, then I was an actress, and then, a minute ago, when you kissed me, I felt very much a wife. That's my last career."

He reached for her, then restrained himself. "Marriage," he said thoughtfully, "must be a fifty-fifty proposition."

"It's an old mathematical problem," she said. "Rather a defiance of one mathematical rule, and a proof of another."

"Explain, oh female Solomon."

"Well, a part must be less than the whole. When part of a married couple is away from the other part, each part is less than the couple. To be less is to be not so complete, not so good. That's the proof which marriage offers of one mathematical rule."

"And the defiance, oh lady mathematician?"

"It's a complicated equation," she replied. "You are one, and I am one. One and one make two; but not in marriage. In marriage, one and one make one."

"I believe it implicitly," he grinned happily. "But," and he pointed at Junior playing on the lawn, "what about him?"

She hardly heard him. "I must write Charters at once, and tell him that I can't take the new part; that I've found my real career, and intend to stick to it."

"Those are the finest sentiments that were ever uttered," he smiled at her. "But what about Junior? Where does he fit into this philosophical-mathematical problem?"

She laughed. "One and one—that's you and I—make one. One—that's us—plus one—that's Junior—equal one."

"Why, that's a very simple equation," said her husband.

"It is, if we understand that if we take something from one, there is less than one left."

He looked at her; then he looked at his son. Across the street a little girl, half his son's age, was making flirtatious advances to Junior. Roderick Dory seemed to see himself in his son's place, and to see Eloise in the place of the little girl across the street. He seemed to see that their lives were to be lived over again by Junior. Or rather, that they were to live in Junior. Junior was their gift to eternity.

The family: that was the final stage of love. And in loving the family, one told God that one loved life and was grateful for having lived it. That was the last age of love.

BALZAC AND MADAME DE HANSKA

[Continued from page 18]

seventeen years which he gave to this woman, we are able to appreciate his anguished life. In his letters to this lady he describes his existence as it is, and the tragedy of it is immense. He is so poor, so laden with debt, that sometimes he does not write to her because he cannot meet the postal charges on the letter.

Madame de Hanska appears in the life of Balzac in 1830. She writes to him that she has read some of his novels, that lost in her castle in Ukraine his thought brings to her the rumble of the great world, and understanding of life.

Madame de Hanska belonged to an historic Polish family, and was born in 1805. Very young, she married M. de Hanska, twenty-five years her senior. She was an attractive woman, with a dark complexion, and rather full, imperious lips.

Whatever may be the situation, the correspondence begins in 1830, and ends only in 1849, when the two marry. In his letters he treats Madame Hanska like a wife; he does not merely protest his love, but he states his plans, the sales of his work; he discusses his troubles, his lawsuits, schemes, and disappointments.

But the correspondence exasperates him. He wants to see her. She has described herself to him and he has her picture, but he needs fuller satisfaction.

Their first meeting took place at Neufchatel, where Balzac travelled to greet her and M. de Hanska. They met alone for the first time on the Promenade du Faubourg; they were alone under a great tree in the Val de Travers, where they declared love. Hanska was married, and since her husband was so greatly her senior, she could expect ultimate widowhood. Then she would marry Balzac.

We find in Balzac's correspondence a better outline of his life than we could find in a diary, because he makes an effort to

express himself to his beloved. He outlines a career that is constantly heartrending but all through, his love for Madame Hanska, their very rare meetings, served like a torch to light his path. But the twelve years of the early correspondence were gay and happy compared with the seven which were to follow: in 1842 M. de Hanska died, and Balzac saw before him a promise of fulfillment. Wretched Balzac!

Madame Hanska was reaching middle-age, but he loved her still. But though she maintained with him her correspondence and though they were betrothed, there was no definite talk of marriage.

We may believe that one of the causes of delay was this: Madame Hanska was a mother before she was a wife, and her passion for her only child, was such that at last she definitely refused to marry Balzac until the girl was married. This happened in 1846, four agonizing years after the death of M. de Hanska. Balzac went east, the Hanska family came west; they met more often, and the engagement was made definite.

At last as time passes, as Madame Hanska becomes kinder, he prepares the dwelling where she will live, in the Rue Fortune, and in March 1850, at Berdichef, Balzac and Madame Hanska were united.

Five months did Balzac enjoy his wife. But the power of the emotions which he gained from his beloved did, in five months, damage which might have been spread over years.

Thus comes a day in August 1850 when Balzac is dying, when Victor Hugo comes to see him for the last time, and says in a sarcastic tone that Madame Balzac was crying a great deal. And so he died, while his wife wept in her apartments, and his aged mother alone stayed by his bedside.



Enjoy more leisure, spend less time on foods—learn what other women know about salads and desserts.

Orange and Strawberry Salad

Center of oranges and pineapple sliced, and marshmallows. Base of head lettuce. Filling of mayonnaise. Garnished with four unhulled strawberries and a walnut kernel.



Just 10 Minutes to make these delicious salads

HERE are three attractive, luscious salads that require but ten minutes each in preparation—designed especially for busy women whose days are very full.

No need to hurry home to make them—allow just 10 minutes, that is all.

We print the recipes on this page—to prove their flavor and convenience.

Try them. See how good they are. You'll serve them very often.

When they have become a habit in your home, you'll learn of other benefits which their continued use will bring.

For salad, made with fresh, ripe fruit and vegetables—now urged by authorities everywhere—is an essential food.

"Too many cooked foods and too few raw," is the expert dietitians' criticism of our modern meals, a lack in the diet that is easy to correct in the way that we suggest.

Your family needs fruit-salts and acids and fresh vitamins, and these attractive salads insure them with your meals.

Health depends, more than we realize sometimes, on the daily menus we select.

* * *

Although known as "acid" fruit, oranges have an alkaline reaction in the blood which serves to offset the acidity caused by an excess of meat, fish and eggs.

The orange's salts and acids are natural appetizers and digestive aids. There is nothing of more value as a supplementary food. Think of this too as you spend but ten short minutes in the preparation of these luscious salads. Try several of them in the next few days.

* * *

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Orange and Peach Salad

Peel oranges and cut into one-fourth inch slices. Arrange on lettuce-covered salad plates, alternately with canned sliced peaches. Garnish with walnut-halves.



Plain Orange Salad

Peel oranges, removing all white inner skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices. Arrange on lettuce-covered salad plates and top with mayonnaise. Garnish with maraschino cherry.

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— DECIDEDLY BETTER —

THE GATE

[Continued from page 7]

(Loyal, I mean) and—er—St. Christopher to assist as Supervising Assessors on the Board of Admission. Ignatius is one of the subtlest intellects we have, and an officer and a gentleman to boot. I assure you," the Saint turned towards Death, "he revels in dialectics. If he's allowed to prove his case, he's quite capable of letting the offender off. St. Christopher, of course, will pass anything that looks wet and muddy."

"They are nearly all that now, Sir," said the Seraph.

"So much the better; and—as I was going to say—St. Paul is an embarrassment—a distinctly strong colleague. Still—we all have our weaknesses. Perhaps a well-timed reference to his seamanship in the Mediterranean—by the way, look up the name of his ship, will you? Alexandria register, I think—might be useful in some of those sudden maritime cases that crop up. I needn't tell you to be firm, of course. That's your besetting—er—I mean—reprimand 'em severely and publicly, but—" the Saint's voice broke—"oh, my child, you don't know what it is to need forgiveness. Be gentle with 'em—be very gentle with 'em!"

Swiftly as a falling shaft of light the Seraph kissed the sandalled feet and was away.

"Aha!" said St. Peter. "He can't go far wrong with that Board of Admission as I've—er—arranged it."

They walked towards the great central office of Normal Civil Death, which, buried to the knees in a flood of temporary structures, resembled a closed cribbage-board among spilt dominoes.

They entered an area of avenues and cross-avenues, flanked by long, low buildings, each packed with seraphs working wing to folded wing.

"Our temporary buildings," Death explained. "Always being added to. This is the War-side. You'll find nothing changed on the Normal Civil Side. They are more human than mankind."

"It doesn't lie in my mouth to blame them," said St. Peter.

"No, I've yet to meet the soul you wouldn't find excuse for," said Death tenderly; but then I don't—er—arrange my Boards of Admission."

"If one doesn't help one's staff, one's staff will never help itself," St. Peter laughed, as the shadow of the main porch of the Normal Civil Death Offices darkened above them.

"This façade rather recalls the Vatican, doesn't it?" said the Saint.

"They're quite as conservative. Notice how they still keep the old Holbein uniforms? 'Morning, Sergeant Fell. How goes it?" said Death as he swung the dusty doors and nodded at a Commissionaire, clad in the grim livery of Death, even as Hans Holbein had designed it.

"Sadly. Very sadly indeed, Sir," the Commissionaire replied. "So many pore ladies and gentlemen, Sir, 'oo might well 'ave lived another few years, goin' off as you might say, in every direction with no time for the proper obsequies."

"Too bad," said Death sympathetically. "Well, we're none of us as young as we were, Sergeant."

They climbed a carved staircase, be-hung with the whole millinery of under-taking at large. Death halted on a dark Aberdeen granite landing and beckoned a messenger.

"We're rather busy today, Sir," the messenger whispered, "but I think His Majesty will see you."

"Who is the Head of this Department if it isn't yours?" St. Peter whispered in turn.

"You may well ask," his companion replied. "I'm only—" he checked himself and went on. "The fact is, our Normal Civil Death sides is controlled by a Being who considers himself all that I am and more. He's Death as men have made him—in their own image." He pointed to a brazen plate, by the side of a black-curtained door, which read:—'Normal Civil Death, K. G., K. T., K. P., P. C., etc.' "He's as human as mankind."

"I guessed as much from those letters. What do they mean?"

"Titles conferred on him from time to time. King of Ghosts; King of Terrors; King of Phantoms; Pallid Conqueror, and so forth. There's no denying he's earned

every one of them. A first-class mind, but just a little bit of a sn—"

"His Majesty is at liberty," said the messenger.

Civil Death did not belie his name. No monarch on earth could have welcomed them more graciously; or, in St. Peter's case, with more of that particularity of remembrance which is the gift of good kings. But when Death asked him how his office was working, he became at once the Departmental Head with a grievance.

"Thanks to this abominable War," he began testily, "the N. C. D. have to spend all their time fighting for mere existence. Your new War-side seems to think that nothing matters *except* the war. I've just been asked to give up two-thirds of my Archives Basement (E. 7-E. 64) to the Polish Civilian Casualty Check and Audit. Preposterous! Where am I to move my Archives? And they've just been cross-indexed, too!"

"As I understood it," said Death, "our War-side merely applied for desk-room in your basement. They were prepared to leave your Archives *in situ*."

"Impossible! We may need to refer to them at any moment. There's a case now which is interesting Us all—a Mrs. Ollerby, Worcestershire by extraction—dying of an internal hereditary complaint. At any moment, We may wish to refer to her dossier, and how *can* We if Our basement is given up to people over whom We exercise no departmental control. This war has been made excuse for slackness in every direction."

"Indeed!" said Death. "You surprise me. I thought nothing made any difference to the N. C. D."

"A few years ago I should have concurred," Civil Death replied. "But since this—this recent outbreak of unregulated mortality there has been a distinct lack of respect toward certain aspects of our administration. The attitude is bound to reflect itself in the office. The official is, in a large measure, what the public makes him. Of course, it is only temporary reaction, but the merest outsider would notice what I mean. Perhaps you would like to see for yourself?" Civil Death bowed towards St. Peter, who feared that he might be taking up his time.

"Not in the least. If I am not the servant of the public, what am I?" Civil Death rose and preceded them to the landing. "Now, this—" he ushered them into an immense but badly lighted office—"is our International Mortuary Department—the I. M. D. as we call it. It works with the Check and Audit. I should be sorry to say offhand how many billion sterling it represents, invested in the funeral ceremonies of all the races of mankind." He stopped behind a very bald-headed clerk at a desk. "And yet we take cognizance of the minutest detail, do not we?" he went on. "What have we here, for example?"

"Funeral expenses of the late Mr. John Shenks Tanner," the clerk stepped aside from the red-ruled book. "Cut down by the executors on account of the War from £173:19:1. to £47:18:4. A sad falling off, if I may say so, Your Majesty."

"And what was the attitude of the survivors?" Civil Death asked.

"Very casual. It was a motor-hearse funeral."

"A pernicious example, spreading I fear even in the lowest classes," his superior muttered. "Haste, lack of respect for the Dread Summons, carelessness in the Subsequent Disposition of the Corpse and—"

"But as regards people's real feelings?" St. Peter demanded of the clerk.

"That isn't within the terms of our reference, Sir," was the answer. "But we do know that as often as not, they don't even buy black-edged announcement-cards nowadays."

"Good Heavens!" said Civil Death swellingly. "No cards! I must look into this myself. Forgive me, St. Peter, but we servants of humanity, as you know, are not our own masters. No cards, indeed!" He waved them off with an official hand, and immersed himself in the ledger.

"Oh, come along," Death whispered to St. Peter. "This is a blessed relief!"

They two walked on till they reached the far end of the vast [Turn to page 78]

Why
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It makes
delicious and
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A Dessert
that makes a
plain dinner
end like a
banquet!

"WHAT shall we have for dessert?"—the next time you ask yourself that question take for an answer this "Snow Pudding" recipe—from Mrs. Knox's book, "Dainty Desserts". Of all the many glorious desserts you can make with Knox Sparkling Gelatin this one is an irresistible favorite—and yet it is very easy to prepare. Why not try it—as a surprise for your family or a delight for your guests:—

SNOW PUDDING (Six Servings)

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatin
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup lemon juice 1 cup boiling water
Whites of two eggs

Soak gelatin in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Turn into mold, dish or any pan, first dipped in cold water, and chill; serve with boiled custard sauce. If desired, line mold with lady fingers or stale cake.

One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatin makes four different desserts or salads, each sufficient to serve six people

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In using La France, follow these directions!

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water two heaping tablespoonfuls of La France and one-third less soap than usual — flakes, powder or chipped bar soap. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it only half the usual time.) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters — and your washing is done! La France has loosened the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.



Over a million women save hours of labor each washday by using La France. It is a marvelous cleansing agent—not to take the place of soap but to use *with* soap. Use it in a washing machine, tub, or boiler. It will save rubbing—save bluing—and make your clothes snowy-white, whether they're dried indoors or out.

La France is wonderful also for dainty lingerie, silks, linens and woollens. It will not harm color or fabric. And it will really *benefit* your hands! It tends to soften and whiten the skin.

La France costs only ten cents a package—enough for *three* washings. Your grocer should have La France. If not, send us his name and 5 cents to cover mailing charge and we will send you a full-size package of La France and a sample of Satina!

P. S.—Add Satina to hot starch—to make ironing easy! It prevents irons from sticking, makes the clothes glossy and smooth, and gives them a sweet fragrance. Clothes stay clean much longer when Satina is used. Wonderful for children's clothes!

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GATE

[Continued from page 77]

dim office. The clerks at the desks here scarcely pretended to work. A messenger entered and slapped down a small auto-phonous reel.

"Here you are!" he cried. "Mister Wilbraham Lattimer's last dying speech and record. He made a shockin' end of it."

"Good for Lattimer!" a young voice called from a desk. "Chuck it over!"

"Yes," the messenger went on. "Lattimer said to his brother:—'Bert, I haven't time to worry about a little thing like dying these days, and what's more important, you haven't either. You go back to your Somme doin's, and I'll put it through with Aunt Maria. It'll amuse her and it won't hinder you.' That's nice stuff for your boss!" The messenger whistled and departed. A clerk groaned as he snatched up the reel.

"How the deuce am I to knock this into official shape?" he began. "Pass us the edifying Gantry Tubnell. I'll have to crib from him again, I suppose."

"Be careful!" a companion whispered, and shuffled a typewritten form along the desk. "I've used Tubby twice this morning already."

The late Mr. Gantry Tubnell must have deceased on approved departmental lines, for his record was much thumbed. Death and St. Peter watched the editing with interest.

"I can't bring in Aunt Maria *any* way," the clerk broke out at last. "Listen here, everyone! She has heart-disease. She dies just as she's lifted the dropsical Lattimer to change his sheets. She says:—'Sorry, Willy! I'd make a dam' pore 'ospital nurse!' Then she sits down and croaks. Now, I call that good! I've a great mind to take it round to the War-side as an indirect casualty and get a breath of fresh air."

"Then you'll be hauled over the coals," a neighbour suggested.

"I'm used to that, too," the clerk sniggered.

"Are you?" said Death, stepping forward suddenly from behind a high map-stand. "Who are you?" The clerk cowered in his skeleton jacket.

"I'm not on the Regular Establishment, Sir," he stammered. "I'm a—Volunteer. I—I wanted to see how people behaved when they were in trouble."

"Did you? Well, take the late Mr. Wilbraham Lattimer's and Miss Maria Lattimer's papers to the War-side General Reference Office. When they have been passed upon, tell the Attendance Clerk that you are to serve as probationer in—let's see—in the Domestic Induced Casualty Side—7 G. S."

The clerk collected himself a little and spoke through dry lips.

"But—but I'm—I slipped in from the Lower Establishment, Sir," he breathed.

There was no need to explain. He shook from head to foot as with the palsy; and under all Heaven none tremble save those who come from that class which 'also believe and tremble.'

"Do you tell Me this officially, or as one created being to another?" Death asked after a pause.

"Oh, non-officially, Sir. Strictly non-officially; so long as you know all about it."

His awe-stricken fellow-workers could not restrain a smile at Death having to be told about anything. Even Death bit his lips.

"I don't think you will find the War-side will raise any objection," said he. "By the way, they don't wear that uniform over there."

Almost before Death ceased speaking, it was ripped off and flung on the floor, and that which had been a sober clerk of Normal Civil Death stood up an unmistakable, curly-haired, bat-winged, faun-eared Imp of the Pit. But where his wings joined his shoulders there was a patch of delicate dove-coloured feathering that gave promise to spread all up the pinion. St. Peter saw it and smiled, for it was a known sign of grace.

"Thank goodness!" the ex-clerk gasped as he snatched up the Lattimer records and sheered sideways through the skylight. "Amen!" said Death and St. Peter together, and walked through the door.

"Weren't you hinting something to me a little while ago about *my* lax methods?"

St. Peter demanded, innocently.

"Well, if one doesn't help one's staff, one's staff will never help itself," Death retorted. "Now, I shall have to pitch in a stiff demi-official asking how that young fiend came to be taken on in the N. C. D. without examination. And I must do it before the N. C. D. complain that I've been interfering with their departmental transfers. *Aren't* they human? If you want to go back to The Gate, I think our shortest way will be through here and across the War-Sheds."

They came out of a side door into Heaven's full light. A phalanx of Shining Ones swung across a great square singing:—

To Him Who made the Heavens abide,
yet cease not in their motion,
To Him Who drives the cleansing tide
twice a day round ocean—

Let His Name be magnified in our poor folk's devotion.

Death halted their leader, and asked a question.

"We're Volunteer Aid Serving Powers," the Seraph explained, "reporting for duty in the Domestic Induced Casualty Department—told off to help relatives, where we can."

The shift trooped on—such an array of Powers, Honours, Glories Toils, Patiences, Services, Faiths and Loves as no man may conceive even by favour of dreams. Death and St. Peter followed them into a D. I. C. D. Shed on the English side where for the moment work had slackened. Suddenly a name flashed on the telephone-indicator. "Mrs. Arthur Bedott, 317, Portsmouth Avenue, Brondesbury, Husband badly wounded. One child." Her special weakness was appended.

A Seraph on the raised dais that overlooked the Volunteer Aids waiting at the entrance, nodded and crooked a finger. One of the new shift—a temporary Acting Glory—hurled himself from his place and vanished earthward.

"You may take it," Death whispered to St. Peter, "there will be a sustaining epic built up round Private Bedott's wound for his wife and Baby Bedott to cling to. And here—" they heard wings that flapped wearily—"here, I suspect, comes one of our failures."

A Seraph entered and dropped, panting, on a form. His plumage was ragged, his sword splintered to the hilt; and his face still worked with the passions of the world he had left, as his soiled vesture reeked of alcohol.

"Defeat," he reported hoarsely, when he had given in a widow-woman's name. "Utter defeat! Look!" He held up the stump of his sword. "I broke this on a gin-bottle."

"So? We try again," said the impassive Chief Seraph. Again he beckoned, and there stepped forward that very Imp whom Death had transferred from the N. C. D.

"Go you!" said the Seraph. "We must deal with a fool according to her folly. Have you pride enough?"

There was no need to ask. The messenger's face glowed and his nostrils quivered with it. Scarcely pausing to salute, he poised and dived, and the papers on the desks spun beneath the draught of his furious vans.

St. Peter nodded high approval. "I see!" he said. "He'll work on her pride to steady her. By all means—if by all means," as my good Paul used to say. Only it ought to read 'by any manner of possible means.' Excellent!"

"It's difficult, though," a soft-eyed Patience whispered. "I fail again and again. I'm only fit for an old-maid's tea-party."

Once more the record flashed—a multiple-urgent appeal on behalf of a few thousand men, worn-out, body and soul. The Patience was detailed.

"Oh, me!" she sighed, with a comic little shrug of despair, and took the void softly as a summer breeze at dawning.

"But how does this come under the head of Domestic Casualties? Those men were in the trenches. I heard the mud squelch," said St. Peter.

"Something wrong with the installation—as usual. Waves are always jamming here," the Seraph replied.

"So it seems," said [Turn to page 79]

THE GATE

[Continued from page 78]

St. Peter as a wireless cut in with the muffled note of someone singing (sorely out of tune), to an accompaniment of desultory poppings:—

"Unless you can love as the Angels love with the breadth of Heaven be—"

"Twick!" It broke off. The record showed a name. The waiting Seraphs stiffened to attention with a click of tense quills.

"As you were!" said the Chief Seraph. "He's met her."

"Who is she?" said St. Peter.

"His mother. You never get over your weakness for romance," Death answered, and a covert smile spread through the Office.

"Thank Heaven, I don't. But I really ought to be going—"

"Wait one minute. Here's trouble coming through, I think," Death interposed.

A recorder had sparked furiously in a broken run of S. O. S.'s that allowed no time for enquiry.

"Name! Name!" an impatient young Faith panted at last. "It can't be blotted out." No name came up. Only the reiterated appeal.

"False alarm!" said a hard-featured Toil, well used to mankind. "Some fool has found out that he owns a soul. Wants work. I'd cure him!.."

"Hush!" said a Love in Armour, stamping his mailed foot. The office listened.

"Bad case?" Death commented at last.

"Rank bad, Sir. They are holding back the name," said the Chief Seraph. The S. O. S. signals grew more desperate, and then ceased with an emphatic thump. The Love in Armour winced.

"Firing-party," he whispered to St. Peter. "Can't mistake that noise!"

"What is it?" St. Peter cried nervously.

"Deserter; spy; murderer," was the Chief Seraph's weighed answer. "It's out of my department—now. No—hold the line! The name's up at last."

It showed for an instant, broken and faint as sparks on charred wadding, but in that instant a dozen pens had it written. St. Peter with never a word gathered his robes about him and bundled through the door, headlong for The Gate.

"No hurry," said Death at his elbow. "With the present rush your man won't come up for ever so long."

"Never can be sure these days. Anyhow, the Lower Establishment will be after him like sharks. He's the very type they'd want for propaganda. Deserter—traitor—murderer. Out of my way, please, babies!"

A group of children round a red-headed man who was telling them stories, scattered laughing. The man turned to St. Peter.

"Deserter, traitor, murderer," he repeated. "Can I be of service?"

"You can!" St. Peter gasped. "Double on ahead to The Gate and tell them to hold up all expulsions till I come. Then," he shouted as the man sped off at a long hound-like trot, "go and picket the outskirts of the convoys. Don't let anyone break away on any account. Quick!"

But Death was right. They need not have hurried. The crowd at The Gate was far beyond the capacities of the Examining Board even though, as St. Peter's Deputy informed him, it had been enlarged twice in his absence.

"We're doing our best," the Seraph explained, "but delay is inevitable Sir. The Lower Establishment are taking advantage of it, as usual, at the tail of the convoys. I've doubled all pickets there, and I'm sending more. Here's the extra list, Sir—Arc J., Bradlaugh C., Bunyan J., Calvin J. Iscariot J. reported to me just now, as under your orders, and took 'em with him. Also Shakespeare W. and—"

"Never mind the rest," said St. Peter. "I'm going there myself. Meantime, carry on with the passes—don't fiddle over 'em—and give me a blank or two." He caught up a thick block of Free Passes, nodded to a group in khaki at a passport table, initialled their Commanding Officer's personal pass as for "Officer and party," and left the numbers to be filled in by a quite competent-looking Quarter-master-Sergeant. Then, Death beside him, he breasted his way out of The Gate against the incoming multitude of all races, tongues, and creeds that stretched far across the plain.

An old lady, firmly clutching a mottle-

faced, middle-aged Major by the belt, pushed across a procession of keen-faced *poilus*, and blocked his path, her captive held in that terrible mother-grip no Power has yet been able to unlock.

"I found him! I've got him! Pass him!" she ordered.

St. Peter's jaw fell. Death politely looked elsewhere.

"There are a few formalities," the Saint began.

"With Jerry in this state? Nonsense! How like a man! My boy never gave me a moment's anxiety in—"

"Don't, dear—don't!" The Major looked almost as uncomfortable as St. Peter.

"Well, nothing compared with what he would give me if he weren't passed."

"Didn't I hear you singing just now?" Death asked, seeing that his companion needed a breathing-space.

"Of course you did," the mother intervened. "He sings beautifully. And that's another reason. You're bass, aren't you now, darling?"

St. Peter glanced at the agonised Major and hastily initialled him a pass. Without a word of thanks the Mother hauled him away.

"Now, under what conceivable Ruling do you justify that?" said Death.

"I. W.—the Importunate Widow. It's scandalous!" St. Peter groaned. Then his face darkened as he looked across the great plain beyond The Gate. "I don't like this," he said. "The Lower Establishment is out in full force to-night. I hope our pickets are strong enough—"

The crowd here had thinned to a disorderly queue flanked on both sides by a multitude of busy, discreet emissaries from the Lower Establishment who continually edged in to do business with them, only to be edged off again by a line of watchful pickets. Thanks to the khaki everywhere, the scene was not unlike that which one might have seen on earth any evening of the old days outside the refreshment-room by the Arch at Victoria Station, when the Army trains started. St. Peter's appearance was greeted by the usual outburst of cock-crowing from the Lower Establishment.

"Dirty work at the cross-roads," said Death dryly.

"I deserve it!" St. Peter grunted, "but think what it must mean for Judas."

He shouldered into the thick of the confusion where the pickets coaxed, threatened, implored, and in extreme cases bodily shoved the wearied men and women past the voluble and insinuating spirits who strove to draw them aside.

A Shropshire Yeoman had just accepted, together with a forged pass, the assurance of a genial runner of the Lower Establishment that Heaven lay round the corner, and was being stealthily steered thither when a large hand jerked him back, another took the runner in the chest, and someone thundered:—"Get out, you crimp!" The situation was then vividly explained to the soldier in the language of the barrack-room.

"Don't blame me, Guv'nor," the man expostulated. "I 'aven't seen a woman, let alone angels, for umpteen months. I'm from Joppa. Where 'you from?"

"Northampton," was the answer. "Rein back and keep by me."

"What? You ain't ever Charley B. that my dad used to tell about? I thought you always said—"

"I shall say a deal more soon. Your Sergeant's talking to that woman in red. Fetch him in—quick!"

Meantime, a sunken-eyed Scots officer, utterly lost to the riot around, was being buttonholed by a person of reverend aspect who explained to him, that, by the logic of his own ancestral creed, not only was the Highlander irrevocably damned, but that his damnation had been pre-terminated before Earth was made.

"It's unanswerable—just unanswerable," said the young man sorrowfully. "I'll be with ye." He was moving off, when a smallish figure interposed, not without dignity.

"Monsieur," it said, "would it be of any comfort to you to know that I am—I was—John Calvin?" At this the reverend one cursed and swore like the lost Soul he was, while the Highlander turned to discuss with Calvin, [Turn to page 80]



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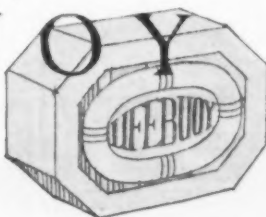
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THE GATE

[Continued from page 79]

pacing towards The Gate, some alterations in the fabric of a work of fiction called the *Institution*.

Others were not so easily held. A certain woman, with loosened hair, bare arms, flashing eyes and dancing feet, shepherded her knot of waverers, hoarse and exhausted. When the taunt broke out against her from the opposing line—"Tell 'em what you were! Tell 'em if you dare!" she answered unflinchingly, as did Judas who, worming through the crowd like an Armenian carpet-vender, peddled his shame aloud that it might give strength to others.

"Yes," he would cry, "I am everything they say, but if I'm here it must be a moral cert for *you*, gents. This way, please. Many mansions, gentlemen! Go-ood billets! Don't you notice these low people, Sar. *Plees* keep hope, gentlemen!"

When there were cases that cried to him from the ground—poor souls who could not stick it but had found their way out with a rifle and a boot-lace, he would tell them of his own end, till he made them contemptuous enough to rise up and curse him. Here St. Luke's imperturbable bedside manner backed and strengthened the other's almost too oriental flux of words.

In this fashion and step by step, all the day's convoy were piloted past that danger-point where the Lower Establishment are, for reasons not given us, allowed to ply their trade. The pickets dropped to the rear, relaxed, and compared notes.

"What always impresses me most," said Death to St. Peter, "is the sheeplike simplicity of the intellectual mind." He had been watching one of the pickets apparently overwhelmed by the arguments of an advanced atheist who—so hot in his argument that he was deaf to the offers of the Lower Establishment to make him a god—had stalked, talking hard—while the picket always gave ground before him—straight past the Broad Road.

"He was plaiting of long-tagged epigrams," the sober-faced picket smiled. "Give that sort only an ear and they'll follow ye gobbling like turkeys."

"And John held his peace through it all," a full fresh voice broke in. "It may be so," says John. "Doubtless, in your belief, it is so," says John. "Your words move me mightily," says John, and gorges his own beliefs like a pike going backwards. And that young fool, so busy spinning words—words—words—that he trips past Hell's Mouth without seeing it! . . . Who's yonder, Joan?"

"One of your English. 'Always late. Look!' A young girl with short-cropped hair pointed with her sword across the plain towards a single faltering figure which made at first as though to overtake the convoys; then turned left towards the Lower Establishment, who were enthusiastically cheering him as a leader of enterprise.

"That's my traitor," said St. Peter. "He has no business to report to the Lower Establishment before reporting to convoy." The figure's pace slackened as he neared the applauding line. He looked over his shoulder once or twice, and then fairly turned tail and fled again towards the still convoy.

"Nobody ever gave me credit for anything I did," he began, sobbing and gesticulating. "They were all against me from the first. I only wanted a little encouragement. It was a regular conspiracy, but I showed 'em what I could do. I showed 'em! And—and—" he halted again. "Oh, God! What are you going to do with me?"

No one offered any suggestion. He ranged sideways like a doubtful dog, while across the plain the Lower Establishment murmured seductively. All eyes turned to St. Peter.

"At this moment," the Saint said half to himself, "I can't recall any precise ruling under which—"

"My own case?" the ever-ready Judas suggested.

"No-o! That's making too much of it. And yet—"

"Oh, hurry up and get it over," the man wailed, and told them all that he had

done, ending with the cry that none had ever recognised his merits, neither his own narrow-minded people, his inefficient employers, nor the snobbish jumped-up officers of his battalion.

"You see," said St. Peter at the end. "It's sheer vanity. It isn't even as if we had a woman to fall back upon."

"Yet there was a woman or I'm mistaken," said the picket with the pleasing voice who had praised John.

"Eh—what? When?" St. Peter turned swiftly on the speaker. "Who was the woman?"

"The wise woman of Tekoah," came the smooth answer. "I remember, because that verse was the private heart of my plays—some of 'em."

"But the Saint was not listening. 'You have it!' he cried. 'Samuel Two, Double Fourteen. To think that I should have forgotten! For we must needs die and are as water spilled on the ground which cannot be gathered up again. Neither doth God respect any person, yet—' Here you! Listen to this!"

The man stepped forward and stood to attention. Someone took his cap as Judas and the picket John closed up beside him.

"Yet doth He devise means (d'you understand that?) devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him!" This covers your case. I don't know what the means will be. That's for you to find out. They'll tell you yonder." He nodded towards the now silent Lower Establishment as he scribbled on a pass. "Take this paper over to them and report for duty there. You'll have a thin time of it; but they won't keep you a day longer than I've put down. Escort!"

"Does—does that mean there's any hope?" the man stammered.

"Yes—I'll show you the way," Judas whispered. "I've lived there—a very long time!"

"I'll bear you company a piece," said John, on his left flank. "There'll be Despair to deal with. Heart up, Mr. Bittersoul!"

The three wheeled off, and the convoy watched them grow smaller and smaller across the plain.

St. Peter smiled benignantly and rubbed his hands.

"And now we're rested," said he, "I think we might make a push for billets this evening, gentlemen, eh?"

The pickets fell in, guardians no longer but friends and companions all down the line. There was a little burst of cheering and the whole convoy strode away towards the not so distant Gate.

The Saint and Death stayed behind to rest awhile. It was a heavenly evening. They could hear the whistle of the low-flying Cherubim, clear and sharp, under the diviner note of some released Seraph's wings, where, his errand accomplished, he plunged three or four stars deep into the cool Baths of Hercules; the steady dynamo-like hum of the nearer planets on their axes and, as the hush deepened, the surprised little sigh of some new-born sun a universe of universes away. But their minds were with the convoy that their eyes followed.

Said St. Peter proudly at last:—"If those people of mine had seen that fellow stripped of all hope in front of 'em, I doubt if they could have marched another yard tonight. Watch 'em stepping out now, though! Aren't they human?"

"To whom do you say it?" Death answered with something of a tired smile. "I'm more than human. I've got to die some time or other. But all other created Beings—afterwards..."

"I know," said St. Peter softly. "And that is why I love you, O Azrael!"

For now they were alone Death had, of course, returned to his true majestic shape—that only One of all created beings who is doomed to perish utterly, and knows it.

"Well, that's *that*—for me!" Death concluded as he rose. "And yet—" he glanced towards the empty plain where the Lower Establishment had withdrawn with their prisoner. "Yet doth He devise means."

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MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 13]

clove of garlic. These had been given him by an Italian gardener because he had played so excellently the quartette from *Rigoletto*, sitting under a bank by the river, unconscious of the gardener's presence. Also there was in the blanket-roll the half of a loaf of bread and a goodly piece of roast beef got from the lady back at a farmhouse for splitting the loveliest piece of fir-wood into kindlings.

Thinking pleasantly of the onions and the flavoursome roast-beef he sighted now a clump of green ahead and made for it with swinging stride. Here he unsung roll and instrument and was at home—safe inside the walls of the universe!

He removed his coat and hung it on a near-by bush, shaking it first with meticulous care, laid the accordion lightly down beside it and built a little fire.

From the blanket-roll he took a little pot, filled it at the irrigation ditch and set it to simmer on two stones above the fire. Into it he put the onions and the garlic clove, carefully peeled, the piece of meat cut finely.

Then, sitting down beside his wayside hearth, he took the accordion and began to play.

Now this little shabby box was nothing much to look at, being worn and shiny with age, and it had cost Monsieur the modest stipend of four-bits on the Oakland water-front, the sailor who offered it being not quite so drunk as he wished to be, but under the hands of one who loved it it could speak with a golden tongue. A windy soul lived in its emptiness—a soul which had lived.

So you see the accordion was a gifted thing, do you not?

Now it spoke happily of fields, and teams at work, and children playing in humble dooryards and Monsieur swayed above it.

Where a clump of young growth sprouted from a parent bole a little farther on something stirred and listened.

An evil face, matted with beard, rose up from the dry earth where it had rested and peered from the shielding leaves. A hand, very much the worse from long contact with primordial elements, thrust aside the branches and presently a figure followed out into the peaceful day. It was huge and slouching, its unkempt head thrust forward.

It stood regarding Monsieur until the music ceased and the maker thereof rose to stir the delectable contents of the singing pot.

Then it came forward, shuffling its ragged feet among the ribbons of fallen bark beneath the trees.

"Hello, bo," it said.

Years ago, three-quarters of a life ago, Monsieur had welcomed guests beneath tall trees, coming down marble steps to do so, bowing over white ringed hands, his raiment above reproach, the kerchief in high breast pocket perfumed, his gloves immaculate.

Now he whirled upon the instant, his face alight; he had felt somehow, you will recall, that there were rainbows abroad today, and greeted this guest cordially.

"Welcome, M'sieu!" he said, "d'jeun-ner ees about to be serve'!"

The newcomer stood in insolent pose, hands in sagging pockets, and his bleared eyes took in every detail of the simple camp—the stew upon the fire, the spread-out roll, the walking stick of eucalyptus and the shiny old accordion.

Monsieur took a bright tin spoon from among his prized possessions and tasted the decoction in the pot.

It was delicious! It was tasty to the last degree, just enough salt, the onion and the garlic clove having given their very souls on the altar of flavor! Monsieur smacked his lips.

"Have you, perhaps, ze private cup, M'sieu?" he asked.

"Never mind th' manners, bo," the other said, "I'll take th' pot."

He reached out a huge hand and took the pot deliberately, even making use of Monsieur's small rag kept for the purpose that he might not burn his fingers.

"Here," he said, "hold yer cup."

Into it the stranger poured a niggardly portion, barely half its capacity, and walking over, picked up the piece of bread. He broke off a bit the size of an apple which he handed to Monsieur. Then taking the rest he sat down to eat, a hulking heap of selfishness and injustice.

Monsieur Bon Coeur was hungry, but he was a gentleman. Therefore he sat quietly down and ate his scant meal in silence, with the dignity and restraint of epicures at great tables.

Not so this self-invited guest of his. He ate with gusto and the smacking of lips loud in the summer stillness, and he was finished with his heartier portion long before Monsieur had done with his, so that the small eyes under their shaggy brows had ample time to see all there was to see.

Had Monsieur been watching he might have seen the look of craft which crossed them, the inception of decision.

He was not watching, however, and when the other rose and began swiftly to rope the blankets and all their contents into the slender roll, he looked up in astonishment.

"You' pardon, M'sieu," he said apologetically, "I had thought to camp here for ze night."

The other did not speak. Instead he swung the roll to his back, kicked aside the polished walking stick and leaning down, reached for the accordion.

Now Monsieur Bon Coeur was not slow in the up-take, no matter what he was in other matters, and with the lift of the blankets he knew he was being robbed. A flush rose in his thin face, his blue eyes filled with distress. His blankets! His possessions! They were precious to him as gold!

But when the dirty hand reached for the little old box, ah, then did Monsieur flame with indignation! Had he been young and in a better day he would have reached for a sword at hip, would have fought like a gentleman. He was old, however, and delicate with poverty, but there was a spirit in him. He was up in an instant, his white locks flying and before one could divine his purpose he was upon the giant like a fury.

Alas for the gallant figure in its waving tatters! The other put him aside as a matter of small moment, put him aside again, and yet once more, for Monsieur was roused to the bottom.

"Damn yer hide!" said the tramp at last, exasperated, "will I have t' croak yuh?"

He set down the box and took his two brutal hands to its owner, went to work in earnest.

And Monsieur Bon Coeur, fighting for his humble lares and penates, battered himself against the flailing fists with an abandon worthy of a greater cause.

At the height of this pin-wheel fire-works a car went by on the boulevard.

It was a monster of a car, long and bright with scarlet paint, the great dome of its hood thunderous with its roaring engine.

As it shot by its lone occupant, a young man in smart driving leathers, cast a glance at the wayside spectacle. He looked again, turned his auburn head and looked back, and, with a low word of surprise, stamped his foot on the brake. With a mutter and a whirl the monster stopped, tore backward like a giant beetle affrighted in its progress. Just as Monsieur Bon Coeur, caroming from a dirty fist, performed an eccentric arc, the bronze-haired boy leaped from the low seat and landed in the fray. He took the bully from behind and in a matter of moments did things to him which sent him wobbling north along the highway at an erratic run.

Then he turned to where Monsieur was getting to his feet.

"Hello, bo!" he said, "do you know me?"

One of the old man's eyes was gently closing but the other still shone with the light of battle. It rested eagerly on this his deliverer for one brief moment. Then its owner wavered forward, hands outstretched in welcome.

"Oui!" Yes! *Certainement!* I'll inform ze worl!" he squeaked [Turn to page 82]



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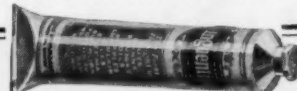
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MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 81]

in joyous astonishment, "M'sieu le Guy de la Gasoline!"

"No one else but I!" said the other, pumping the reaching hands, "No one else but I!"

And they were so glad to see each other that they shook hands over and over again, forgetting they had done so.

A million questions were swelling behind Monsieur's tongue, a thousand eager hopes.

"How long?" he cried eagerly. "How long has it been, M'sieu?"

"Four years ago the seventeenth of June," said the other frankly, "but I'd know you in hell, my friend. I've never forgotten you for one day."

"Four years! An' you were zen nineteen—so yo'ng!—an' ze four years now—you are at present twenty-three! A trifle more yo'ng zan ze Comte de Bourvenaise had he not been—"

Monsieur raised his right hand in a stiff salute.

He did not finish the sentence. He never finished those sentences which had to do with that young hero, French ace, whose shining career had spiraled down that sunny day above Flanders fields.

Gravely the boy before him answered that salute.

"You—and—the Comte de Bourvenaise," he said hesitating, "I have to thank for—for a better day. I served two years for the theft of that big lizzie, and I had lots of time for thinking. I never forgot your kindness in the thicket, the sight of you trying to master the gear-shift of the car, nor the way you tried to make the bulls think you stole it, my great aunt Jane!" the speaker laughed with a little break in his young voice.

"And, Monsieur Bon Coeur," he went on, grave again, "I never forgot what you said about the 'stuff of heroes'—a French ace falling for his country, or a thief who couldn't let an innocent old man go to jail for him. I thought a lot of those things in—in those two years—and I wanted, how much no one will ever know! to be like, a little like, that young Comte de Bourvenaise. I thought of the freedom of the world, too, which you bequeathed to me when you thought you were going with the cops instead of me, of the hills and the valleys and the stars at night, and—and how you asked me to 'use them with honor.' I want to say, Monsieur," he went on earnestly, "that I have done so, as best I could. I have walked a chalk-line since I came out." "Ze field of honor!" he cried happily, "an' yo'ng feet set therein! How small a line between ze paths, M'sieu! Even ze mention of a dead boy—a gallant, gallant boy like * * *."

"Come," said the other, "I'm driving south. The red bird yonder is the fastest thing on wheels. Let's go."

Monsieur surveyed this red wonder with mounting excitement while his friend, the Gasoline Guy, deposited his possessions in a cavernous pit behind the seat.

He, Monsieur Bon Coeur, was about to charge the very wind upon its back, to hurtle down the ribbon of the shining asphalt road like any potentate!

"M'sieu," he said gladly, "show me ze pep of ze lizzie. Step on her, I beg you." Show me ze pep of ze lizzie!

They were Monsieur's exact words of that day four years ago, and the boy in the trim garments winced while he laughed. Then he set his foot on the throttle and the next instant Monsieur Bon Coeur had shot back full in the seat, his white locks streaming, as the high-powered car leaped ahead like a racer.

The bronze-haired boy was stepping on her in earnest and after a while he glanced sidewise at his passenger.

The modest and apologetic old tramp was gone.

Another man was in his place, a man who sat as near upright as possible against the pressing hand of speed, who surveyed the world from great heights, whose face was glorified with joy. A man who, after long sojourn among the lowly, had returned to grandeur! * * *

For the matter of two hours the big car rolled and bumped along the country road which began at last to rise toward eastern hills.

They talked of a thousand things but neither touched on their destination. To the chauffeur it had not occurred to mention it, to Monsieur it did not matter.

But presently, as the sun was swinging low along the west and all the gorgeous veils of color were falling down upon the quiet earth, they began to see a city on the fringes of the hills' skirts. It was a strange city, to be sure, teeming with life and colorful as Bagdad.

Its tents were spread close beneath a California cliff, but camels squallied and bubbled at their picket pins, two elephants swayed contentedly over their piles of hay, while horses and mules, dogs and long-haired Persian cats made Bedlam of the scene.

Brown Bedouins in flowing robes walked among the tents, chieftains and beggars, potentates and kings, while beautiful women in outlandish clothes came hurrying down from the cars that had just driven in.

Sane citizens, too, it seemed, were there, men in soft shirts with the sleeves rolled up, riding clothes and puttees, women in the same attire, others in silks and satins, street wear and hiking outfits.

Here and there a youth came carrying on his shoulder a spindle-legged monster with a sinister one-eyed head—camera-men careful of their charges.

Upon all of this Monsieur looked with wonder, though with an ancient grace of pure politeness he refrained from comment.

His companion however explained as they drew near.

"This is 'location,'" he said, "selected by the Supercraft Pictures Corporation from Hollywood. Making 'Kings of the Khyber' with Mara Thail, the famous star of the films. And that brings me to myself: I'm no longer the Gasoline Guy, Monsieur, except between you and me. For six months now I've been driving for Miss Thail, and I'm known as Brown, Hudson Brown, chauffeur. It's a quiet name . . . Here we are."

The red monster rolled up among the tents and stopped before an improvised garage. The boy got out and taking Monsieur's scant possessions from the pit, bade the old man follow.

The boy stopped before a tent, raised the flap and holding it aside, beckoned him in, followed and laid down his burden.

"Monsieur," he said, "I'll get another cot moved in. Hang your music box to the ridge-pole. You're my guest, and the tent's yours. The supper gong'll be ringing in twenty minutes. I'll be back as soon as I've reported to Miss Thail."

The twilight of the West Coast country painted the landscape in mysterious and indescribable beauty. From the rocky ramparts of the foothills where the camp was pitched the world went down in a gentle slant toward the west. The vast bosom of the Sacramento Valley lay open to the tender skies, placid with well-being, sweetly bedizened in jewels of fertility.

Brown the chauffeur ran a slim hand through his auburn hair and smiled with appreciation of it all as he went toward the big square tent set aside for the star of the production, Mara Thail.

At its door he met her coming in, clad like a Queen of the desert, a woman of wonderful beauty, of amazing personal charm, an artist of the *nth* degree, heady with the romance of her calling, a fortunate daughter of the modern gods, swiftly climbing the magic ladder of success.

Her long hair, blue-black and live, hung down across her breast in two thick braids. Her dark eyes smiled beneath level brows. Her mouth was beautiful with the curves of passion, possessed a trick of closing that spoke plainly of restraint. Her cheeks were lovely as the round sides of a perfect pearl.

In all her inner self there was no dark spot of unhappiness. She was clear with that light of joy which youth radiates, and yet she was twenty-seven, had seen more of life than many twice her age, and worked very hard to earn her fame.

It was that clarity, that wholesome inner joy, which, coupled to her ability to play upon the human heart in her acting, caused the entire entourage to call her The Marvelous Mara.

[Continued in JULY McCall's]

REMINISCENCES

[Continued from page 21]

many different towns in Kansas and I suppose often there wasn't more than one church in a town. My people were Methodists, but I remember I went to the Methodist Church Sunday School and the Presbyterian Church Sunday School and the Baptist Church Sunday School. Then, when I began to grow up, I wasn't inside a church again until just before the "Wizard of Oz" opened in Chicago, in 1902. I had relatives in Chicago; there were two cousins, two young girls and I began to go to the Methodist Church again with them. Two years later, after Mrs. Stone and I were married, she and I went a number of times to the Methodist Church. And then I drifted away from church altogether, not because I was a vicious character but because it was easy to get out of the habit. I never went to church any more but I believe all the time I was giving it a thought. And then in January, 1923, when the train that the "Tip-Top" company was travelling in got stalled in a snow-storm outside Billings, Montana, for a couple of days, I had a lot of time on my hands and I got to thinking actively about religion and my life and all the Lord had given me. I decided there wasn't any man who had more to be thankful for than I had, and that it was time I did something about it. When finally we got into Billings I stopped in a book store on my way to the hotel and bought a Bible. I didn't know anything about Bibles, I didn't know but perhaps there were several different kinds, but there was a Presbyterian minister in that store—the Rev. Mr. Cameron—and he helped me buy my Bible. I went home with him and he marked a lot of places for me to read. That's the way I got started. In a day or two "Tip-Top" went on to Butte: it seemed like the loneliest place on earth to me just then. I guess this thing had begun to work in me and I couldn't be happy till it came out. I hunted up the Methodist minister, Mr. Clifford. His wife came to the door and when I asked, was he at home, she looked at me and said: "Is it important?"

I told her, "It's mighty important to me!" So she invited me in and her husband and I talked. Then he read me some out of the Bible and we prayed and I felt better. We were in Butte over the next Sunday and I went to hear him preach. I think it was the first time I had been in church in eighteen years, and I liked it, and I liked what Mr. Clifford had to say. After church I stayed to his Sunday School class, but I was restless. I had a feeling something wasn't finished yet, that I was still an outsider. When they were about to close I got up on my feet, I wanted to take a stand, to try and belong, right then and there.

As I've said before, I wasn't cut out for a preacher. I didn't try to preach; I just told them about my life, how I had had everything in the world to make me happy, my family and success in my career and money, but that I hadn't had any part in a spiritual life and that I wouldn't be completely happy until I had learned to have that too. Then I said the Lord's prayer and the meeting ended.

At one time I had believed that I didn't

want my daughter Dorothy to be an actress—neither did her mother, because it's a hard life and means hard work. But I think Dorothy taught me that the ability to act is born in people and if it is, the best you can do is help them express it. Ever since Dorothy was a baby she has been around the stage; every time we made long stands we used to send for her and have her with us. I carried her on for her first curtain bow when she was three months old, and when she was a little girl of four or five the pony ballet in the "Old Town" wished a bracelet on her wrist, for her to wear till she made her hit on Broadway. We cut it off in December 1923.

No one ever taught Dorothy to act; of course, she had watched her mother and she had watched me, and from the time she was big enough to think her one ambition was to go on the stage. She used to go to her mother and ask if she thought I really meant what I said, that I wouldn't let her be an actress. I guess her mother was wiser than I was because she only told Dorothy to have patience and to work hard if she wanted to show me she could do it. Dorothy was about ten or eleven when she set out seriously to learn some of my dances. She didn't tell me what she was doing, or show me—her mother told her she'd have to do them awfully well if she was going to impress me. And then one Sunday morning out at Amityville, the summer she was twelve, she blacked out two of her teeth, tucked her curls up under a cap, and came around on the piazza and knocked on the window. I was sitting just inside and she said through the glass, "I'm going to do some dances for you!" Well, she did dance after dance and dance after dance and she won me right then! I watched her and then I went out on the lawn and gave her her first lesson.

The next summer, 1919, "Jack O'Lantern" played eighteen weeks in Boston and every Saturday night I came home to Amityville. Before I went back I would teach Dorothy a new step, give her the idea of it, and she'd always have it down pat before I came back.

Of course she had to go on with her schooling but she worked hard at her career all the time. She's been a good pupil all the way through and now she's quicker than I am to learn new things. On the opening night of "Stepping Stones" I got a telegram from Will Rogers. It said: "I hope you keep within shooting distance of your kid to-night" and I guess that's about the size of it! And I've two more girls coming on behind Dorothy.

Perhaps some day, about ten years from now, when Paula and Carol have made their bow to the public, the four of us will do the cane dance all together. Perhaps by that time they will have canes but I'll have crutches! Some day Mrs. Stone and I will be leaving the stage, but we will leave behind three new Stones and if the public is as good to our children as it has been to us I shall still think I have everything to make me the happiest man in the world.

[THE END]

GARDENS

[Continued from page 2]

whether to laugh or weep. But as I think it over, I would suggest to any man having money and a wife and children with whom he has lived comfortably that he should not try to surprise them with a new home.

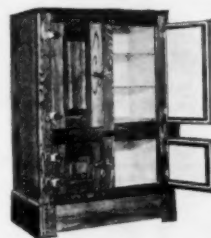
I would suggest that he bring the architect into the family and let the wife and children tell what they want and how they want it and where they want it; I would suggest that a fine large amount of grief on the part of the family and the part of the decorators and probably the architects as well, could be saved, not to mention a fine healthy amount of coin of the realm, in this way. I know how a decorator will dislike this advice, and very likely an architect will dislike it also, but the point is that home should be something that

our language has not yet furnished the right words to describe. It should be a holy place, where God lives. It should be a homey place, where little children are born, where they can play and have that kind of a youth which in age they will love to think about, to dwell on. Home shouldn't be so fine that the children cannot play in it and bring the neighbors in. God only knows you had better sacrifice the furniture and the rugs than to lose the children.

It is small comfort that you will get in your old age from furniture and rugs, if your children have loved cabarets and hotels and dance pavilions so much better than home that they have gone there and rubbed all the bloom off the plum, all the down off the peach of life.

When food for tomorrow is prepared today

It must be kept away from warm air. Cooked food is exceedingly perishable and quick to lose its flavor and vitamins unless it is properly chilled. If your refrigerator cannot be depended upon to keep all cooked food and left-overs, your cooking efforts and money will be wasted.



Every Gibson has 12 walls of insulation

THIS is the insulation that keeps meat, butter, eggs and other food fresh before you use them. It is the kind of insulation that protects the wonderful circulation of food-freshening air.

The Gibson is also equipped with splendid features which insure years of service. Sturdy automatic locks on the doors make them air-tight. Non-rustable metal shelves. One-piece porcelain interior with rounded corners makes cleaning easy. One-piece cast aluminum trap that never rusts, clogs or corrodes.

The Gibson corkboard-insulated refrigerator is approved by manufacturers of electrical refrigeration units. Such an indorsement means that the Gibson uses ice economically.

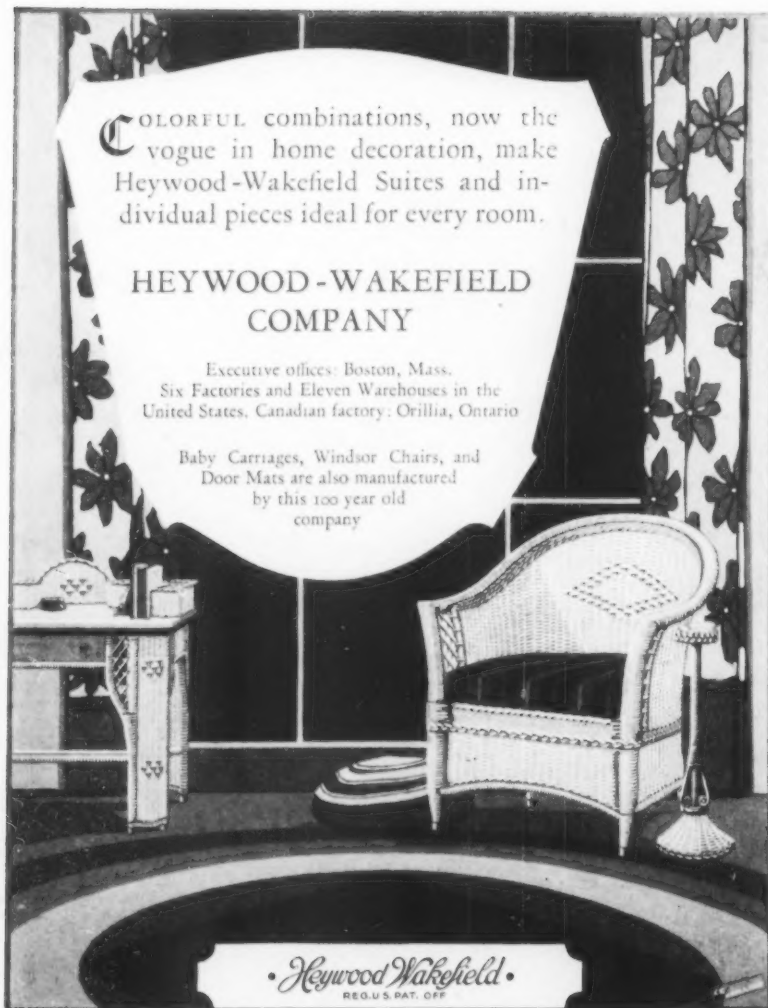
You will find that the Gibson refrigerator comes in many prices, styles and sizes. There are exteriors of snow-white porcelain or wood, golden-oak finish. Send for our booklet about the Gibson, also the name of the nearest dealer handling the Gibson line. Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Michigan.

COLORFUL combinations, now the vogue in home decoration, make Heywood-Wakefield Suites and individual pieces ideal for every room.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY

Executive offices: Boston, Mass.
Six Factories and Eleven Warehouses in the United States, Canadian factory: Orillia, Ontario

Baby Carriages, Windsor Chairs, and Door Mats are also manufactured by this 100 year old company



Heywood Wakefield
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well — which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind — the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion — the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Kobi Co., 642 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

**Golden Glint
SHAMPOO**

WHITMORE'S BULL

[Continued from page 91]

His legs were firm as arch supports to a bridge.
His back was broad like Atlas' in the mythology book,
Big skeins of living whipcord were his muscles.
He was a beautiful figure of virile manhood.
He had walked beside the plodding ox-team
That brought us all the way through the wilderness
When of traveled roads there were none.
As we came prospecting from Pennsylvania.
With only an axe he once had killed a bear.
That had climbed on the roof of our cabin
And was trying to come down our fireplace.
With his confident hands, he had choked the rabid dog
That came foaming and panting among us children.
He had been forced to match his un-armed strength
With many an Indian in earlier days of travel,
And with one violently insane neighbor
Who had a mattock to his advantage.
He could carry twenty stone dead weight,
And lift one end of any beam at a barn raising.

THAT morning he was building a new garden fence
Which he hoped to complete as a unique gift
For my Mother's coming birthday celebration.
Carefully, one green laden panel at a time,
He took down the old fence of split clapboards,
Set new posts, sawed at the lumber mills.
Mortised in long, stout cross pieces,
And nailed on them exactly spaced,
neatly pointed pickets.
The panel he had taken down that morning
Was the one beside the cinnamon pink bed.
Of all the world of flowers in her garden
Mother best loved the spicy cinnamon pinks.
That is much to say, for hers was an enchanted garden,
Everywhere is proved that it was a work of Magic,
For she had the Gift of Flowers from her Creator.
For thirty years she had yearned with unabating love
Over the growing of each plant in her garden,
And daily she worked the miracle of love
Into the lives of each of her flowers.

ANYWHERE she saw a plant she had not,
She never hesitated to suggest to a friend:
"Only a little bit of a slip, please,"
Or "Just a wee pinch of that rare seed!"
Then she cut the slip diagonally, topped it,
Stuck the lower end in a raw potato,
And planted it, sheltered by a cabbage leaf,
With exactly enough water in fine soil.
Or she wrapped the bottom of the cutting in cotton,
Put it in a wide-necked bottle of rain-water,
And hung it in a warm, shady place
Very near to the shining of the sun.
Sometimes she rooted her slips in wet sand,
Protected from air by panes of glass,
And no plant ever had been known to droop,
Under her well-considered, loving ministry.

AFTER many years, her garden became a Magic Garden,
Having a fence shouldering running trumpet creeper,
Honeysuckle, morning glories, and cypress,
Screened by japonica and sweet scented shrub,
Flowering almond, and feathery, red-berried asparagus,
And cabbage, moss, blush, and radiant roses.
You can see why Father had to use extreme care
About working out the posts and panels
And fitting in the new fence through the vines.
A Bartlett pear tree reached its wide white arms
Protectively across one side of her garden,
And an ancient May cherry tree guarded the other;
There was a catalpa flowering in one corner,
And a white berried privet filled another.
An old sweet briar grew in a third corner,
[Turn to page 102]



Henry Tetlow's Famous

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Face Powder

Improves the complexion without giving the appearance of "make-up." Retains its fragrance and freshness. Popular here and abroad for 60 years. 5 shades. 25 cents, at all toilet goods counters.

HENRY TETLOW CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Makers of Pussywillow Powder



Pleasure Afoot

Because they are built to fit your feet and wear well and look good, you will be greatly pleased with Hood Canvas Shoes.

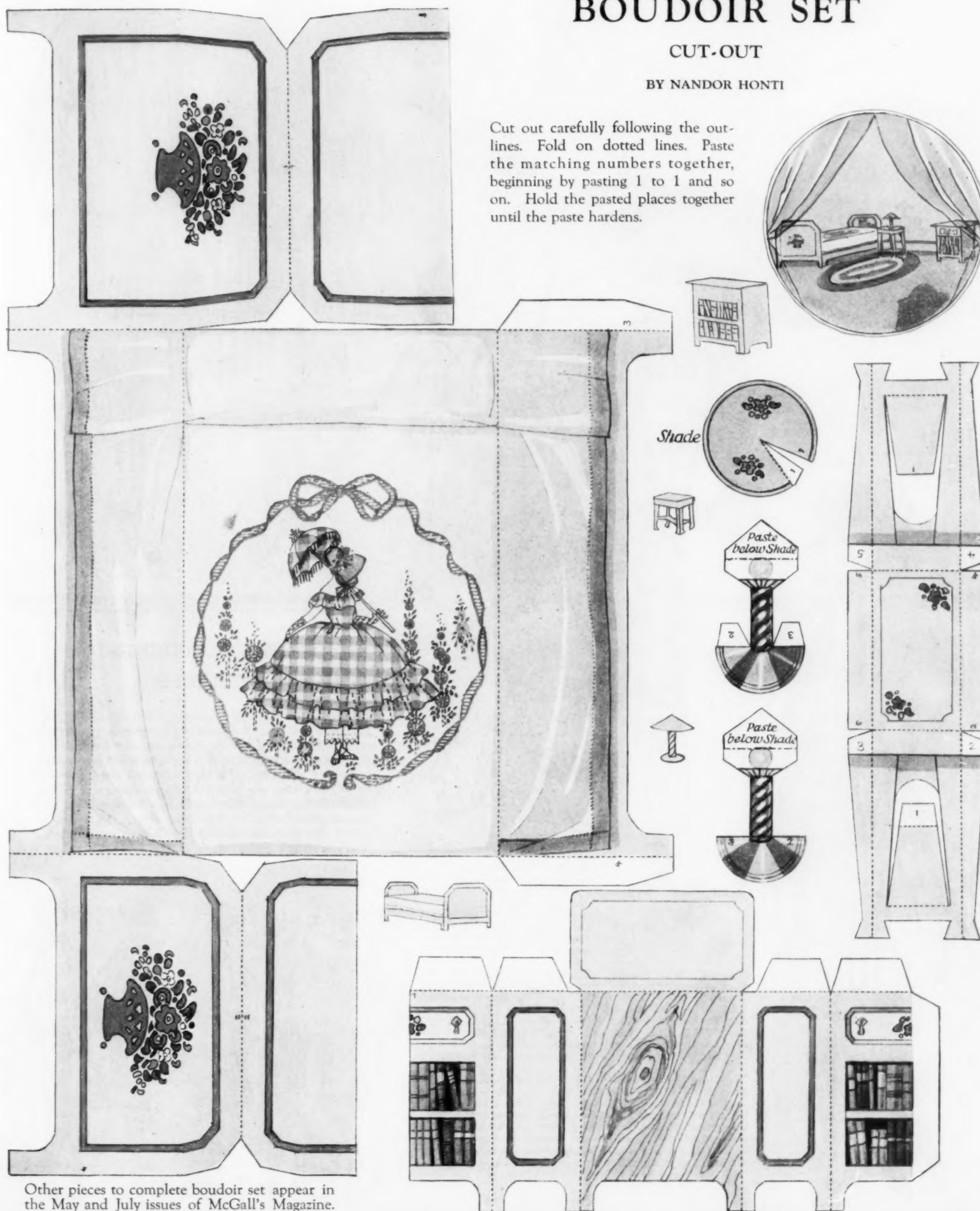
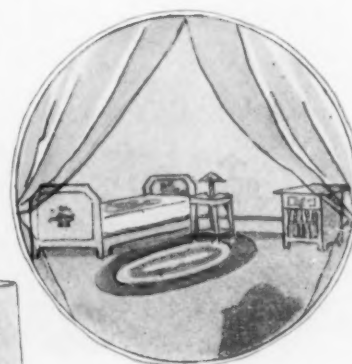
HOOD
Canvas Shoes
AT YOUR DEALER'S

DOLL BOUDOIR SET

CUT-OUT

BY NANDOR HONTI

Cut out carefully following the outlines. Fold on dotted lines. Paste the matching numbers together, beginning by pasting 1 to 1 and so on. Hold the pasted places together until the paste hardens.



Other pieces to complete boudoir set appear in the May and July issues of McCall's Magazine.

L'Echo de Paris



FASHION DEFINES THE HIPS

FASHION-MAKERS are not letting us forget we have hips this season. Reduce as we may by diet or exercise, clothes accentuate our circumference below the waistline. It may be an act of vanity to exhibit slimness. Scallops, colored suede belts, shaped flounces, pockets that begin groups of fine pleats, all of these draw attention to the hips. If they are very slim, so much the better. That gives chance for more decoration accenting the slimness.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4513, Three flounces set on in apron effect transform this simple slip-on frock to one of distinction. The long set-in sleeves and V-neck are both ultra-smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4523, With the appearance of a two-piece frock, this one-piece model has applied band and scalloped collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Embroidery 1501 makes an effective hand painted scarf.

No. 4522, This slim frock, developed in the smart polka-dot design so popular this season, features sleeves gathered at wrist and finely pleated side panels. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4518, Even the sheerest of frocks wear capes, beloved of the French designers. This one-piece model wears its fulness in front and fastens its cape with a bow. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4514, Featuring a flare at each side that swings out below a patch pocket, and a most unusual tuxedo vest, this frock in polka-dot material is distinctly original. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

4523
Emb. No. 1501



4537

4517

SLEEVES ARE WIDE AT WRIST

JENNY, the Paris designer, is generally credited with giving the tight sleeve its fulness at wrist. She imitated the mandarin elbow cushion at the beginning of her crusade. Now, the sleeve with a bulge below the elbow is smart. It is a reasonable and comfortable fashion for hot weather. The effect is flexible and graceful as well as comfortable. Sometimes contrasting cloth is used. Often there are shirrings at top and cravat ends tied in smart bows at wrist.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4536

4539

No. 4536, Sleeves full at wrist, cascading draperies and a most original neck treatment contribute to the smartness of this one-piece afternoon frock. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4517, The gilet and roll collar are demure and youthful in a simple one-piece frock which features sleeves puffed at wrist, and circular sections set in at the side. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4537, The very newest sports frock is made of a brocaded fabric and lengthens its jumper with a two-piece circular peplum. The two-piece skirt is sewed to a camisole top. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4539, The ultra-feminine note that has crept into the mode is well illustrated in a sheer frock with puffed flounces of taffeta. It is belted at the normal waistline. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4525, Another variation of the jumper mode. The blouse, which has a puffed sleeve and circular peplum, slips over the head. The circular flounce sews to a slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.



4537

4517

4536

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4525

L'Echo de Paris

SKIRTS SHORT AND WIDE

MANY frocks look like fashions of bygone days. These have the shirred skirt, the slim bodice, and tight sleeve with turnover muslin cuff. They are very attractive to our modern eyes. One thing is strictly necessary; they must be short. Width and length combined give the illusion of middle age. Skirts are scalloped, also, in the manner of other times, and the scallops are bound with silk. Neat collar and cuff sets reappear and large hats are resurrected to wear with such frocks.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4524

4520

4524

4520

Emb. No. 1331

No. 4524, The vogue for sheer effects is cleverly interpreted in this frock with jabot and long sleeves. The overdress is split at sides and front revealing a slip and jabot of printed silk. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4520, A becoming neckline, smart bishop sleeves, and circular tunics make this a successful frock. A conventional design in darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1331 is suggested. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4535, Lace, playing fashion's favorite again this season, fashions the jabot, puffs and loose panels of this frock. The back is flaring and the upper and lower sections join at the hip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.



4535



4515

4538

4528

No. 4538, Puffs and flounces, reminiscent of bygone days, are the only form of decoration attempted by this otherwise simple frock. The scarf is in the approved fashion. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4515, What could be more youthful than a frock with slim bodice and bouffant skirt, especially when made of plaid taffeta with a scalloped lower edge and demure collar and cuffs? Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4528, Featuring pleats and a bolero, the front of this checkered frock is in striking contrast to its rather plain back. A shallow yoke and circular sleeve flounces are unusual and smart features. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



4535

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L'Echo de Paris

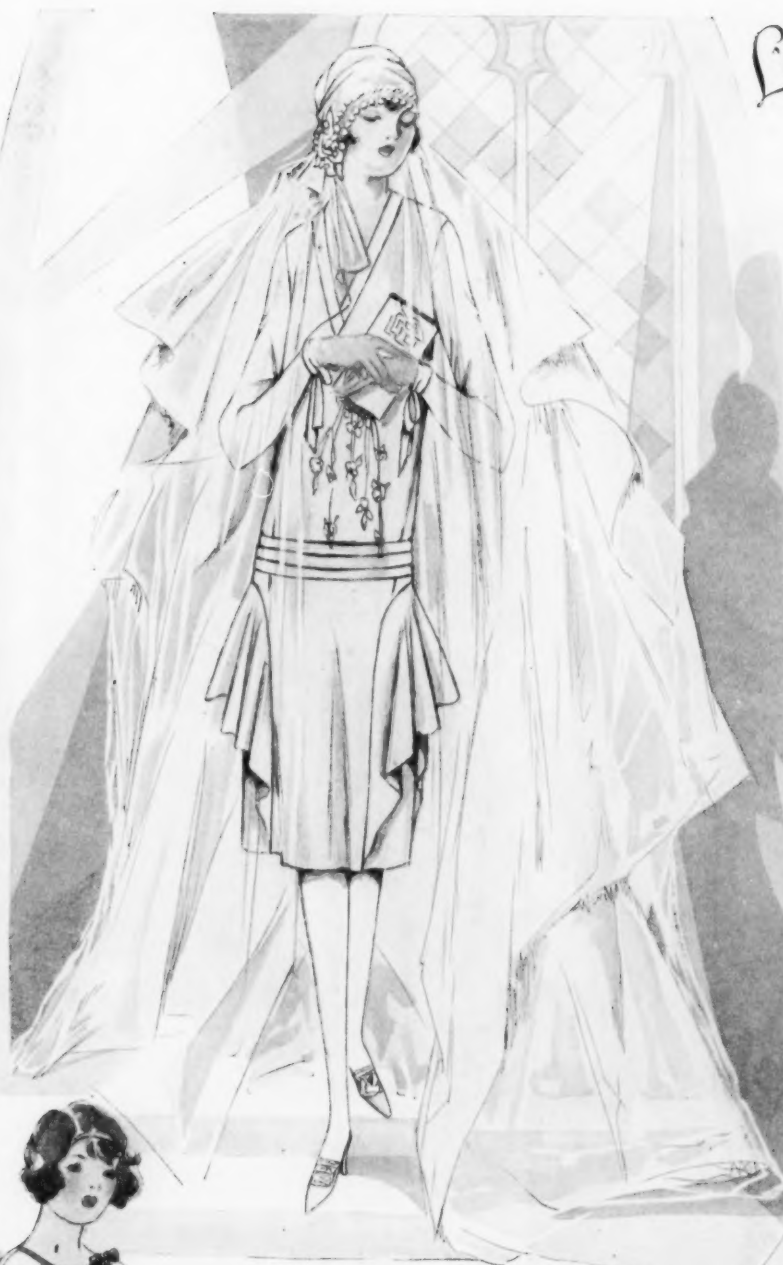
For back views and descriptions
see Page 101



4500
Emb. No. 1463



4541



4536

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

THERE have never been such voluminous veils as this season. This is the statement of a famous designer of wedding apparel. The veil must make up for the brevity of the gown, which is simple, short, and of course, modest. The maid of honor wears a decorative frock glowing in color, and a brilliant hat. Bridesmaids wear frocks in still another color of the bouffant or slim type, with picture hats. The flower girl, like a lovely flower herself, wears a dainty frock of pastel. The wedding party has all the gaiety of a June garden in blossom.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4457



4453

4462

L'Echo de Paris

NO. 4453, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular ruffles; puffed sleeves. Size 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; ruffles, 1½ yards of 40-inch; lace, ⅝ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

NO. 4462, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; skirt with straight lower edge; double tunic edged with pleated frills. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

SMALL PLEATINGS RETURN TO FASHION

SEVERAL old-fashioned features of style are lifting their heads into the sunlight of spring. Big sweeping hats, for instance, flower trimmed; muslin cuffs and collars; and plain pumps without straps, have returned. Fine black silk stockings and smoke grey ones; big reticules such as our grandmothers carried; and immense handkerchiefs of linen and silk, find favor. We carry parasols of Chinese paper or patterned silk, and wear flowered voile frocks for all hours of the day. Pleatings return with these fashions. They cover skirts and edge flounces.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4453

4462

CRÊPES, CHIFFON AND VOILE RULE

SHEER fabrics such as women wore fifty years ago, are smart for summer. They are patterned with flowers, stained glass figurations, trellises, and polka-dots. The latter are often in eclipse, looking more like half-moons, pyramids or crescents. Solid colors are in shades of red, blue and green. Crayon colors such as boys use at school are copied, and black is a frequent background, for there is no doubt of the return of black as a leading color. Brown and beige are on the wane. All shades of blue are in the ascendancy, and grey is of paramount importance.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4442

4444

L'Echo de Paris

No. 4442, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with draperies and scarf collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 6½ yards of 40-inch material; slip, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4444, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; slip-on blouse; tunic attached to slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material; slip, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

L'Echo de Paris

THE VARIABLE WAISTLINE

CHANEL, of Paris, who ordains many of our fashions, says the hipline should be the line of division on our frocks, and she creates her frocks with this in mind. Other dress designers say the normal break in the body is the correct place of demarcation between the bodice and the skirt, no matter how that line is defined. Therefore we are at liberty to act as we wish. Tunics and blouses are longer to permit a gay belt of calf or suede.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4523
Emb. No. 1377

4522



4539

4514

No. 4523, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4½ yards of 32-inch material. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1377, in satin-stitch, may be used for motif.

No. 4522, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4539, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4514, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2½ yards.



4525



4539

4514

4523

4522

4525

No. 4525, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; consisting of slip-on blouse and slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

Echo de Paris



No. 4524, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires, dress, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; slip and jabot, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4536, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with jabot. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4515, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1387 in single-stitch would be chic.

POLKA-DOTS AND JABOTS

IT is queer that the polka-dot should be a leading silk pattern when France has led us into riotous designs. But it is here, and to stay all summer. It is in primitive black and white combinations; also, in blue and green on a tinted background. Plain colors are often combined with it to give character. The jabot is varied as to fabric and cut, and is part of one's frock, or the blouse which one wears with the new and always smart suit of navy blue twill.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 4513, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with front flounces in apron effect. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; flounces, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



No. 4535, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; flaring back. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Button-hole banding may be made from Embroidery No. 1350.



"Mum" is the word!

for women who care

Women who realize the great importance of personal daintiness are grateful to "Mum" for the complete sense of protection it gives them against the unpleasant odor of perspiration and other body odors.

A finger-tip of "Mum"—the snow-white deodorant cream—applied to the underarm and wherever perspiration is closely confined, assures you that your feminine charm will go unmarred throughout the whole day and evening.

"Mum" is so entirely safe and so effective that careful women use it regularly with the sanitary napkin.

A new use for "Mum"

"Mum" makes silk stockings wear longer. Applied to the foot "Mum" neutralizes the acids of perspiration as well as the odor. These acids are highly destructive to the fibres of silk and render them so weak that they soon give way to the friction of the shoe. Try "Mum" in this important use, and see how it prolongs the life of your silk stockings.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores. Or use our Trial Offer Coupon.

Trail Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Herewith _____ for article checked: ☐ "Mum" 50c postpaid, ☐ "Mum" 25c postpaid, ☐ 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing a generous Trial Size of "Mum".

Name _____

Address _____

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June 1926



Echo de Paris

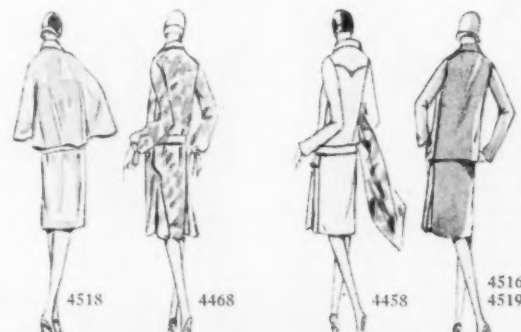
For descriptions see Page 101



THE RETURN OF THE COLLAR AND CRAVAT

THE unadorned neckline of the Renaissance has ruled us for several years. We did not challenge its right to rule, although it sometimes proved unbecoming. Fashion brings back a more attractive neck, one that is sponsored by youth and adopted by older women as well. We are to wear small collars that turn over in a boyish and becoming manner, and with them are worn cravats of flamboyant hues. The gayer the cravat the better for this is a season of many colors.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 104.



4500

For back views
see Page 1044538
Emb.
No. 1492

LOVELY FROCKS FOR GRADUATION DAY

No. 4500, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; straight skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $25\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4457, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; flare at sides. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; collar, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lace. Width, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 4538, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1492 in French knots and daisy-stitch would be smart.

No. 4474, GIRLS' DRESS; straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1426 in satin-stitch and eyelets would be effective.

4474
Emb.
No. 14264503
Emb. No. 12964289
Emb. No. 1338

No. 4503, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Ribbon wheels may be made from Embroidery No. 1296.

No. 4289, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch all-over lace; edging, 4 yards. Embroidery No. 1338 in satin-stitch would add a dainty touch.

No. 4502, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; bertha and circular ruffles. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; bertha, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Appliqué may be made from Embroidery No. 1483.

4502
Emb. No. 1483

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"You're the best little
cook in the world!"



Listen— Oil Stove Users

The important thing to know about any cooking device is whether it gives "Lively Heat," especially your oil stove. For "Lively Heat" is the natural cooking heat—a heat full of life and vigor and snap—the heat above a bed of glowing embers or red hot coals above a busy gas stove burner or an electric burner. It is the heat every good cook knows is absolutely necessary for good cooking and baking.

"LIVELY HEAT" from Oil without Wicks

The Red Star Oil Stove owes its nation wide success to the exclusive patented Red Star "Lively Heat" Burner. It is a scientific device—without wicks—which produces this same snappy, vigorous "Lively Heat" from common kerosene. The Red Star Oil Stove is fully recommended for the burning of gasoline as well as kerosene by simply turning the burner valve on less than for burning kerosene. No mechanical changes necessary—everything so simple. Cooking starts the instant you light the burner. It is the same type of heat as you get from glowing coal, from a gas or electric burner. That is why you get such wonderful results.

A cool kitchen

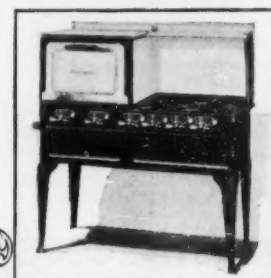
Like the gas or electric burner, the patented Red Star "Lively Heat" Burner gives a direct, vertical heat. Concentrates upon the cooking utensil. None radiates into the kitchen. This means a cool, enjoyable kitchen even in the heat of summer.

Size for size, the Red Star costs no more than ordinary oil stoves. There are no wicks to buy or burners to replace. No pipes or pressure tanks. It is built to last a lifetime—the cheapest oil stove you can own.

There is a size for every need—two to six "Lively Heat" Burners. Write at once for information and a free copy of the Red Star Book. In the meantime see your nearest dealer. Address Dept. E.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

RED STAR OIL STOVE





first aid for June Brides

YOU might as well start right. Whatever else you do, he won't be happy unless he is fed right. He wants food that tastes good. He wants it appetizing. And it's really no problem at all. Get a bottle of

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE

The famous seasoning for Salads, Soups and Sandwiches, Stews, Gravies, Meats and Fish. There's really nothing so good.

Send for free recipe book to

LEA & PERRINS
238 West Street, New York

BECOME A NURSE

DURING 25 years we have taught professional nursing to 50,000 women in their own homes—beginners as well as practical nurses. **Our Graduates Earn \$30 and \$35 a week.** Ideal vocation for self-supporting women. Money refunded if dissatisfied after two months' trial. Write today for catalog and specimen pages. Minimum age, 18.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
304 Main Street
Jamestown, N. Y.

Used for 100 years in infant feeding



SPECIALISTS today are recommending barley for the modification of milk so that babies can readily digest it. And most of them recommend Robinson's.

Robinson's "Patent" Barley has been the standard in infant feeding for over a hundred years. Ask for it when your doctor specifies barley.

ROBINSON'S
"PATENT"
BARLEY



4520

4396

3877

4521

PLAY CLOTHES ALLOW FREEDOM

GONE are the days when children wore whalebones and starched ruffs. Freedom in clothes is the watchword when one is young. Wash clothes take the place of woollens. Bare legs are substituted for stockings. Shoes are as flat as the tiny feet. Two garments may cover the tiny form, but both are the irreducible minimum. Figured and plain cottons rule. Pockets must be there, otherwise childhood would have no place for treasures.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4470
Emb.
No. 1310



4168

4530

For back views and other descriptions
see Page 101



3813



4527

No. 4470, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoned down leg. Sizes 1 to 3 years. Size 3 requires 15½ yards of 32-inch material. Baseball bat motif in outline-stitch may be worked from Embroidery No. 1310.

No. 4168, CHILD'S ROMPER DRESS. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires, dress, 1½ yards of 32-inch material; romper, 2 yards of 32-inch.

No. 4530, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Sizes 1 to 3 years. Size 3 requires 17½ yards of 32-inch material; collar, cuffs and belt, ¾ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4527, GIRLS' SMOCK. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 8 to 10 years, requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.



SIMPLE MODES SERVE VACATION NEEDS OF THE JUNIOR

No. 4540, GIRLS' DRESS WITH CAPE. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, dress, 27½ yards of 40-inch; cape, 15½ yards of 40-inch; lining, 15½ yards of 40-inch; tie belt, 1½ yards of 1-inch ribbon.

No. 4541, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; circular cuffs and flounces. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards of 32-inch or 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; tie belt, 1½ yards of 2-inch ribbon.

No. 4528, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with jacket front. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4534, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4473, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with pleated front skirt section. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4537, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' TWO-PIECE DRESS; blouse with peplum; two-piece skirt attached to camisole. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Darning-stitch border may be made from Embroidery No. 1489.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 104.

Foot Pains Vanish in 10 minutes or this Test is FREE

Millions have found a new way to end foot and leg pains. Specialists everywhere are urging it. Normal strength is restored by natural means. This test will amaze you.



STUDY the diagram at the right. If you are suffering from the pains shown there, we offer you a way to end them almost instantly.

Science tells us there are two arches in the human foot composed of small bones. Bands of muscles and ligaments hold these bones in place.

When these muscles, through overstrain, fail to function the bones spread. Arches sag. The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

New scientific way

After years of experiments a new scientific way has been found to correct this trouble. A thin, light, yet strong band of super-elastic webbing is worn around the instep. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles. They again sustain the arch. Pressure on the nerves and blood vessels ceases. Pain vanishes.

This band is the 'Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension. In its scientific contour and design. It is worn unnoticed under the sheepest hosiery. It makes the most stylish shoes comfortable.

Make this astounding test

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer, or chiropractor. Be fitted with a pair of Jung's Arch Braces. Make our free test.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper ½ inch wide, send us measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or size and width of shoe.

We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Simply pay the postman \$1 and postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend the "Miracle" Style, \$1.50. Wear them 2 weeks. If you don't get continuous relief, return them to place of purchase and your money will be refunded.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

The Original "End Foot Pains in 10 Minutes"

Write for this Free Book. Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

© J. A. R. Co. 1925

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO., 276 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked.

☐ Wonder Style, \$1.00 ☐ Miracle, \$1.50
I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measurement.

Name

Address

P. O. State



Lovely hair
...protected
by this comb...
with oval teeth

ONE of the most important safeguards of lovely hair is the proper comb for it—a comb that will stimulate and groom without breaking or tearing the hair.

A comb specially designed to afford this protection to the hair is the ACE Comb. ACE Combs have oval teeth, moulded by the special ACE Process to prevent sharp edges and roughness. Made of genuine hard rubber—the best substance yet discovered for combs—they have a hard surface that even germs can not penetrate, or acids dull. Easily kept sanitary to protect your hair from dandruff.

ACE Combs are sold in all department, notion and drug stores, and come in a multitude of sizes, patterns and shapes for bobbed and long hair, for men and women, pocket and dressing-table use. 25 cents to \$1.50. Be sure to ask for them by name.

Free Booklet on care of the Hair

WRITE for free copy of the ACE book, "Health Hints for Hair Loveliness." A postal will bring it. American Hard Rubber Company, Dept. UVI, 11 Mercer St., New York City.

Oval teeth of ACE Combs protect and groom your hair.

ask for
ACE COMBS
The oval teeth safeguard your hair



at last!

BEFORE
NO-BLUR is being welcomed and praised by motorists everywhere. Apply NO-BLUR to your windshield every six months and you are always ready for jolting curves, weather, spring showers or drenching downpours. NO-BLUR enables you to enjoy perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield. You can't even see it after it is applied—in fact you wouldn't know it was on your windshield but for the clear vision it enables you to enjoy each time it rains. One application is effective for six months or longer. It will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the ENTIRE windshield. Price \$1 at your accessory dealers or sent direct. The best dollar you ever spent.

AFTER
A product that every motorist has wished for

Standard Sales Co., Dept. A-68, Memphis, Tenn. Automotive Products

A PICTURESQUE CHARM IN COVERLET AND PILLOW MARKS THE DAINTY BOUDOIR

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



1516. Here pansies smile a greeting.



1516. Detail for Bedspread shown above

1511. Lace and lawn, with pastel embroidery, are well chosen for summer boudoir pillows

1514. This old-fashioned bonnet-girl quaintly adorns a very modern coverlet



1514. Detail of the Bonnet-Girl Bedspread

No. 1514. DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD. Garlanded with lazy-daisy flowers, beribboned in smart appliqué, a quaint Bonnet-Girl motif (21½ x 26½ inches) gaily greets you from this modish coverlet.

No. 1515. DESIGN FOR BONNET-GIRL PILLOWS. Two facing heads (13 x 13) for fetching little round pillows, effect a pleasing bolster variation. (Matches Bedspread No. 1514.) In simplest stitches.

No. 1516. DESIGNS FOR PANSY BEDSPREAD AND BOLSTER. As fresh and smiling as a June morning, these lovely flowers in simple stitches. The basket motif is 21¾ x 35 inches; the bolster design 21 x 6¾.

No. 1511. DESIGNS FOR LACE PILLOWS. Dainty and different for the summer boudoir. Of sheer lawn and delicate lace with pastel embroidery in simple stitches. Round pillow, 16 inches across; oval, 13 x 18.

No. 1518. DESIGNS FOR BOLSTER AND CURTAINS. Flowers and vines in lazy-daisy, outline- and straight-stitch make this graceful spray (29½ x 6½ inches). Matches Bedspread No. 1517. Small motifs are adapted to scarfs and curtains.

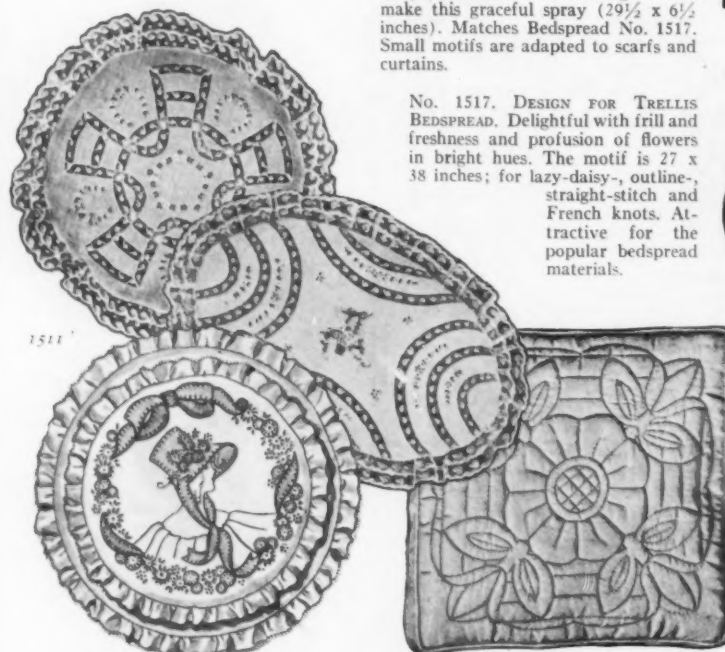
No. 1517. DESIGN FOR TRELLIS BEDSPREAD. Delightful with frill and freshness and profusion of flowers in bright hues. The motif is 27 x 38 inches; for lazy-daisy-, outline-, straight-stitch and French knots. Attractive for the popular bedspread materials.



1517. Simple stitches in gayest colors perfect the graceful bedspread design above

1517. Detail of Bedspread shown above

No. 1508. DESIGNS FOR QUILTED PILLOWS. Rest your elbow upon a quaintly quilted pillow of taffeta over lamb's wool, and be both smart and "comfy." Besides the square pillow shown at left, (11½ x 11½ inches) another design adapted to 23-inch round pillow develops an attractive companion piece. The great vogue for quilted cushions and upholstery makes these designs especially popular.



1515. Described upper right

1508

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 104.



A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



LIQUID ARVON

MEND LEATHER

Quick to stick—mends collars, tops, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, Hardware, Drug and Grocery stores. In tubes and bottles. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.



IRON GLUE



Why Blonde Hair Requires a Special Shampoo

Nothing attracts more attention than beautifully blonde hair. That is why blondes always have a charm all their own. The only unfortunate thing about blonde hair is that it has a natural tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is anything but beautiful. But now a way has been found to correct the natural darkening of blonde hair. You simply shampoo your hair with Blondex, a new shampoo for blonde hair only. Blondex not only keeps hair from darkening—but actually brings back the original golden beauty, even to the most faded and darkened blonde hair. Blondex is not a dye—contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Money back if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good stores.

BLONDEX The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, \$1.00 C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1048 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SMOCK, FROCK AND HANDKERCHIEF

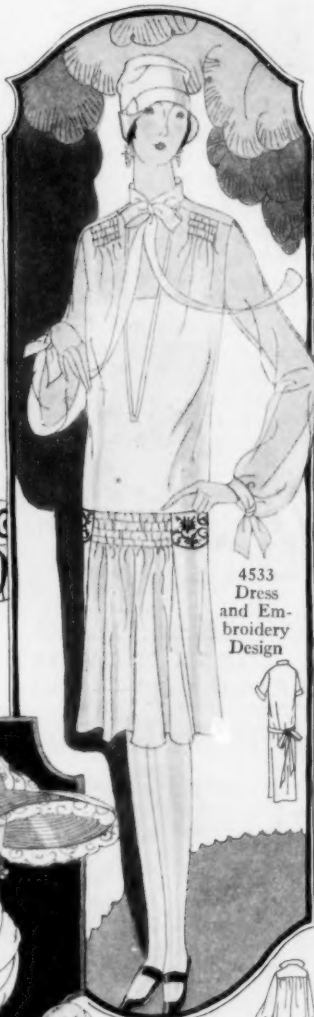
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



4531 Smock and Cross-Stitch Design

4532 Smock and Smocking Design

No. 4533, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; smart embroidered pockets and the popular smocking or shirring. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 40-inch material.



4533 Dress and Embroidery Design

No. 4531, LADIES' AND MISSES' SMOCK WITH CROSS-STITCH TRIMMING. Sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4532, LADIES' AND MISSES' SMOCK WITH SMOCKING; each row a different color. Sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material.

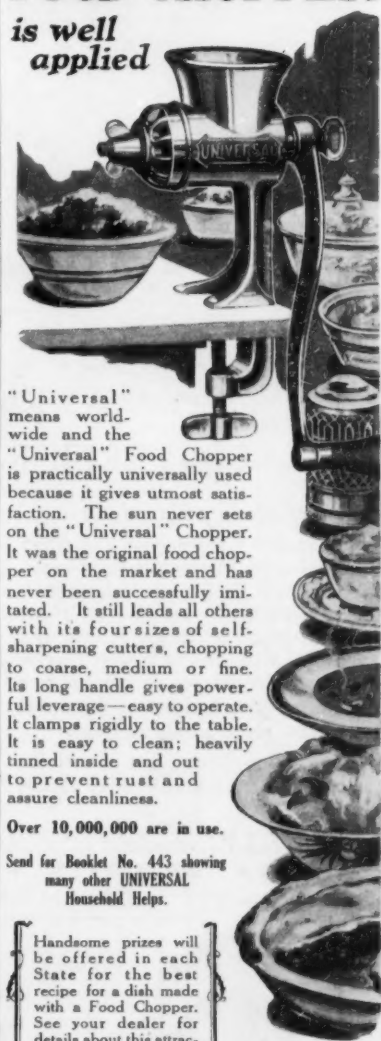


No. 1513, PAINTING DESIGNS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS AND SCARVES; popular in georgette, crepe de Chine and radium silk with smartly picoted edges. As brilliant as the modern mode decrees, with all the gay chic of Paris. Though simple to make with the new fabric paints, these lovely accessories are coveted possessions. Adapted to scarf motifs, 5 1/4 x 6 to 12 x 12; 4 handkerchiefs, 9 x 9 inches.

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The name "UNIVERSAL FOOD CHOPPER"

is well applied



"Universal" means world-wide and the "Universal" Food Chopper is practically universally used because it gives utmost satisfaction. The sun never sets on the "Universal" Chopper. It was the original food chopper on the market and has never been successfully imitated. It still leads all others with its four sizes of self-sharpening cutters, chopping to coarse, medium or fine. Its long handle gives powerful leverage—easy to operate. It clamps rigidly to the table. It is easy to clean; heavily tinned inside and out to prevent rust and assure cleanliness.

Over 10,000,000 are in use.

Send for Booklet No. 443 showing many other UNIVERSAL Household Helps.

Handsome prizes will be offered in each State for the best recipe for a dish made with a Food Chopper. See your dealer for details about this attractive prize contest.

Lenders, Frary & Clark New Britain, Conn.



"It's The Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have style!"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish clothes and hats at great savings, or earn money as a dressmaker or milliner.

Write for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today for a Free Booklet which describes the Dressmaking and Millinery Courses of the Woman's Institute and tells how this great school has helped to solve the clothes problem for more than 200,000 women and girls.



WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Cooking
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address



A recent illustration of Governor Alvan T. Fuller's residence at 150 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The windows of the GOVERNOR'S MANSION

—are shaded by Hartshorn

When the residence of the Chief Executive of Massachusetts, Governor Alvan T. Fuller, was redecorated, every attention was paid to those details which make for beauty and comfort. Windows facing on Beacon Street, one of Boston's most historic thoroughfares, had to be beautiful windows—both inside and out.

It was not chance that caused the selection of Hartshorn Shade Fabrics,

mounted on Hartshorn Rollers.

There is no substitute for a Hartshorn roller. It is the secret of smooth running shades.

Your dealer can readily supply you with Hartshorn Shade Fabrics and Rollers. Stewart Hartshorn Company, 250 Fifth Ave., New York.

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SHADE
PRODUCTS
ESTABLISHED 1860

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

**NORIDA VANITIES FOR LOOSE POWDER
CANNOT SPILL**



Norida Vanities are fully covered by U. S. Patents.



So Easy To Refill

With Your Favorite Loose Powder



Cannot spill

That's the wonderful thing about the Norida Vanitie. You can refill it again and again with the loose powder you like best.

So why use compact powder when you can have your favorite loose powder wherever you go? Buy one at any drug or department store.



Just a twist and the powder comes forth

Single, for loose powder. Double, for loose powder and rouge. Gilt and Silver. Noridas come filled with Wildflower powder and rouge.

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Easily and quickly refilled

Be Sure You Ask for
Norida
The Vanitie for Your Favorite Loose Powder

ANOTHER FASCINATING REVIVAL THE AGE-OLD ART OF GESSO



This richly dignified arrangement for the hall table or mantel shelf shows what a startling transformation gesso makes of cheap wooden candle-sticks and a plain pine board. The design 1332 and simple border treatments make such an attractive gesso frame for a favorite picture.



Here is a jewel box glowing with color, decorated with the appropriate peacock design 1402, and studded with sparkling gems. The gesso surface of the box is enriched by polychrome gilding, shellacked, then rubbed with paint on a cloth for an antique finish.



To conceal the sometimes jarring note of the telephone here is a screen very simply made. The design 1377 recalls ancestral coats of arms and the rich colors are antiqued to further this interesting effect.



Attractive gesso drapery tie-backs to give just the right touch are made of large button moulds with design 1402 in relief.



Another useful accessory beautified by means of gesso, is this telephone number book. Ship design 1409 is used.



An ordinary flower pot becomes a decorative feature, painted in gold, the gesso design 1402 painted in brilliant colors over the gold.

NOTE—To make the articles illustrated on this page, send for Lessons in Gesso Work to the Needlework Department, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 104.

GLITTERING BUCKLES FOR FEET OF FASHION

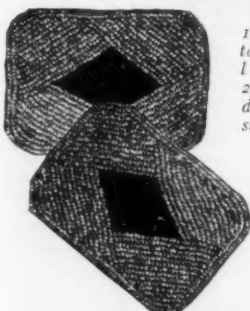
Made with Beads, Fine Wire and
Buckram at Small Cost



1509. Smart scroll design (1 3/4 x 2 1/2) quickly made following design with beads strung on fine wire.



1509. Scalloped oval buckle (2 1/4 x 2 5/8) for cape clasp or evening slippers.



1509. The tailored buckle (1 7/8 x 2 3/4) a smart design for street wear.



1509. Oval motifs (1 7/8 x 2 1/2) in beads of two colors effectively combined in the design.



1509. Very chic these simple beaded bow-knots (1 x 2 1/4).



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Descriptions for Page 89

No. 4536, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.
No. 4457, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 18, 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 7/8 yards.
No. 4500, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; straight skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 18, 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2 5/8 yards. A painted or embroidered motif may be made from Embroidery No. 1463.
No. 4541, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; circular flounces. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 10, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

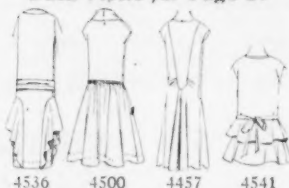
Descriptions for Page 94

No. 4468, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2 7/8 yards.
No. 4458, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; blouse front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 5/8 yards. Embroidery No. 1457 may be used for daisy-stitch border.
No. 4516, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 1/8 yards of 40-inch; lining, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch.
No. 4519, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Sizes 27 to 37 waist. Size 31, 1 5/8 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 5/8 yards.
No. 3644, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Sizes 34 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.
No. 4518, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 5 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 5/8 yards. Darning-stitch trimming may be made from Embroidery No. 1315.

Descriptions for Page 96

No. 4529, LITTLE BOYS' SUIT; knee trousers. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 years. Size 6, 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 3/8 yard of 36-inch.
No. 4396, CHILD'S ROMPER. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Size 4, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.
No. 3877, LITTLE BOYS' SUIT. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6, 1 3/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 36-inch.
No. 4521, LITTLE BOYS' SUIT; knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6, 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.
No. 3813, BOYS' SUIT. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6, 2 yards of 36-inch material.

Back Views for Page 89



Back Views for Page 95



Back Views for Page 96



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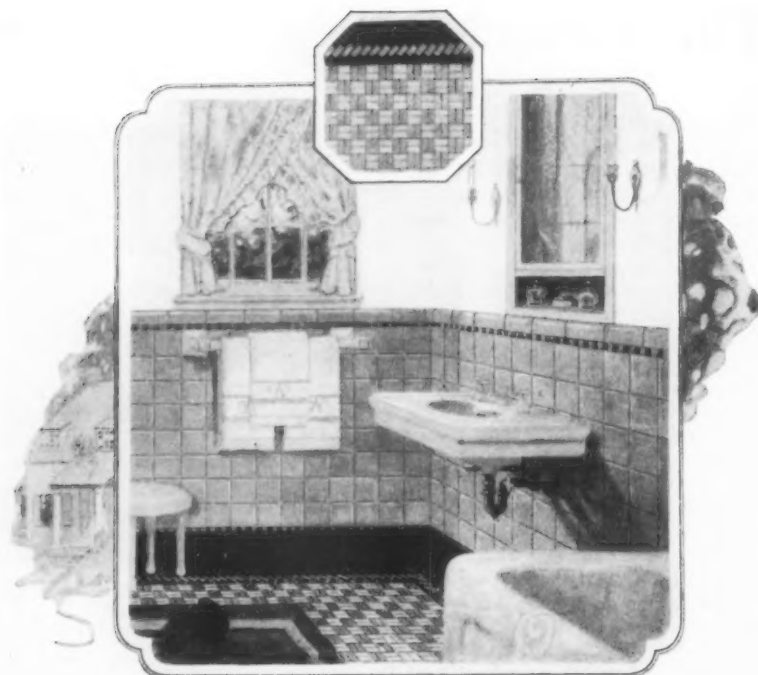
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A TALK TO AMERICAN FATHERS

[Continued from page 60]

The function of the clergyman is primarily that of a teacher. His chief duty should be where his greatest usefulness may be exerted, namely, in the office of spiritual teacher and adviser of the young. In other words, the Sunday-school and its activities should take first place in all religious organizations and not occupy the position that it holds at the present time—that of a poor annex, often with untrained boy- and girl-teachers. Our school-teachers in the secular schools are highly trained; it is necessary for them to pass several years in study to become qualified to teach the young—quite in contrast to the requirements of the average teacher in our Sunday-schools.

In much of our church work the larger percentage of energy is expended in behalf of the adult. In New York City for example, well-dressed, well-fed adults occupy the pews. Very few children under ten years of age are there and it profits them but little to be there—the service is not for them. The adults are entertained by able clergy who give discourses on which they have spent much effort; adults listen to music which they delight to hear and which is exceedingly expensive. They congratulate themselves that such and such a sum of money had been raised to send missionaries to Japan or elsewhere while within the sound of the church-bell, boys and girls with inadequately nourished bodies and spiritually starved minds are growing up to be crooks and bandits and prison charges. And we call ourselves Christians and are proud of our civilization!

During a period of eleven years 1614 inmates under 21 years of age were admitted to Sing Sing prison; of these 697 were between 16 and 17 years. And Sing Sing is just one prison. To Sing Sing are sent only those who commit high crimes. Thousands of others are committed for minor offenses elsewhere and there are those, too, who are paroled.

There is today a constant, slowly marching army—thousands of boys and girls—advancing toward the open mouths of our prisons and reformatories where they are swallowed up and lost forever. There is never a scarcity of recruits and they are all under five years of age. The adult

rarely reforms; when he does, he merely proves the exception to the rule. The man with the hump on his

back retains the hump, the man with the withered leg drags it for the remainder of his life. The seared soul seldom loses its scar.

Boys and girls grow right and grow wrong, they go right and go wrong, according to the way their minds are formed day by day. Just as the body grows strong and vigorous or sickly and diseased according to its treatment so it is with the mental state; there is no such thing as chance with nature; nature never forgives; nature always exacts its penalty. When the body is neglected or abused there is the invariable penalty and society is the loser. Society makes its black sheep and then spends millions for their care and incarceration. Every crack of the bandit's gun echoes back defective civilization.

In country districts there is much scattering of energy among Protestant churches. Being a Protestant I include myself in the criticism. In thousands of villages throughout the United States there will be found three or four or more struggling religious organizations. Youth is not attracted toward the unprosperous. These thousands of villages possess just enough energy and means to support one Protestant church society, a well-paid clergyman, and experienced Sunday-school teachers, also paid; there should be a club-house for every church and under the control of that church.

With the church and its auxiliaries as a bright, live attractive center, the young of all ages will become a part of it because they will seek it. There should be moving pictures, suitable literature, a place for entertainment and a place for play, for children will play and they demand entertainment. The amusements of the young when diverted should be open to people and children of all faiths.

It makes but little difference what a man professes to believe—it is what he is and does that determines the man; and the boy arrives here, there or elsewhere, good or bad; he flourishes the murderer's gat or takes holy orders, not by freak of nature, not by chance, not by what is called conversion—but because he grew that way!

WHITMORE'S BULL

[Continued from page 84]

While a Morello tree, mysterious with pale bloom,
Shaded the corner where Father and I worked.

WIDE boxed beds lined the fence on its four sides.
From them, in the days of earliest spring,
There winked a drift of star petaled flowers
Like a little Milky Way fallen into our garden.

Sky blue bells rang their music to the bees,
While in bowls lined with unsalted clover butter

Mother extracted their perfume for her linen chests.
There were gold daffydillies, white Easter flowers,
Long rows of brazen tulips, red and yellow.

Later, this bed, like exquisitely appliquéed velvet,
Draped from the top of the fence row to the earth.

Tallest stood sunflowers high above our heads,
Ever beckoning pink lady-fingers sug-gested courtesies,

Tall hollyhocks and dahlias of many colors,
Blue foxgloves and darkly freckled tiger lilies.

NOW one panel of her garden fence was open.
Ramping down the road toward it,
Came Whitmore's big white bull, enraged;

His jaws frothing strings of dirty slaver
That trailed the dust in bubbling fountains.
He saw my Father busy at his work,
Beyond him the opening to the Magic

Garden.
No doubt the man and the loaded work trusses
Seemed small obstacles to the adventur-ing bull.

Very likely he scented our barn beside the lane.
And the presence of cattle in our pastures,
So he came straight toward us in slow progress,

And the blue-green, blushing, cinnamon pink bed.

IT was May in the life of the garden
And May in the whole world—late May.
I had heard all those Indian and bear stories

From ruffled, starched pinafores onward.
Now I stood undaunted beside my Father
Waiting to be told whether I should run.
The bull paused before us, lifted his head, and snorted.

Snorted until he blew a drift from his nostrils.
Across my Father's blue chambray shirt sleeve.

Then the bull lowered his head and advanced.
Each forefoot alternately pawing the dust
Until it flew higher than our heads.

My Father had a stack of pickets before him.
Evenly laid, carefully tapped into place,
All ready for the four-square pointing.

He held them firmly with his knee,
While the oiled saw shone in his hand.
When the bull thrust his horns toward the trusses

To toss them from the line of his advance,
His nose touched the grass at his feet.
"You would, would you?" asked my Father,

"And right through [Turn to page 103]

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WHITMORE'S BULL

[Continued from page 102]

Mother's cinnamon pink bed?"

HE dropped his saw, snatched up his hammer, and leaning over, he deftly tapped the bull. Near the base of one long, angry horn. Close behind the ear Father tapped him—Such a little easy tap—Nothing like the knock-maul stroke he used. To drive a wedge into a felled tree. I noticed that, and I particularly noticed That his voice was low and steady. While his feet seemed to be set on earth As firmly as the big mulberry pie tree. Standing in the center of the field across the road. Such a little tap!—

THE white bull slowly sank on his knees. With one retching bellow of anguish. Boring his nose in the grass of the way side. Even his thick hind legs wavered back and forth. As if they, too, would fail to bear his weight. Then my Father leaped over the loaded trusses. Caught the tail of the bull and began twisting it—Twisting the tail of the mighty bull! At every twist Father drew back and pulled hard. All that we had heard of boastful conquest before. Was as nothing compared with the roaring. When the tail of the bull was pulled while twisted. The tears ran from his eyes, he chilled. The sweat washed down his dust sprinkled sides. While he staggered to his feet slowly, Abjectly imploring mercy he had not deserved.

THEN my Father kicked the white bull forcefully. Kicked with all the strength of his body. Merely to insinuate to the King of the Pasture. That it was high time for him to be returning. To his grass, his clover, his daisies and his river. To his annoying fence with its wired stake and rider. The bull started slowly up the road toward Steeles'. Because his wavering legs bent like drawn bows. To our wood-yard gate Father followed the bull. At every step administering punishment. While at each twist the big creature bellowed loudly. And gathered momentum as he proceeded.

FATHER was running in long, flying strides. Landing so forcefully on his feet. That he slapped up the dust in small clouds. When he released the amazed monarch. Father had to run on for quite a distance. And then slow down gradually to a walk. To keep himself from falling headlong. He was laughing and breathing in short gusts. When he came back to where I was standing. Picked up his saw, and went on pointing the pickets. "I'll wager a pretty His Imperial Majesty Comes not this way again in many a day," he said.

SILENTLY I gazed at my Father. Then I looked up the pink and white walled road. Hourly beckoning to each seeker of conquests. And watched the bull turning Steeles' corner. He was traveling at a wabbling drag-trot. Hugging the fence closely for protection. Still of threatening voice, raising no dust. His dry tongue hanging far from his mouth. While his huge head seemed as if it were so heavy. That never again could he exultantly lift it. Sick, dirt-encrusted, beaten and abject. He was hurrying to the safety of his meadow.

I sat down on a stack of pickets, until I was needed. And thought deeply about my Father; Then I thought even longer about Whitmore's bull.



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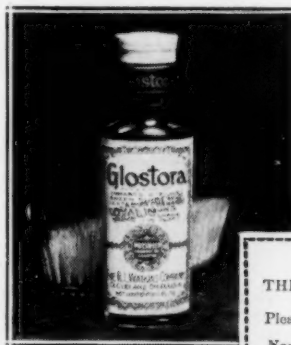
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MAKE YOUR HOPE-CHEST A HELP-CHEST

(Continued from page 47)

b. The pattern chosen so that the table can be easily set—not with pictures or scenes in it which always must be placed toward the guest!

c. The quality and design such that cleaning it and caring for it will be easy. Don't choose designs that will fade with constant use and frequent washing in very hot water, or ware which will chip easily, or with a glaze which soon cracks under heat.

Equipment for the Bed-Room

1. End covers for quilts and blankets, attractive and easily laundered.
2. Muslin bags in which to store blankets, quilts and so forth.
3. Shoe-bags—the ideal kind is one which covers the whole inside of the closet door and gives much extra space

- for storing shoes.
4. Bags for covering light dresses, or suits or coats which are not often worn.
5. Laundry-bags of different sizes.

General Equipment

1. Books for budget and household accounts, ready for use.
2. Manila envelopes for filing clippings and other practical household data.
3. Card file or other provision for keeping household memoranda, such as inventories, receipts, insurance and so forth.
4. Bags of every variety for holding string, paper, pieces, old cloths and articles which are to be given away, thus keeping storage-places cleared out. Such bags provide "a place for everything" when drawers or cupboards in which to store such miscellaneous things are not available.

A GARDEN FOR THE BRIDE

(Continued from page 58)

Jessica read the list. "They sound expensive," she commented. "If only some of the friends who showered us with Quimper pottery and Czech-Slovakian glass, and Russian brasses had given us some of these things instead! There's a campaign for McCall's to promote—Common Sense in Wedding Presents."

I promised to suggest it to the Editor, and we went on with our gardening.

"Later, I want lots of roses," said Jessica, digging energetically. "On the back-porch as well as on the front. Then, when I go out to pay the iceman or to put out the garbage-pail I shall have something to reward me."

Down on Tom's list were: Roses—lots of 'em. "What kind?" he inquired.

"Pink," said Jessica.

"Christine Wright," said I. "And beside

it, where the tall blue spires will rise against the pink blossoms a plant of delphinium Bella Donna. On the front porch you might have roses—Dr. Van Fleet, and Silver Moon, and, for a very chic touch, one of the lovely Jackman hybrid clematises."

It was dusk before we had firmed the soil about the last petunia. Jessica and Tom were sitting very close together on the lowest step of the back porch, grimy hands entwined. Over their neighbor's pear tree the lover's moon was rising. Tom quoted softly:

"Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown
That my Love's feet may tread it down.
Like lilies on the lilies set;
My Love, whose lips are softer far
Than drowsy poppy petals are
And sweeter than the violet."

EAT WISELY AND LIVE LONGER

(Continued from page 32)

enough milk, the rest of the food supply may be selected almost without any consideration, and its quality will be at least fairly satisfactory. Such a diet will be improved by including small amounts of meat, eggs, fish or poultry.

Any diet of vegetable foods, such as cereals, potatoes, fruits, peas, beans and so forth, while not complete in itself and not capable of keeping us healthy very long, can be made complete and of high quality by adding to it liberal amounts of milk. The peculiar quality of both the leafy vegetables—which we mentioned previously—and milk which makes them able to round out an otherwise unsatisfactory diet lies in the vitamins they contain, in their mineral elements and in the value of their proteins.

With regard to our second point—the hygiene of the digestive tract, the type

of diet just recommended is entirely satisfactory because it encourages fermentative processes, which are harmless, instead of the putrefactive processes. If this diet is followed, there will be no slow poisoning of the body through the absorption of harmful digestive products.

In recent years the eating of yeast has been promoted as an aid in keeping the digestive tract in a hygienic condition. Yeast is a laxative food and if enough is eaten regularly it will prevent constipation in those persons whose intestines have not become seriously debilitated but are only in a sluggish condition.

As we have said before in another article, one of the most efficacious foods in controlling intestinal putrefaction and intoxication is sour milk, and for this reason it is superior to many other foods as an aid to good health and long life.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money. Branch Offices: 208-12 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 149 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

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3813..25	4458..45	4487..30	4495..30	4511..30	4519..30	4527..25	4535..45
3877..25	4459..45	4488..30	4496..35	4512..35	4520..45	4528..45	4536..45
4168..30	4468..15	4489..35	4497..15	4513..45	4521..25	4529..25	4537..45
4286..35	4470..25	4490..45	4498..45	4514..45	4522..45	4530..25	4538..45
4396..25	4473..35	4491..50	4499..45	4515..45	4523..45	4531..35	4539..45
4442..45	4474..35	4492..45	4500..45	4516..40	4524..45	4532..35	4540..45
4444..30	4484..35	4493..45	4502..35	4517..45	4525..50	4533..45	4541..30
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1310..25	1377..30	1483..30	1495..35	1501..40	1514..40
1315..40	1387..30	1488..25	1496..35	1508..35	1515..25
1331..30	1402..30	1489..35	1497..35	1509..30	1516..35
1332..30	1426..25	1492..30	1498..35	1511..40	1517..10
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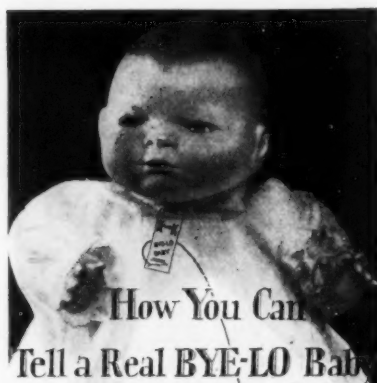
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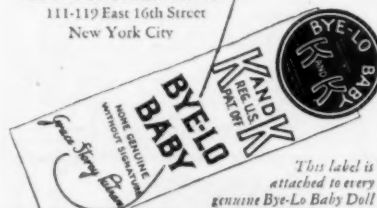
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BELLARION

[Continued from page 17]

but a fool. I don't like broken bones, and still less a broken reputation. I mean to keep what I've won against the day when I may need it."

IN the early days of June came an urgent and pitiful appeal to the Duke from his brother, Filippo Maria, Count of Pavia, for assistance against the Vignati of Lodi, who had seized the city of Alessandria. Della Torre gravely read the letter aloud while the prince guffawed.

"Do not laugh yet, my lord." Della Torre's lean, crafty, swarthy face was grave. "Vignate is in arms, not so much against your brother as you."

Goggle-eyed, the Duke stared at his adviser. "By heaven, am I to go in arms against Vignate? Is that your counsel?"

"Vignate," said della Torre, "can be in no great strength. Facino's own condotta should fully suffice to whip him out of Alessandria and back to Lodi."

Gian Maria moved restlessly about the room. "What if it should not? What if Facino should be broken by Vignate? What then? Vignate will be at the gates of Milan."

"He might be if we could not prepare for the eventuality. In alliance with Malatesta your highness would be strong enough to defy all comers. Indeed, your highness should consider whether you will not in any event bring in Malatesta and so make sure that this upstart does not return to trouble you again."

"And the price?"

Della Torre spread his hands. "Malatesta has ambitions for his daughter. If she were Duchess of Milan . . ."

"Give me air! Let me think." He rose, thrusting della Torre away by a sweep of his thin arm. Suddenly the Duke swung round again, and his grotesque countenance was flushed. "By heaven! What thought does it ask?"

Facino set out next day at early morning, and by nightfall he brought his army, weary and exhausted by the June heat, to rest under the red walls of Pavia. After a conference with Filippo Maria, brother of the Duke, in his great castle of Pavia, Facino resumed his march, his army now increased by six hundred Italian mercenaries under a soldier of fortune named Giasone Trotta.

Nevertheless, he did not attempt to storm Alessandria. He would hem the place about, so as to reduce it by starvation. And it was not until the siege had endured almost a month that Facino learned of the Duke's treachery and that Malatesta now controlled Milan. Facino swore to be revenged at any cost as soon as he had captured Alessandria.

The fact that the garrison did not seem to be suffering from hunger, despite the siege, led Bellarion to redouble both his energy and the pickets about the city—with the result that one moonless night a victualling party was captured. The leader was brought before Bellarion, who scanned those pallid, pock-marked features which seemed vaguely familiar.

"We've met before, I think . . ."

Bellarion broke off. "You are that false friar, who journeyed with me to Casale, that brigand named . . . Lorenzaccio, Lorenzaccio da Trino."

The beady eyes blinked in terror. "I don't deny it. But I was your friend then, and—"

"Quiet!" he was curtly bidden. "You know what awaits you?"

"I know the risks I ran. But . . ."

"A rope, my friend. I tell you so as to dispel any fond doubt."

The man reeled a little, his knees sagging under him. The guards steadied him. Watching him, Bellarion seemed almost to smile. At last he spoke again. "You claim that once you stood my friend. But now I shall require proof of your goodwill."

"Proof!" Lorenzaccio was confused. "What proof can I give?"

"You can answer my questions, clearly and truthfully. That will be proof enough. But at the first sign of prevarication, there will be worse than death for you. Be open with me now, and you shall have your life and presently your freedom."

The questions followed, and the answers came too promptly to leave Bellarion any suspicion of invention. He tested them by cross-questions, and was left satisfied that, from fear of death and hope of life,

Lorenzaccio answered truthfully throughout. For a half-hour perhaps the examination continued, and left Bellarion in possession of all the information that he needed. Lorenzaccio was in the pay of Girolamo Vignate, a brother of the besieged tyrant, who, operating from Cantalupo, was sending these mule-trains of victuals into Alessandria on every night when the absence of moon light made it possible. The only one ever permitted to enter the city itself was Lorenzaccio himself, who had crossed the lines more than a dozen times in the last three weeks. Further, Bellarion elicited from him a minute description of Giovanni Vignate of Lodi and of the principal persons usually found in attendance upon him.

IT wanted less than an hour to dawn when the mule-train came up to the southern gate of Alessandria, and its single leader disturbed the silence of the night by a shrill whistle thrice repeated. A moment later a light showed behind the grating by the narrow postern gate. A voice bawled a challenge across the gulf.

"Who comes?"

"Messenger from Messer Girolamo," answered the muleteer.

"Give the word of the night."

"Lodi triumphant."

The light was moved, and presently followed a creaking of winches and a rattle of heavy chains across the lowered draw-bridge. The muleteer spoke to the night. He took farewell of men who were not with him, and called instructions after some one of whom there was no sign, then drove his laden mules across the bridge.

The muleteer, a tall fellow, as tall as Lorenzaccio, but much younger, found himself confronted by an officer who thrust a lantern into his face. "You are not Lorenzaccio!"

"Confound you," answered the muleteer. "You needn't burn my nose to find that out."

His easy impudence allayed suspicion. Besides, how was a besieged garrison to suspect a man who brought in a train of mules all laden with provisions? "Who are you? What is your name?"

"I am called Beppo, which is short for Giuseppe. And tonight I am the deputy of Lorenzaccio who has had an accident and narrowly escaped a broken neck."

"You'll take your mules to the Communal," the captain answered him shortly.

Day was breaking when Messer Beppo came to the Communal Palace, and drove his mules into the courtyard, there to surrender them to those whom he found waiting. Messer Beppo who, for a muleteer, was a singularly self-assertive fellow, demanded to be taken at once to the Lord Giovanni Vignate.

Over a narrow drawbridge they entered the heart of that great Guelfic fortress, and from a small courtyard they ascended by a winding staircase of stone to a stone chamber. Leaving him there, the young officer passed through a narrow door to a further room. Thence came presently a swarthy man whose keen, haughty eyes played searchingly over the muleteer. "I am to suppose you have a message for me," he said, and sat down in the only chair.

The tall young muleteer lounged forward, no whit abashed in the presence of the dread lord of Lodi. "His Excellency desires you to understand, my lord, that this mule train of victuals is the last one he can send. Lorenzaccio is a prisoner in the hands of Facino. But that's no matter. What is important is that they've found us out, and the cordon is now so tightly drawn that it's madness to try to get through."

"Yet you," said the tall captain, "have got through."

"By a stratagem that's not to be repeated. I took a chance. I stampeded a dozen mules into Facino's lines near Aulara. At the alarm there was a rush for the spot. It drew, as I had reckoned, the men on guard between Aulara and Casalbagliano, leaving a gap. In the dark I drove through that gap before it was repaired."

Vignate's eyes looked out of a face that had turned grey. "Who are you?" he asked. "You are no muleteer."

"Your lordship is perspicacious. I am a captain of fortune. Beppo Farfalla, to serve you" [Turn to page 107]



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BELLARION

[Continued from page 106]

lordship. I lead a company of three hundred lances. I undertook this adventure, in the hope that it may lead to employment. Facino Cane will lie as much at your mercy tomorrow night as he has lain on any night in all these weeks of your inaction."

"What do you say?" breathed Vignate. "At our mercy?"

"At your mercy. A bold stroke and it is done. The line drawn out on a periphery some eighteen miles in length is very tenuous. Under cover of night a strong force could creep out by the Northern Gate and fall upon Pavone almost before an alarm could be raised. Before supports could be brought up you would have broken the force that is stationed there and captured Facino and his chief captains. After that, your besiegers would be a body without a head."

Followed a silence. Vignate licked his thick lips as he sat huddled there considering. "It is well conceived," he said. "It should succeed. I'd be easier if I were sure the enveloping movement could be made without the alarm."

"Ay, that's the difficulty. But it can be overcome. That is where I can serve you; I and my three hundred lances. I move them round during the day wide of the lines and bring up behind Pavone, at Pietramarazzi. At the concerted hour I push them forward and at the moment that you attack in front I charge from behind, and the envelopment is made."

"But how to know each other in the dark?" said Vignate. "Your force and ours might come to grips, each supposing the other to be Facino's."

"My men shall wear their shirts over their armour if yours will do the same."

Vignate heaved himself up. On his broad face it was to be read that he had made up his mind. "Let it be to-night, then. There is no gain in delay, nor can our stomachs brook it."

IT was a dazzling morning. Messer IBeppo smiled as he walked, presumably because on such a morning it was good to live. He was still smiling when, towards noon of that same day, he strode unannounced into Facino's quarters at Pavone.

Facino was at dinner with his three captains. "You're late, Bellarion. Was there any attempt last night to put a victualling party across the lines?"

"There was," said Bellarion. "We caught them. Nevertheless, the mule train and the victuals won into Alessandria."

They looked at him in wonder. Carmagnola scowled upon him. "How, sir? And this in spite of your boast that you caught them?"

Bellarion fixed him with eyes that were red and rather bleary from lack of sleep. "In spite of it," he agreed. "The fact is, that mule train was conducted into Alessandria by myself." And he sat down in the silence that followed.

"Do you say that you've been into Alessandria?"

"Into the very citadel. I had breakfast with the squat Lord of Lodi."

"Will you explain yourself?"

Bellarion did so.

The sequel you already guess, and its telling need not keep us long. That night Vignate and six hundred men, wearing their shirts over their armour, rode into as pretty an ambush about the village of Pavone as is to be found in the history of such operations. There was some rough fighting for perhaps a half-hour, and a good deal of blood was shed, for Vignate's men, infuriated at finding themselves trapped, fought viciously and invited hard knocks in return.

Bellarion in handsome armour, but without a headpiece, to which as yet he had been unable to accustom himself, held aloof from the furious scrimmage, just as he had held aloof from the jousts in Milan. He had a horror of personal violence and manhandling, which some contemporaries who detected it have accounted a grave flaw in his nature. Nevertheless, one blow at least for his side was forced upon him and, all things considered, it was a singularly appropriate blow. It was towards the end of the fight, just as the followers of Vignate began to own defeat and throw down their weapons, that one man all cased in armour

and with a headpiece whose peaked vizor gave him the appearance of some monstrous bird, came charging furiously at the ring of enemies that confined him. He was through and over them in that terrific charge, and the way of escape was clear before him, save for the aloof Bellarion, who of his own volition would have made no move to check that impetuous career. But the fool must needs drive straight at Bellarion through the gloom. Bellarion pulled his horse aside, and by that swerve avoided the couched lance which he suspected rather than saw. Then, rising in his stirrups as that impetuous knight rushed by, he crashed the mace with which he had armed himself upon the peaked vizor, and rolled his assailant from the saddle.

Thereafter he behaved with knightly consideration. He got down from his horse and relieved the fallen knight of his helmet, so as to give him air, which presently revived him. By the usages of chivalry the man was Bellarion's prisoner.

In the main room of Facino's quarters the two first confronted each other in the light. Bellarion laughed as he looked into that flat swarthy countenance with the pouting lips that were frothing now with rage. "You filthy, venal hound! You've sold yourself to the highest bidder! Had I known it was you, you might have slit my throat or ever I would have surrendered to you."

Facino stared now at Bellarion's raging prisoner, in whom they recognised Vignate. And meanwhile Bellarion was answering him. "I was never for sale, my lord. You are not discerning. I was my lord Facino's man when I sought you this morning in Alessandria. My name is Bellarion."

"It's the name of a trickster, then, a cheat, a foul, treacherous hind, who imposed upon me with lies." He looked past his captor at Facino, who was smiling. "Is this how you fight, Facino?"

"Merciful Heaven!" Facino laughed. "Are you to prate of chivalry and knight-errantry, you faithless brigand! Count it against him, Bellarion, when you fix his ransom. He is your prisoner. If he were mine I'd not enlarge him under fifty thousand ducats."

Savage eyes glowed at Facino. "Say nothing more," Bellarion admonished him. "What you've said so far has already cost you fifty thousand ducats. Insolence is a costly luxury in a prisoner."

When Vignate had been conducted from the room, Carmagnola, who had witnessed the previous scene, turned to face Facino. "And so, my lord, the affair is happily concluded."

"Concluded? There was derision in Bellarion's interjection." "Why, sir, the affair has not yet begun. This was no more than the prelude to the capture of Alessandria. It's to be taken before daylight."

They stared at him, and Facino was frowning almost in displeasure. "You said nothing of this."

"I thought it would be clear. Why do I lure Vignate to make a camisade from Alessandria with six hundred men wearing their shirts over their arms, to be met here by another three hundred under Captain Farfalla similarly bedecked? Nine hundred horsemen, or thereabouts, with their shirts over their arms will ride back in triumph to Alessandria in the dim light of dawn. And the jubilant garrison will lift up its gates to receive them."

As Bellarion had planned, so the thing fell out. In the grey light of breaking day, the anxious watchers from the walls beheld a host approaching, whose white shirts announced them for Vignate and his raiders. Down went drawbridge, up portcullis to admit them. Over the timbers of the bridge they thundered, and the waiting soldiery of Vignate deafened the ears of the townsfolk with their cheers, which abruptly turned to cries of rage and fear. For the camisaders were amongst them, beating them down and back, breaking a way into the gatehouse, assuming possession of the machinery that controlled drawbridge and portcullis, and spreading themselves out into the square within to hold the approaches of the gate. And now as the daylight grew, another host advanced upon the city, the main battle of Facino's army.

[Continued in JULY McCall's]



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AFIELD WITH GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 10]

When I saw it two years ago, that fence looked as if it held enough Bitter Sweet to supply the countryside and was a marvelous picture of vivid coloring.

I have known only a few people who enjoyed the woods and fields or who loved wild flowers in the intimate and devoted way Mrs. Porter loved them. To her, the finding of a new wild flower for her collection was a real adventure.

Mrs. Porter spent much time and labor in trying to find out why some wild flowers disappeared rapidly from woods and fields that were pastured. She watched the flowers she brought in and planted, more especially those that had not been native to Wildflower Woods, knowing then that her observations would be exact.

In her field work she was always fair—she never took all the plants she found. If there were only a few she marked them with stakes and returned later for the seed.

Through all the years of this beloved work, was the thought that some day this tract would be taken over by the State of Indiana so that the coming generations could study the plants and become acquainted with the wild flowers native to their own State.

Much of the work she did in Wildflower Woods served as a working basis for the material she used in her "nature stories," as she always liked to call her novels. The fundamental purpose of her books was to interest people not only in the preservation of wild flowers but of all wild life.

Limberlost Cabin could truly be called a bird sanctuary. I have never seen so many different birds or seen them in so great numbers as there were in the trees surrounding the Cabin.

People numbering millions have purchased and enjoyed the books Mrs. Porter has given to the world. She was perhaps better known as a novelist than as a naturalist, but it was her love of nature that enabled her to give to the world the books by which she is best known.

A FRIEND IN NEED

[Continued from page 11]

does it so perfectly imitate the triangular scars on the bark?

Because any bird or squirrel that discovered this moth would seize and devour it. But this gray creature is not conspicuous. Why doesn't it fly about? You are answered if you touch it. Only the upper wings are gray like bark; the under wings are barred with blazing scarlet—or with orange or brilliant yellow, or with old rose or shell-pink, or with silvery white, according to the particular species.

How far have you strolled with yourself? Three feet; one pace.

If you stand quite still you will see the scented tops of the sweet fern trembling and catch a glimpse of movement underneath. Then, if you whistle, a rabbit will sit up.

A prodigious bound or two, a flash of white—the little powder-puff tail—and he's gone.

Now, in that oak tree on your left are what is known as a pair of pests. One is a red squirrel. The other is a bird very beautifully dressed in blue and silvery white plumage. It is a blue-jay.

They are pests. Noisy ones. And yet they are not unmitigated nuisances. They are natural conservationists. Do you notice that a forest of tiny oak trees is sprouting all about you? Squirrel and jay planted that future forest. Not knowingly or with philanthropic intent. No. They merely forgot to dig up the acorns that they buried for future food.

Look about you. Everywhere butterflies, dragon flies, bees, wasps—an endless variety of gay or gauzy wings flash in the sun. Birds are on the wing, too, high in the blue or close above the grass.

Is this loneliness—with your friendly self as comrade? Teach this new comrade one thing more: a deathless curiosity concerning all things good and natural is what keeps mind and heart and figure and face youthful. That is the best antidote for old age—the surest panacea for loneliness, the tonic for tired minds, the purifier of weary hearts.



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Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

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is a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. It combats all lines and wrinkles.

White Youth Clay will bring to any girl new beauty in 30 minutes, and women often seem to drop ten years. I urge you to learn what it means to you.

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My Youth Cream combines a dozen of the best helps known to foster, feed and preserve the skin. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night, the other for the day. My baby-like complexion shows one of the effects. You will be delighted with this cream.

Any
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Still a Girl

Mine is a grandmother's age, and my life has been spent in the limelight. Yet I am still a stage star, still a beauty, still a girl. The thousands who see me daily marvel at my youthful bloom. And countless young girls envy my hair and my complexion.

My mother took me as a girl in a world-search for beauty aids. The best we found then were produced by French experts. I became by their help a famous beauty, gained a glorious career. Since then I have made 34 trips to France to learn of her latest discoveries. They have preserved my beauty, kept my youth, as all who see me know.

Now I am placing these helps—the best I found—at every woman's call. All drug and toilet counters supply them in my name. Every girl and woman who desires may use exactly what I use, and at a modest cost. I am doing my best to bring to millions the benefits I gained.

My Facial Youth

Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which French scientists gave me. Leading beauty experts the world over now advise and employ the formula, but they usually charge too much. So only a small percentage of women yet know this superlative help.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All the dirt and grime, dead skin and clogging matter depart with it. You will never know what a clean skin means until you use Facial Youth. And no skin can keep lovely unless clean.

My Hair Youth

My hair is my greatest glory. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. All that I owe to French hair experts whose best helps are embodied in my Hair Youth.

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farewell nod she left them and returned to her table. Jill's glance followed her.

"I hate that woman!" she said suddenly. "Do you? Why?" Asked Garry in leisurely tones. "She's very beautiful—and quite unsuccessful. You've no reason to hate her."

"No, I suppose I haven't," she acknowledged. "But I do." Garry regarded her. Then: "Come and dance," he said.

He swept her away down the shining length of the floor, and in a few minutes Jill had forgotten her annoyance with Iris, forgotten temporarily even that nagging little paragraph which had appeared in the morning's paper. There was something tremendously vivid and alive about Garry's dancing—it made you forget things. Once she looked up into his eyes bent above her. They were curiously bright.

May had slipped into June so quickly that Jill could hardly believe it was a whole month since the day she telephoned to Garry Lester. She had been utterly bored then. But not now—not since Garry had flashed back into her life like a meteor. She saw him almost daily.

But on a blazingly hot day towards the end of June Quayne apparently woke. Jill had come in from playing tennis, and was lying down on a couch, looking rather white and exhausted. He regarded his wife with a sudden quick glance of concern. "What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Playing tennis," she answered listlessly.

"It was absurd of you to play in this heat," he commented.

"One must do something," said Jill.

For an instant a dangerous glint showed in Quayne's deep-set eyes. Then: "Yes, I suppose one must. And we haven't done anything together for quite a long time, have we? What do you say to going up the river this afternoon?"

Jill regarded him silently a moment. Last year they had often gone up the river together—before, as she told herself bitterly, the novelty of matrimony had begun to wear off. "I've already said I go motoring with Garry," she said.

"Don't you go out rather often with Lester?" said Quayne. His voice sounded taut—like stretched whipcord.

"Since you're not able to take me out yourself, I should have thought you would be pleased that there was some one else ready to take me off your hands."

Quayne's face went white. "All I want is that you shouldn't get yourself talked about," he retorted sharply.

Jill sat up suddenly on the couch. "Who talks, pray?"

"Well, I met Iris Lethbridge and her aunt in Bond Street the other day, and they mentioned that they'd seen you at different places with Lester."

Iris Lethbridge! Jill's mind went quickly back to various occasions when she and Garry had run across her.

"So—slowly—you allow Iris to comment on what I do? I think—I'm a little surprised at you, Straton."

The sneer was palpable, but he refused to let it turn him from his point. "You are right," he responded quietly. "It was Iris who mentioned the matter. I should prefer you to see rather less of him."

Jill sprang up from the couch, her eyes blazing.

"You would prefer!" she broke out in a low voice, shaken with anger. "Has it ever occurred to you to think that I might prefer to have some one to go about with, to talk to and amuse me while you are shut up in your study? It's been your work—your work—bitterly—all the time."

"It's not true." He made a step towards her and, catching her by both arms, forced her to face him. "You'll take that back, Jill." He waited, sternly silent.

"No," she said, "I won't take it back. Apparently, what Iris thinks matters much more than what I—I—"

"Jill!" Quayne spoke incredulously. "You can't possibly think that! There's only one woman in my world who counts—and you know it."

Jill laughed with all the repressed bitterness of months.

"Oh, Straton, I thought it—once. I wish I could believe it now, but I can't. You've shown me—for so long—how little I count." She got up. "I—I think I'll go now," she said rather wearily, turning towards the door.

He laid his hands on her shoulders.

"No," he said suddenly, "you won't go—not like that. Are we going to shipwreck our happiness on a single rock?"

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

[Continued from page 23]

She turned back.

"On a single rock? It's been rocks—big and little rocks—all the time. And"—her voice quivered—"I'm tired of being bruised against them." She went unsteadily from the room.

JILL drew a long breath of satisfaction. A sun-baked moor, the pungently sweet scent of gorse in her nostrils, and her whole being saturated with that sense of freedom born of open spaces. "This is heavenly, Garry," she sighed.

They had left the car by the roadside in front of a little wayside inn: a low rambling building, with a wide verandah in front, and with a swinging sign-board bearing the brief legend "LUNCHES AND TEAS."

Drawn up just outside was a big touring car, and exactly as Garry and Jill descended from their two-seater, a group of people, laughing and chattering, emerged from the gateway and made their way towards the stationary car. As they passed, one of the women, fur-coated and swathed in a dark-blue motor-veil halted uncertainly, glanced curiously from Jill to her companion.

Jill flushed suddenly as she recognized Iris Lethbridge. Somehow she would rather it had been any one else who had chanced to find her alone with Garry in this outlying part of the moor.

"View first and tea after? Or tea first and view after?" asked Lester, holding the gate open for her to pass in. He made no comment on the encounter with Iris, but his brow had darkened a little.

"Oh, view first," declared Jill hastily. "And we mustn't stay too long, or I shall be late home, Garry."

So they set off on foot towards the tor. Twenty minutes brisk walking brought them to its foot, but the climb itself occupied considerably longer, and its difficulties kept Jill, at least, from observing that a change was taking place in the weather.

"We'd better bolt back to the inn," said Garry, as a few sprinkling drops fell warningly. "We're in for a downpour."

They hurried down, but long before they had accomplished the descent the rain was coming down in good earnest, driven by a rising gale of wind, and by the time they regained the shelter of the inn, Jill's thin summer frock was wet.

"I think there's only one thing to do," said Garry. "And that is to ask them to give us some dinner here—"

Reluctantly she consented. Dinner, when it came, was not a particularly appetising meal. That, however, affected her but little. She was far too worried to feel hungry, and she waved the landlady's apologies away with a rather pale little smile. It was not until they had reached the coffee that there was any diminution in the beating of the rain against the windowpanes. Then, as suddenly as it had come on, the storm ceased. Jill sprang up and peered out.

"Garry, it's stopped raining!" She glanced down at her watch and gave an exclamation of dismay. "Do go and start the engine at once," she went on a trifle breathlessly. "It's even later than I thought."

But Lester made no movement to obey. Instead, he sat looking at her curiously, rather as though he were mentally balancing up certain possibilities. Then he shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "But I can't get you back at all tonight. There's no petrol."

"No petrol?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We've got about enough petrol to run two or three miles. I didn't tell you before, because—"

"Because?" repeated Jill in a queer, strained voice. Fear, a nameless, terrible fear that she dared not put into words, assailed her. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because," said Garry quietly, "I didn't want you to know."

"Do you mean—that you knew—all the time?"

"Yes, I only brought enough petrol to get us here—and no more." He spoke quite quietly, but to Jill's eyes, desperately searching for some explanation of the inexplicable, his face seemed to have altered—to have grown older looking, stern with some resolve, all the boyishness gone out of it.

"Will you"—she tried to keep her head and speak composedly—"will you please tell me what you mean?"

Garry stood up.

"Yes, I'll explain. Do you remember"—his eyes met and held her own—"do you remember I once told you that if I couldn't get you by fair means I would by foul? Well, that's the meaning of it. I want you, and I'm going to take you."

In the heavy silence which followed Garry's last speech, it seemed to Jill as though his figure towered above her in the candle-lit dusk of the inn parlor. She shrank back.

"Garry, you must be mad!" she exclaimed. "I've told you—even if I cared for you—I would never do—that. Did you suppose you could force me to—by a trick like this? I—I believed you were my friend."

"No," he admitted gravely. "I'm not your friend. I've told you so. I'm your lover, not your friend, Jill. Give in and own you're beaten. Be sensible and realise it. You've no choice now. You can't get home to-night. You've got to stay here—with me. And afterwards—well, you'll find Quayne won't be exactly prepared to take you back—"

But he never finished that sentence. Jill's slender hand suddenly dealt him a stinging blow across the mouth. For a moment a very devil of rage seemed to blaze out of his eyes at her. Then it died down as quickly as it had flared up, and Garry's charming smile flashed out. He lifted the hand which had struck him and kissed it lightly, then, with a swift movement, drew her into his arms.

"You silly darling!" he said, his voice suddenly very tender. "Oh, Jill, I know just how you feel. But I had to trap you, sweetest. There was no other way of getting you. Jill, I'm not all bad. I gave Quayne a year in which to make good. And he didn't do it. If you'd been happy, I'd have gone away again and left you to it. But you weren't. The other day you admitted it. Since then, I've thought of nothing else—nothing but how to take you away from him and teach you what love means."

Jill freed herself from his grasp.

"You teach me what love means?" she flung back at him. "Why, you don't know the very first meaning of it, if you call this love."

It was the quiet disdain with which she turned to leave him that roused to sudden flame the passion he had been holding under restraint. In two strides he had overtaken her and caught her in his arms. She struggled, but all her strength was nothing against his.

"Give in, Jill," he said, "give in, and I swear you shall never repent it as long as you live."

But she still fought him, twisting this way and that.

"I won't," she returned, between her teeth. "Let go of me, Garry—do you hear? You must be utterly mad!"

"Mad?" he repeated unsteadily. "Yes, I think I am—mad for you." A moment later he had bent his face to hers and she felt his kisses crushing against her eyes and lips and throat.

"Garry—" But he stifled the word with his lips.

Suddenly, without warning, came the sound of imperious, striding footsteps crossing the wooden boards of the verandah. A man's figure paused for an instant at the open window, and instinctively Garry relaxed his hold. In that brief second between the loosening of his grip and what happened after she had just time to realise that the man standing on the threshold of the room was Straton. Then with a hoarse, wordless cry he leaped—straight at Garry. His clenched fist shot out, and Garry crashed backwards, and lay still.

In the utter silence that followed, husband and wife stood facing one another across Lester's prostrate body.

"Is he dead?" Jill whispered—"Have you killed him?"

For an instant Quayne's gaze swept the body at his feet.

"No," he replied briefly. He turned towards the window by which he had entered.

"Come," he said. "Come with me."

Moving stiffly, as though she were in a dream, Jill followed her husband from the inn.

[Continued in JULY McCall's]

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THE coming influential center of development of our Coast curve is, without doubt, Pensacola. The city cannot escape expansion for the Frisco Railroad System has recently adopted it for its ocean port. When the connection planned is completed, Pensacola will be open to a great West and Northwest territory hitherto closed to her. At the same time, the immediate completion of the Old Spanish Trail eastward will open the rest of the State to her as it never before has been, and put her on the route of the tourist. He will certainly come when he can get in without taking the ferry, which so irritates him.

But will Pensacola's growth be natural, controlled, steady; or forced, erratic, fluctuating? She has the decision largely in her own hands and she has to guide her the experience of all her bigger Florida sisters, as well as much past experience of her own. She has to aid her the fine agencies which the boom to the eastward and southward have brought into action: The Florida Real Estate Commission and the Florida State Chamber of Commerce.

Pensacola's chief thought today seems to be the development of her back country. For many, many years Pensacola's great fundamental source of wealth was pine. This pine furnished the naval stores, as the turpentine and rosin, which were so large an element of her wealth, are called. After the trees had been "turpented" as long as it was safe for their health and strength, they were cut and turned into lumber.

FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 68]

For many years before and after the Civil War, Pensacola was the home of a few men who owned or controlled vast tracts of pine timber within comparatively easy range of her port. They controlled a big, cheap labor body—poor whites, negroes. Apparently it never entered their minds that the day might come when the source of their wealth would be exhausted, for they made no attempt to replant where they destroyed, to find out if the land they had stripped could be turned to other purposes. They awoke one morning to find their vast tracts denuded, their incomes cut off, and they knew no other way in the world to get an income save through the bounty of nature and the labor of poor men.

But out of that situation there has come a development which is restoring one of the sources of the wealth destroyed by the thoughtless cutting of timber. It begins with a pine stump—that blackened object which so pains one as one motors through much of this country, and which is so great a nuisance to the farmer who is trying to redeem any part of the land. The agency which is conducting the operation is a factory in Pensacola which buys these stumps and converts them into turpentine, rosin and pine oil. It is an endless chain process for after these products are entirely taken out, the wood is still left as good a fuel as ever, and is carried

from the retorts through pipes and fed to furnaces.

In other words, here in Pensacola is an industrial enterprise which not only restores one of her great wealth producers, but is making a splendid contribution towards the development of her back country, and if the town is to have the large permanent future she dreams, this development must be insured. Pensacola's problem, however, is the problem of the future of all Florida. The State must be made to produce more from its soil if it is to have a permanent future independent of tourists, independent of the investments of outsiders who come to gamble in real estate, build great and stately cities, create islands and shores out of sand bars and acquire an empire in which to play and experiment.

Her wealth producing power has been demonstrated but what has been done so far is not much more than a demonstration. Florida has a tremendous task on her hands. Not more than eight percent of her great territory is as yet under cultivation. Let us suppose that fifty percent of what remains is capable of cultivation, and it is difficult to find a real died-in-the-wool Floridian who would consent to so low a percentage, but let it be fifty percent, and consider what that means—not so much in money but in men, in intelligence, in eternal vigilance.

Florida's real problem is one of scientific colonization and development of her land and it is to that problem which we will turn in our next chapter, in July McCall's.

New Lives for Old

Vigorous, vital—freed from constipation, skin and stomach ills—through one simple food



"LAST DECEMBER, there appeared a blotch of little blisters at one corner of my mouth. They gradually spread on my face and were very embarrassing. I tried different remedies but nothing seemed to help. So I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I can truthfully say, that, aside from clearing up the eruptions, it has improved my health in general. I am thankful for Fleischmann's Yeast."

GERTRUDE SCUDDER, Detroit, Mich.



"AFTER FOUR YEARS' SERVICE in Cuba and the Philippine Islands, I suffered greatly from indigestion. A friend suggested I take Fleischmann's Yeast. In about a month the attacks of indigestion had disappeared. I enjoyed my food. Since then I have had wonderful health and a clear complexion."

LOUIS B. THOMAS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"MY LITTLE SON Harry was very frail. In addition, he was afflicted with boils. The suffering was intense. Then we decided to feed him Fleischmann's Yeast. Harry has never had a recurrence of the trouble. He eats well and his bowels are regular. And we are thankful for the benefits he received."

HARRY E. HECKINGER, Cincinnati, O.

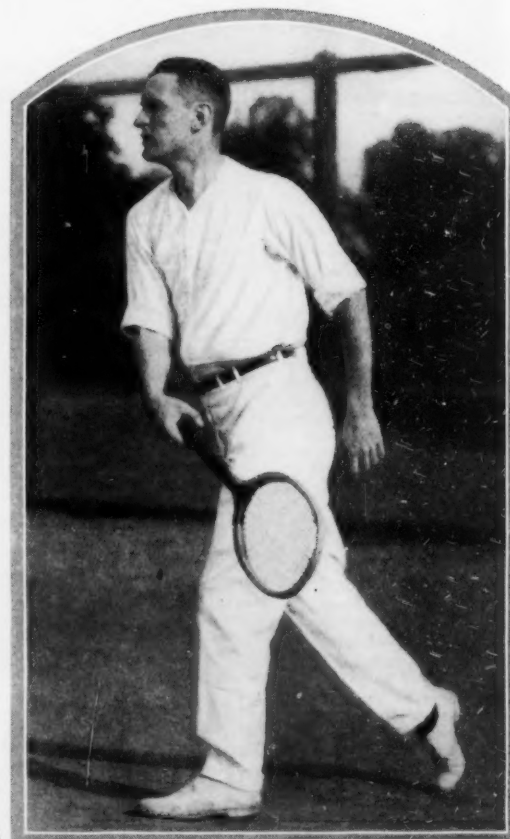


NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-29, the Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"YOU LOOK so much better than we, who have had vacations, do," remarked several of my teachers to-day. 'Is it the arduous work of summer school or prosperity that agrees with you?' The truth is that I am now a regular consumer of a product that I have known for years without realizing its health-giving properties. Fleischmann's Yeast has cured the constipation that sapped my strength for so long. To-day I feel like a new man."

CHARLES F. WILLIS, Baltimore, Md.

"LEFT
"RUN-DOWN, irritable and depressed. My nerves were in a dreadful condition. I lacked energy. Worst of all, my color gradually faded. It made me look older than I actually was. My physician recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day for two months. At the end of four weeks I noticed a remarkable change. My energy returned, my complexion regained its freshness. Now I have all the buoyancy of youth and I still take my Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit."

VIRGINIA B. MAURICE, New York City



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—helps digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women



FOR long I have owed a page to worried wives. Scores who inquire whether or not their state will be improved by divorce send no address for a personal reply. Their stories are as secret as they are tragic and sincere. And they deserve attention.

Divorce statistics for 1925 show an appalling increase over the 1924 figures. In Cuyahoga County, Ohio, divorces during the past year increased 50.1 percent, while marriages in the same period increased but one and one-half percent; and four-fifths of all divorce cases were brought by wives. No one has figures about the number of wives who at some time brood over divorce, but never see a lawyer. Judging from the letters which have been coming to me for fifteen years, I suspect that the majority of married women are attracted by the idea of divorce at least once in a lifetime.

In talking this over, let's go straight to the core of the cause. Most of us recognize in human nature an insatiable, ineradicable hunger for love. There are both splendid and ugly names for the urge. And perhaps there is a perversity in many of us which we do not recognize but which justifies some very hard names; perhaps we ardently desire errant romance and will not curb our wishful thinking.

Woman is as hungry for love as man is. Love is on her mind most of the time. But woman has one set of ideals about love and man has another. So far in civilization, woman has fitted herself to man's code and never has been able to change man's ideas to conform to her own.

And because she cannot remodel man's affection to her own design, as she is brought up expecting to do, many a devoted wife goes to wreck. She commits a kind of spiritual suicide, as if there were some virtue in destroying herself for love's sake. She wastes the best of herself for the worst in the man; and because she does this, she needs to be told a hundred times over that she never will have the power to limit or direct the greed which causes her disillusionment, but she can and she ought to change her reaction to disillusionment. She can achieve a greater contentment in matrimony than she now possesses if she will learn how to be something in herself, of herself and for herself. This is not a doctrine of selfishness but of self-development.

For the increase in divorce, judges give various reasons such as monotony, and financial pressure, but seldom do any of my thousands of correspondents complain of anything except "the other woman."

In most of the letters from average wives who hold the best traditions of what love and marriage ought to be, wronged wives who have staked all there is in them on the success and happiness of marriage, there's the statement that the wife isn't conscious of anything wrong with her scheme of things until "the other girl" suddenly appears on the map of her life.

Naturally the wife takes it for granted that if the girl had stayed where she belongs, where law, religion and convention place her, our divorce figures wouldn't rise so alarmingly.

Today I offer a unique assortment of letters from confessed trespassers, letters which were written from the defensive angle, but which nevertheless betray the writers' mental and moral limitations. Their especially interesting feature is the attitude of rightness which the girl in the triangle assumes.

But first, a complaint from a wife who is modernly enlightened about what has happened to her:

Dear Winona Wilcox: My husband and a girl, without a particle of conscience, are trying to destroy all that my life stands for.

My husband and I have grandchildren. We have accumulated a fortune, therefore he is an attractive "prospect" for an unattached young woman.

He has asked me to divorce him in order that he may marry her! He says she is a "good" woman and that he "loves" her! Well, I am a good woman and for thirty years he has sworn that he loved only me!

Divorce would bring me no financial hardship but I do not intend to let him have his unfair way in a marriage which is as much my concern as it is his.

My oldest son emphatically says, "Give him all the separation he wants but not a divorce. There's the family. Why disrupt our honorable clan to suit a strange girl who wants an old man's money?"

Please, Winona Wilcox, say frankly what you think of the girl who encourages another woman's husband to propose a marriage which can take place only if a wife steps aside.

I say "encourages him" and the charge must stand against all trespassers. No matter how a girl excuses herself, every honest person knows that no married man makes love to a girl unless she permits it.

My problem is common. It is time we older wives settled

WHAT editors call "the human interest story" is the vogue in journalism today. In you will find the truest as they do, the honest and men. Many thanks Still other human documents in miniature—are solicited a common-place life Let others read your that in it they will find problem in their own lives. anonymously. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



it to suit ourselves, and without too much heartbreak. Frankly I am—RESENTFUL.

Instead of telling what I think about the invaders, I've decided to let them tell about themselves. Here's about the worst revelation in my collection:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I don't think it is fair! You happy married women have so much! You have homes, tenderness, babies! You do not have to work and yet you would refuse us forlorn unweds the comfort of a stray kiss!

I had the reputation of being "a bone" at school. I was brought up to be proper. I believed the "one-love-forever" theory. I was jilted and became a petter.

This craving for caresses is as old as Adam and I can't think it is wicked; and I can't see why married women think they can reserve petting privileges as their exclusive right. Isn't the unmarried girl to have an outlet for the tenderness in her heart?

I didn't hunt for a lover among other girls' husbands but when chance gave me one who is married, I didn't take him away from his wife. I crowded into his heart beside her. She knows he and I love each other and she knows that we are both better and braver because we do.

It may hurt her but she is generous enough to share him with me. Promiscuous petting is unthinkable but with a splendid man whom you admire—MONA M.

Who would refuse a crust to the starving? That seems to be the idea. The girl whines like a mendicant, like one unable to earn her own living in love. She subsists on charity, catches crumbs from the wife's feast.

And, as is the way with mendicants, she imposes on generosity. "Promiscuous petting is unthinkable" for herself but she inflicts it on the wife.

Then there's the line often used by her kind, "The girl and man are braver and better because of their love."

"Bunk" is a handy word and plenty nice enough to apply to that idea. No husband ever yet was improved by being stolen and shared, but plenty have developed complexes or divided interests which spoil their success in other undertakings.

What the trespasser thinks about her feelings would not be worth considering did not the result of her abnormal thinking upset the peace of the normal wife. When she menaces a home, it seems to me she not only must be taken into account but should be held to an accounting.

Some of the intruders never think of the wife at all. They stumble into the trap nature sets for them and are astounded to find themselves struggling.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Two years ago I fell in love with a man who stands high in public life. He has a daughter my own age. His wife gave me no concern whatever until I was convinced that he had no intention of becoming divorced.

He is wonderful. I love him more than all the world but now he says that for my own sake and that of his family, I ought to let him go out of my life forever.

I cannot. So I must always share his affection and take second place. No one knows how I suffer and for no fault of my own.—ELSIE.

How do the sad victims escape a thousand warnings? Do they blunder into tragedy because of some flaw in their intelligence? In the following we find the same obtuseness:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Is it wrong to keep up a correspondence with a man after he has married another? We have exchanged love letters ever since his wedding as we did

before it. Perhaps I should stop but I cannot bear to lose him. Advise me what to do.—HELEN S.

The best advice is brief: Try to be right-minded.

Perhaps it is ignorance of all that marriage means which makes a girl so silly; perhaps it is a defect in conscience. Either way, a girl who doesn't accept what law, religion and convention say about the rights of a wife is a social menace.

The girl invariably excuses her case as unique and the one exception to all the rules of honor. Here is an example:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Doesn't love give a girl a right to the man she adores? My parents are prominent in our town. They made me choose between them and the man I love because he is twenty years my senior and married.

I chose him, found a position in a distant city and waited for him to be divorced. But when he told his wife, she refused to release him! They have three children, one is about to marry and the mother's cry is that divorce is a disgrace which she will not heap upon her grandchildren.

So my true mate and I must wait and give up the best years of our happiness just for her!

In my heart I long for a family of my own but I must sacrifice my woman's holiest yearning for my babes because this wife will not give up the only man I can love.

I'm estranged from my people, my condition is one of loneliness, but somehow I can't feel the least wicked or guilty or responsible. Isn't there something to be said for "the other woman"? I would like opinions.—ALINE.

It would be a foolish wife, methinks, who would sacrifice her children and home in order that her enemy might raise a family. So I find nothing to say for the intruder, but this page is open to her defenders—if any.

From a girl who has paid in kind and in full, and has sense to perceive the justice in the event comes this:

Dear Winona Wilcox: In college there was no better girl than I. After finishing school, I became a teacher and boarded with a young married couple. The man loved home, the wife liked society. They had no children. In the evening, he often went out with her but sometimes stayed at home.

If the wife was late in the afternoon, I would start dinner. I am a good cook, the husband flattered me and feeling sorry for him, I was nice to him. At last he made love to me and I found myself slipping. So two years passed, then I decided to teach elsewhere. He wrote continually and finally I told him that if his wife would divorce him, I would marry him.

This was managed. We were happy four years. We have a child. I trusted him just as his wife had done. My life was perfect until I discovered that he was making love to a younger girl.

I went home to my parents. I had no comeback after what I had done. Again I teach school. Upon my mother who ought to be free I have put the burden of raising another baby.

So I say to girls that there is right and there is wrong, and girls know the difference. Don't think you will be saved from paying if you let a married man make love to you. Such men are weak, they cannot be loyal to any woman.—JEANNE.

Even when affinities consider their attachment so perfect that it is outside of all moral codes, they come to the unhappy ending of the ordinary offenders:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am a young girl who has been running around with a married man for a year.

Once a week he takes me to a dance or for a motor ride, but he never stays late. Always he says that he has promised his wife he will get home early. When I wanted him to meet my train at the Grand Central Station, he couldn't because he had to take his little daughter to the movies and he wouldn't break his promise to her. Never does he break a promise to his family, only to me.

This isn't fair, but it would ruin my life to give him up. I think he ought to be divorced but he won't discuss it. He ought to because I never am happy except when with him and the worst of it is that I have to tell endless lies to be with him. So I do not respect myself and I'm always wondering if he respects me. Does he?—GINETTE.

I rather think that only a husband who has been through it can tell how a man regards the wife he wrongs and the girl he woos. But he never does tell! I suspect he doesn't connect the words "respect" and "disrespect" with either woman. He sees what he wants—and grasps it.



"..... You say no one can fool your discriminating taste? Well, my Dear, you've been eating it for the past six months!"

IT IS often very humorous to observe the man who professes unfailing judgment in regard to food flavors—who relies on his palate to support his judgment—and then to have his palate fail to sustain this keen judgment.

A case in particular—recurring in thousands of discriminating homes—is that of the salad oil connoisseur unwittingly proclaiming that his cook makes the finest salad dressings in the world because he uses "the finest and most expensive imported salad oil."

Whereupon the experienced feminine head of the house smiles with her knowledge that this "finest but *inexpensive* salad oil (not imported)" is none other than our familiar American product, *Mazola*.

The nation-wide popularity of *Mazola* among the wealthy class of American families, however, proves the utter needlessness of *Mazola* sailing under any colors other than its own.

Mazola is an absolutely pure vegetable oil pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels. Regardless of its economy, *Mazola* is purchased solely for its genuine wholesomeness, its sanitary method of

packing, its bland, appetizing flavor and its unexcelled qualities for making all varieties of salad dressings.

To you who may be accustomed to pay high prices for imported oils, the invitation is extended to try *Mazola* in French Dressing or Mayonnaise—taste it—compare it—have your guests pass judgment.

You too, will then agree that you can search the world over—pay what you will—you can find no finer, no better oil than *Mazola*.

French Dressing

8 tablespoons <i>Mazola</i>	1/4 teaspoon Salt
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar	1 teaspoon Sugar
	1/4 teaspoon Paprika

Mix dry ingredients. Add *Mazola* and lemon juice or vinegar and beat until creamy. This dressing may be made in larger quantities and kept in a bottle and shaken as used.

This is the regulation recipe for French Dressing, but the proportions of oil and acid may be reversed to make it a little more tart for those desiring a sharper dressing.

A little Chili Sauce or Catsup also gives added piquancy.



free: Send for 64-page Beautifully Illustrated Cook Book. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 15, Argo, Illinois.

"Why Chipso helps me more than any other laundry soap I have ever used"

By a woman who has tried most of them

"It was two years ago that I first started to use CHIPSO. I tried it because I heard it made washing easier and quicker. When I opened my first package and saw the thin white flakes, I said to myself, 'This may be all right for table linens, sheets and other things which are never badly soiled, but I doubt if it will get the very dirty things clean.' Nevertheless, I tried it for both.

"I put the flakes in the tub and turned on the hot water. To my surprise, right away it began to bubble up into the most beautiful suds I ever saw.

had loosened all the dirt and it simply floated away. The clothes were practically clean already.

I use for washing—CHIPSO is always easier. When I use the washing machine, I get my suds instantly by pouring hot water over the CHIPSO, and then I put in my clothes. CHIPSO is simply wonderful for machine work.

"I find CHIPSO as helpful for other things as it is for washing. I was simply amazed the first time I tried it for dishes.

"I found that I could get hot suds in the dishpan instantly, just as I did in the tub, simply by putting the CHIPSO into the pan and running the hot water over it. Then I put the dishes in the hot CHIPSO suds and all traces of food and grease disappeared like magic from everything—glasses,



This was most amazing to me, as I had been accustomed to shave and melt my soap and altogether it would take me about half an hour to get the washtub ready for the clothes. I did all this work in a few minutes with CHIPSO.

"Having such wonderful suds, I thought I would see what just soaking would do. So I let them stand for 20 minutes.

"When I began to squeeze the sudsy water through and through the clothes with my hands, I noticed that the suds



"Whenever I came to a piece which was spotted, or had very dirty places, such as cuffs and neck-bands, I rubbed it a little between my hands and it quickly became clean with very little work on my part. After two rinsings, first hot, then cold, everything was perfectly clean—as white and fresh and sweet as it could possibly be. Even colored things were clean and the colors as bright as ever, not a bit faded.

"It makes no difference what method



china, silver, and pots and pans.

"In fact I use CHIPSO now for nearly everything about the house. It gives me a pleasant, comfortable feeling just to see the package on the shelf. I guess there are a good many millions of other women who feel the same way about it."

Editor's note: Yes, there are, and it is just that fact which has made CHIPSO "the most amazing success in the history of household soap."

PROCTER & GAMBLE



The most amazing success in

the history of household soap